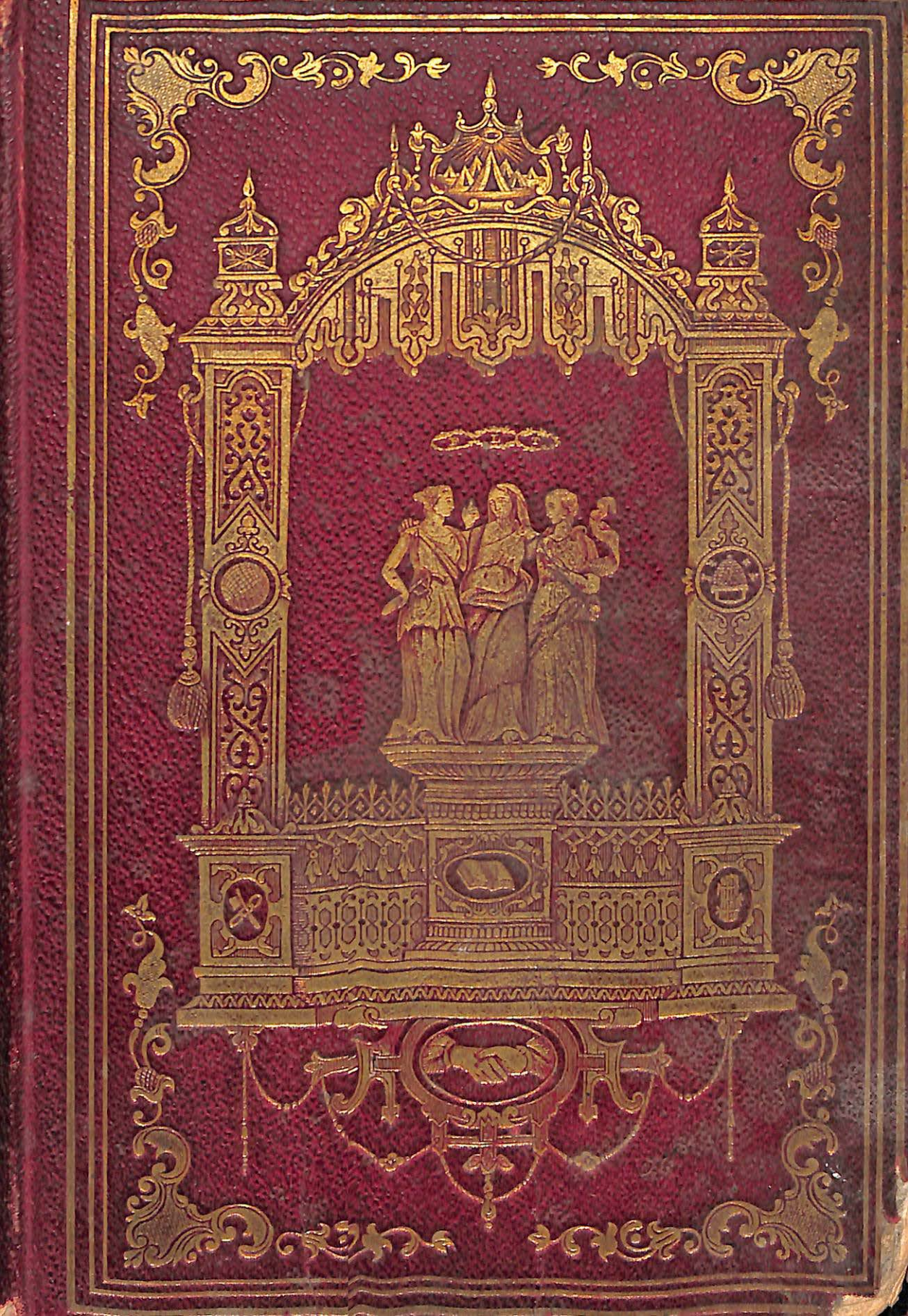

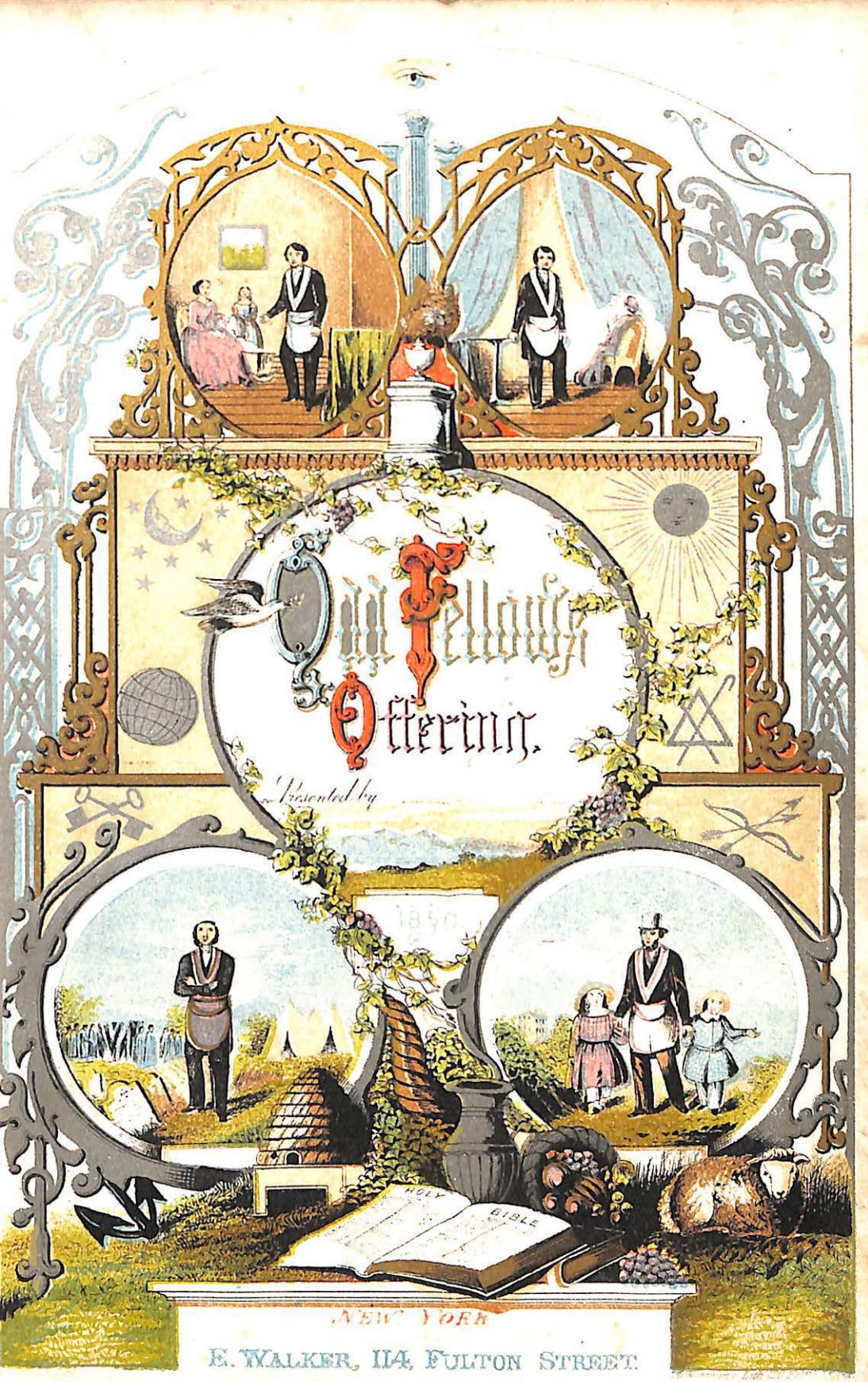
Odd Fellow's
Offering.
Presented by
1850
HOLY
BIBLE
NEW YORK
E. WALKER, 114, FULTON STREET.

The first Reading of the English Bible.

# The ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING for 1850.

CONTRIBUTED (Chiefly) BY MEMBERS OF THE ORDER.

New-York:
EDWARD WALKER, 111 FULTON ST.
MDCCCL.

THE

# ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING,

FOR

# 1850.

EMBELLISHED WITH ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS,

And a highly-finished Presentation Plate.

CONTRIBUTED CHIEFLY

BY MEMBERS OF THE ORDER.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY EDWARD WALKER,
114 FULTON STREET.

MDCCCL.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849,

By EDWARD WALKER,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Southern District of New York.

STEREOTYPED BY C. C. SAVAGE,
13 Chambers Street, N. Y.

0

# DEDICATION SONG.

BY ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

Welcome again on thy sunny wings,
O fairy, and fair-leaved Offering!
Still ladened with all the fragrant gifts
That the wandering airs of poesy bring.
Still, "Orient pearls at random strung,"
Are shining on thy outstretched pinion;
And the gems of "Friendship, Love, and Truth,"
Gleam golden, 'neath thy bright dominion.

Thrice welcome thou sweet-voiced carrier,
To the hush of my quiet lamp-lit study:
The night without is dark and drear,
But our hearth-fire blazes clear and ruddy.
The curtains closed—the lamp well trimmed—
The child has lisped its evening prayers,
And in yon nursling's ear is hymned
The lay that lulls its little cares.

So thou once more wilt charm for me,
With thy teachings true, this hour of leisure;
And I, perchance, may weave for thee,
When it suits my mood, some worthier measure.
Meanwhile, thou precious "Offering,"
May friends and patrons fail thee never,
And fadeless on thy leaves engraven,
Be Friendship, Love, and Truth, for ever.

## PUBLISHER'S SALUTATION.

WITH pride and pleasure I come out from the mysterious laboratory of the Press, to place my annual OFFERING upon the altar of Fraternity. Eight years it has found an accepted place there. Its character has always borne the motto EXCELSIOR; and I submit it to the judgment of just criticism whether the sentiment has been misapplied. With troops of friends, who have contributed each a gentle dove or sweet frankincense to my gift, I come to the temple of Odd-Fellowship to lay my offering there. It is dedicated to the triune genius of our beloved Order. I know it to be a pure offering, for men of moral excellence bear me company; and gentle, intellectual woman hath infused into it the incense of her own purity and love.

I aim to make the OFFERING a representative of the intellectual character of the Fraternity for whose special benefit it is composed; and I point with confidence to the names and contributions which its pages exhibit, to

prove the accomplishment of such desire. With equal confidence I point to the works of art which embellish it. Two of our most eminent painters have lent their aid in this department, and the engravings are executed in the highest style of art.

With this brief letter of introduction, commending the bearer to the kind regards of the BROTHERHOOD OF LOVE, I make my valedictory bow for the present, fondly trusting that you will give such substantial evidence of approbation, that I may continue to come forward with each cycle of the year, and lay my offering upon the altar of your generous support and good-will, until we shall be summoned, by the Grand-Master of the Universe, to give the enter-sign to the Guardian of the Celestial Lodge, where FRIENDSHIP and TRUTH, in full fruition, are merged in the radiance of DIVINE LOVE.

# CONTENTS.


| | | PAGE. |
|---|---|---|
| Dedication Song | *Elizabeth J. Eames* | 5 |
| Belshazzar's Feast | *E. Oakes-Smith.* | 11 |
| "We are Brethren" | *Marie Roseau.* | 31 |
| The Inebriate's Daughter | *Louisa.* | 32 |
| The Israelites crossing the Red Sea | *Frances S. Osgood.* | 55 |
| The Ancient Greeks and Romans | *A Brother.* | 58 |
| Woman, Man's Best Friend | *Charlotte M. Clarke.* | 82 |
| Man, Know Thyself | *Brother Edward.* | 84 |
| "Not Long may we Stay" | *E. Louisa Mather.* | 89 |
| Acrostic | *Albine.* | 90 |
| Sunday Morning | *Frederic Saunders.* | 91 |
| Silent Sorrows | *Julian Cramer.* | 100 |
| Rewards of Benevolence | *Rev. A. B. Chapin.* | 101 |
| The Covenant | *B. J. Lossing.* | 102 |
| Too True | *Gibbon.* | 108 |
| Thou | *E. Helfenstein.* | 109 |
| Song | *M. J. E. Knox.* | 111 |
| Peace; or, The Soldier's Return | *Felix Quintin.* | 112 |
| Sword-Culture | *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.* | 118 |
| Truth | *George W. Clinton.* | 120 |
| The Orphan's Funeral | *Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.* | 123 |
| A Deceased Mother to her Family | *L. H.* | 136 |
| The Secret | *James L. Enos.* | 137 |
| The Odd-Fellow's Wife. | *N. Lanesford Foster.* | 139 |
| Ellen Greeve | *Fanny Green.* | 143 |
| My Study | *Mrs. S. Anna Lewis.* | 155 |
| Influences of Odd-Fellowship | *Rev. Aug. C. L. Arnold.* | 156 |
| Country Winter Scenes | *Thomas MacKellar.* | 162 |
| Tetzel and Luther | *Delta.* | 164 |

PAGE.

The Mourner . . . . . *Mrs. M. L. Gardiner.* 171
The Odd-Fellow's Duty . . . . . *John Jones.* 173
Three Angel-Spirits . . . . . *C. D. Stuart.* 175
Our Country: its Glory and its Destiny . *G. W. Magers.* 176
A Regret . . . . . *W. J.* 177
Odd-Fellowship . . . . . *Charles Everett Toothaker.* 178
Mary, the Little Orphan Girl . . . *George F. Marshall.* 184
Harvest-Home . . . . . *F. S.* 185
The Pictures of the Past . . . . . *Carl Linley.* 191
A Winter-Night's Dream . . *Henry S. Patterson, M. D.* 193
Love and Hate . . . . . *C. D. Stuart.* 217
Friendship, Love, and Truth . . . . . *J. M.* 218
The First Reading of the English Bible . *C. Edw. Lester.* 219
A Pleasant Day in March . . . . . *E. Jessup Eames.* 228
The Maiden's Grave . . . . . *S. Lockwood.* 229
An Epicedium . . . . . *F. S.* 248
Konx-Om-Pax . . . . . *Rev. A. B. Chapin.* 249
Hope . . . . . *John Milton Stearns.* 268
The Miser . . . . . *C. G. L.* 277
Happy Realizings . . . . . 286
Odd-Fellows' Hall, N. Y.—Oration. . *C. Edw. Lester.* 287

## EMBELLISHMENTS.

Presentation Plate.
The First Reading of the English Bible.
God's Covenant with Noah.
Belshazzar's Feast.
Destruction of Pharaoh's Host.
Sunday Morning.
Peace.
Orphan's Funeral.
Luther listening to Tetzel's Song.
Harvest Home.
The Miser.

THE

# ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING.

## BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY E. OAKES-SMITH.

### CHAPTER I.

"Put yourselves in array against Babylon round about: all ye that bend the bow, shoot at her, spare no arrows; for she hath sinned against the Lord."—*Jeremiah* l.: 14.

For two years had the armies of Media and Persia invested the ancient and opulent city of Babylon, but with little prospect of achieving her destruction. Even at this lapse of time, when the fearful destruction foretold by the prophets has become a matter of history, and Babylon is "a land wherein no man dwelleth," "a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment, and an hissing"—when "wild beasts of the desert lie there, their houses are full of *doleful* creatures,"—and the time now, is that which was predicted, "when owls should dwell, and the satyrs should dance, and the wild beasts of the islands cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces; neither should the Arabian pitch his tent there, neither the shepherds make their fold there;" and all this is fulfilled with a terrible certainty;—yet do we even now sympathize with the half-

relenting tenderness of the prophets, when they dwelt upon the beauty of Babylon, the "tender and delicate," "the lady of kingdoms," upon whom such utter misery was to fall. They delighted to call her "the glory of kingdoms," "the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," "the golden city," "a golden cup in the hand of the Lord," the "Lucifer, son of the morning." With the affluence of oriental fancy, they dwelt upon the glory of her palaces, her trees by the water-courses, the sounds of the dulcimer and harp, and the luxury of her stately domes and beautiful maidens. In contrast with all these were the captive children of Jerusalem, who turned their eyes Zionward, in mute envy of the happier swallow who built her nest in the eaves of their thrice sacred and glorious inheritance; and they hung their harps upon the willows, with that sickness of the heart which the exile only could feel when he cried, "How can I sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?"

While they contemned the senseless idols of a people so polished, they still dilate upon the sumptuousness of their idolatrous feasts, and the learning of their magi. We may well conceive with what pity they regarded the errors of their brethren, who were so often seduced from the purer abstractions of their own religion, by the glowing and sensual beguilements of these heathen divinities.

Within the walls, there was at least one portion of the inhabitants who looked with mingled hope and pleasure upon the untiring efforts of Cyrus, and these may have had more to do with his final success than the history of the period has preserved upon record. We

know that the Jew, from the infancy of the tribes, is a crafty, politic being, unscrupulous of any acts by which the good of his people may be secured. At the time of the investment of Babylon by the troops of Cyrus, Jerusalem had been for many years nearly depopulated, the inhabitants having been scattered throughout the provinces of Assyria, where their skill in many arts, as well as their beauty as a race, made them a desirable ingredient in national ambition. To these many motives for revenge, the Jew regards himself as nothing compared to the tribes at large, the sentiment of national aggrandizement being, to this day, one of overwhelming magnitude to the Hebrew mind. When it is remembered that the temple of the living God—where, amid the sanctities of the holy of holies, still lingered the effluence of the Shekinah—had been despoiled by sacrilegious hands, and the golden vessels consecrated by the princely Solomon had been exiled to the vile uses of pagan worship—we can easily conceive how the smouldering ashes of revenge would be likely to burst into a flame.

They had been forcibly removed to Babylon; they were "the children of the captivity," not choice-dwellers in the "golden city;" and the meanest exile knew that their own prophets, who had faithfully foretold the calamity which had come upon themselves, had not the less foretold the terrible retribution which should follow upon their oppressors. In many a Jewish dwelling might be heard at nightfall the inspired songs of Isaiah, breathing of hope and consolation: "Arise, shake thyself from the dust, O virgin daughter of Zion; loose

thyself from the bonds of thy neck, O captive daughter of Jerusalem; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem; O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted: behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and thy foundations with sapphires; I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones." Then, as the mind's eye annihilated the desolation of to-day, another resumed the song with the fervor of their impassioned race:—

"Break forth into joy; sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem; for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem. Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people: speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: *for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.*"

Thus did the captive children of Judea console the dreariness of their exile by remembering the promises of redemption; and there were those among them learned, as was Daniel (or, as he was named by the Chaldeans, Belteshazzar), not so much in the wisdom of their oppressors, but in the law as given by the legislator Moses, and the many succeeding prophets of their nation. Scrolls of parchment were handed about by stealth, in which Isaiah had not only, in prophetic vision, seen, ages before, their present grief and degradation, but had even foretold the name of their deliverer—even him who now thundered at the gates of Babylon. There were those, too, who had listened to and even read the scroll of the suffering and persecuted Jeremiah, and

these remembered that the seventies were accomplished, and "the set time for deliverance come." We need not wonder, then, if, in the consummation of the siege, Cyrus owed many and important services to the outraged and waiting Jews.

Still two years had worn on, and Babylon stood as fair and impregnable as ever. The inhabitants thronged daily to their lofty walls and citadels, and there, in idle humor or mocking sport, defied the impotent labors of their assailants. Cased within battlements rising more than three hundred feet in height, crowned with innumerable and lofty towers, the which swarmed with armed men—still further protected by a moat which sunk in depth to the altitude of the walls—their adversaries were reduced to the size and imbecility of pigmies, when removed at the distance they were necessarily compelled to occupy upon the fertile and beautiful plains of Babylonia. Hence the shower of arrows fell innocuous, and the burning missile found no lodgment amid the marble palaces of the city. The battering-ram recoiled like a child's weapon from brick and mortar eighty feet in thickness, upon the top of which careered the sumptuous chariots of the luxurious nobility, streaming with scarfs of gold and purple, and glittering with the burnished armor of well-trained warriors or ambitious partisans.

The hanging gardens yielded their delicious fruits, and embowered a wilderness of birds; the rose filled the air with its never-cloying sweetness; the lotus rose and fell with the changeful light; and the fountains breathed, all day and all night, of something lovelier than repose. Within the walls were cultivated fields

and gardens, and granaries with the hoarded abundance of years. The terraces to the river's brink were lined with the olive, the grape, and the lemon; while the thrifty herdsman led his fold to basins of marble, and piped his idle songs, careless of the foe.

What cared the sumptuous Babylonian that a few disaffected Jews hung their harps upon the willows by the water's brink, refusing to be comforted; that now and then might be heard a mournful captive chanting, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning!" The city so beloved was forsaken of its gods, they believed, and given over to the punishment of its crimes; therefore did they scoff at the cry of the Hebrew, "How long, O Lord, shall the heathen rage? how long shall they cry, Where is thy God!"

---

## CHAPTER II.

And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto the Lord their God?—*Isaiah* viii.: 19.

AMONG the many captives of Babylon was a Jewish maiden, of such great and peculiar beauty that her captors named her Esther (a star). She was of the tribe of Daniel and near of kin to him; and, inasmuch as she gave early proofs of that rare wisdom which had become the inheritance of the family, she was, like her kinsman Daniel, given over to the instruction of the magi, by whom she was taught all the learning of the eastern world.

Daniel saw this with great anxiety, the more as she was born in exile, and might seem to be the more readily exposed to the hazards and penalties of apostacy. For this reason he kept a careful guard over the maiden, and was most careful to instruct her in all the doctrines of their own religion. Esther was not slow to embrace the deeper and purer elements of worship found in the faith of her people; but, with a caution which perhaps her position might justify, she concealed her opinions from the view of her teachers, while, by a skilful expression of doubts, and an earnest search for the truest elements of thought, she did much to enlarge the views of those about her. It was from sources like these that the philosophies of the eastern world derived the seeds of their well-nigh divine inspiration, and which, in after years, Socrates and Plato gave forth as the sublime mysteries of minds whose purer and broader understandings had penetrated even to the limits of unassisted human reason.

Esther had been placed in the temple of Belus, as priestess of that goddess, the secrets of whose worship can only be dimly surmised. This temple, the Babel of the primitive world, overlooked the whole city, and commanded not only all the plains of Chaldea, but the mountain fortresses that showed the dim outlines of Syria. From the summit of this temple she had learned the secret of the stars—was able to calculate their movements, and foretell appearances awful to the unenlightened mind. To this she had superadded that knowledge, based upon the positions and conjunctions of stars and planets, by which human events were sup-

posed to be shadowed forth. It was through this medium that she foresaw the downfall of the Assyrian empire.

Learned as were the wise men and astrologers upon themes like these, they were unwilling to recognise truths so calamitous to their country, and the king himself had forbidden the subject to be so much as breathed in his presence.

Daniel liked not this tendency of the maiden to the occult sciences of their oppressors, and more than once reproved her sharply for tampering with forbidden arts; but Esther went on her own way, and if she did not work out her course with that boldness of courage and singleness of faith and purpose which her kinsman could have desired, she at least found a course better adapted to that subtle and careful policy which is too often the reproach of the sex; and it is well known that the great destinies of the world are often accomplished through instruments very far removed from the ideal standards of human character. Esther possessed all the energy and acuteness of her people, and divined that if prophecy had foretold the final redemption of the tribes, it were folly to expect a miracle to be wrought in order to the fulfilment, when the whole city thronged with instruments fit for the service.

Hence, while she thrilled over the inspired language of the prophets, and saw in mental vision the beautiful walls of Zion already rising at the will of Cyrus, she conceived that she might be the instrument designed by the Divine hand to bring about the long-desired emancipation. Not only the language of inspiration, but the

*Belshazzar's Feast*

courses of the stars, pointed to this period as the day of freedom to the Jew, and of downfall to their oppressors. Wrapped in contemplations like these, Esther redoubled her fastings and vigils, and the altars of Babel were witness to prayers and oblations sent up to the living God, rather than to those abominations which the Hebrew knew so well how to despise.

At the summit of the temple was a small chamber sacred to the uses of astronomy, and into which none might penetrate except those who had been initiated into the higher mysteries of Astarte. Beneath this was a chamber furnished with gold, walls of precious stones, and candlesticks of mystic number, lighted by candles of wax mingled with perfumes and ingredients of rare and awful power. Nightly, it was said, the god descended to repose himself upon the golden couch, and infused into the attending priestess the knowledge and the power needful to her ministrations.

Esther had been early devoted to the goddess, carefully instructed in all the secrets of her worship, and at length removed to those sacred chambers into which it was death for the profane to enter. Here, month after month, did the ancient priestess of the temple prepare her to assume the station which age and infirmity had rendered *her* unfit to occupy. At length the maiden found herself by the golden altar in the most sacred and lofty recess of the goddess, and invested with the veil of silver tissue which had once imparted majesty and grace to the ancient priestess. If her manner had been lofty heretofore, her language akin to the inspired utterance of the sages and prophets of her people, a new

and more sublime courage now grew upon her manner. Rites never before recognised in the temple were fearlessly introduced, and a believer in the Most High would have perceived how the worship of the Unknown, the Formless, the True, usurped the grosser mysteries of Ashtaroth.

Esther became absolute in power, while, at the same time, she so concealed the motives of her conduct, that even the priests regarded her movements as partaking of the inspiration of the god whom *they* adored. What transpired in the golden chamber never came to light. The citizens nightly looked up, where, towering amid the stars, gleamed the perpetual lights from the summit of Belus; but the secrets there enacted were, to them, as little known as the movements of the stars themselves in their round of silence and beauty. Could they have looked within, they would once have seen Esther come forth and stand upon the threshold, with a dagger grasped in her hand, and the silver veil reeking with the sanguine fluid. She stood with eyes raised heavenward, the veil thrown back, revealing a face pale and rigid, but so lofty in its enthusiasm or its rage, that, whichever was the emotion, the gathering priests shrank aside without a question, and she approached the altar with an outpouring of impassioned poetry such as their own fervid poets had never known.

## CHAPTER III.

Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem, and the king and his princes, and his wives and his concubines, drank in them.—*Daniel* v.: 3.

WHILE Esther was thus officiating in the temple of their oppressors, she was not unmindful of her people in captivity. Through her kinsman Daniel and others, they were fully instructed in the hopes held out by their ancient and more recent prophets, and ready at any moment to aid in their own deliverance. The height of the temple of Belus was such, that the movements of persons within were entirely hidden from the observer below. Had this been otherwise, they might more than once have seen an arrow, shot from the summit, making its way into the camp of the enemy. Attached to these was a paper, in which Esther recounted the numbers and sufferings of her people, and their hopes of deliverance. She transcribed the prophecies of Isaiah in which Cyrus was called by name, and designated as the triumphant scourge of Babylon and the Redeemer of Israel.

She gave them to understand that an eclipse of the sun was about to take place; and this she believed to be the time designated for the destruction of the city according to the words of the prophet: "The stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light; the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine;" for "Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah."

She went on borrowing the language of the prophets: "I stand continually upon the watch-tower in the day-time, and I am set in my ward whole nights; and behold there cometh a chariot of men, with the cry, Babylon is fallen, is fallen, and all the graven images of her gods are broken to the ground. Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden to subdue nations before him, I will open before him the two-leaved gates, *and the gates shall not be shut.* I will break in pieces the gates of brass and the bars of iron. I am the Lord, which call *thee* by thy name, that thou mayest know that I am the God of Israel. Before me Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth; and thou, O virgin daughter of Babylon! come down and sit in the dust; sit on the ground, O daughter of the Chaldeans, for thou shalt no more be called tender and delicate. I was *wroth with my people, and gave them into thy hand, but thou didst show them no mercy;* therefore shall the loss of children and widowhood come upon thee in one day. The Lord maketh a way in the sea, *and a path in the mighty waters.* He saith to the deep, *Be dry,* and I will dry up thy rivers: that saith of Cyrus, He is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure."

Esther watched long and anxiously to see the effect of her communication upon Cyrus. For many days his movements seemed suspended; and then, to her great delight, she saw that he must have understood the import of her suggestion of a *path in the mighty waters,* for his soldiers were busily employed in deepening the sluiceways of the canals, by which the waters of the river, which ran through the city from north to south,

might be turned into the great lake or reservoir which carried off the annual inundations.

While Esther thus engaged herself in the interests of her people, with a frankness and generosity in contrast yet harmonizing with the elements of her character, she gave the king warning of what she conceived to be the crisis of the city. She announced, concurrently with the magi of the temple, the approaching eclipse, which, from its entireness and blackness, indicated the consummation of an empire. Then she besought him to humble himself with prayers and sacrifices, that the evil might be mitigated, and the people spared from the edge of the sword.

The last morning of unhappy Babylon arose fresh and lovely as when the morning stars sang together. The horizontal rays of light never rained a more effulgent glory, and never did the gushing music of the birds fill the warm atmosphere with a richer sense of enchantment. The air was alive with perfume and melody; while the breathing acacia, the trembling aspen, and the pendent willow, stood amid the sterner denizens of the grove, instinct and thrilling with beauty. The voices of maidens and children, flower-wreathed, on their way to the baths—and of laborers melodious at their toil—mingled with the hum of business and the rattling of chariot-wheels. Songs of cheer echoed from tower to tower, and along the walls armed men passed to relieve the garrisons, which, ever and anon, sent forth the blast of warlike clarion, designed to show the besiegers that they abated nothing of the pomp and the care which their long confinement within the walls might seem to

suggest. From the top of Belus a wreath of incense ascended in the shape of a white column far up into the blue ether, continuous and unbroken; at which men marvelled greatly, for it seemed as if the temple which the ancients had designed to build from earth to heaven, but which had been so marvellously defeated, was now suddenly complete, terrace beyond terrace rising and tapering, and penetrating the blue dome far beyond human vision.

As the day advanced, a chilliness grew upon the air; there was no wind, no cloud to be seen, yet the light grew pale and the earth cold; great shadows seemed to vibrate over the devoted city; the birds, benumbed, hurried on trembling wings to their nests in the groves or coverts in the palaces and temples. Solitary birds, that had hitherto found a refuge in the plains, now sought the enclosure of the city as if oppressed with a strange terror; doves gathered in clouds to their cotes; and the cattle moaned in low bellowings.

Slowly, yet steadily, grew the terrific darkness, and men hastened to the temples, groping along the walls, and jostling in their haste to find a refuge from the new and strange evil that seemed about to overwhelm them. As the light receded, a trembling and quivering of the beams caused a dreadful dizziness, and they staggered to and fro like drunken men. As they passed onward, a low voice chanted: "O thou afflicted and drunken, but not with wine, tossed to and fro, and discomfited, behold I have taken out of thy hands the cup of trembling, even the dregs of fury; thou shalt no more drink it; but I will put it into the hands of them that afflict

thee; darkness shall cover the land and gross darkness the people, but the Lord shall arise."

Then, from the wards of the city devoted to the Jewish exiles, arose a song of triumph: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come. The lame man shall leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert, for the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed. Break forth into joy, sing together ye waste places of Jerusalem, for the Lord will redeem his people."

The song of the captives imparted new awe to the Babylonians, whose vivid imaginations had not failed to recognise a wondrous and mysterious power in the language of their bards and the peculiarities of their worship. As the blackness deepened, lights blazed from every part of the city, and signals passed from tower to tower, and the cries of the sentinels sounded with unearthly clearness. The vapor which in the morning had been a white column from the summit of Belus, was now one unbroken mass of flame, pale yet distinct, and increasing the lurid darkness over the city. Not so the camp of the foes. A deadly silence and gloom reigned without the walls, as if the angel of the grave had swept them from existence.

Slowly the light reappeared, and men looked aghast into the faces of each other, so changed in the passage of a few hours. As the certainty grew upon their minds that the mysterious evil had passed away, and the earth was to resume her wonted bloom and beauty,

spontaneous song and music burst from the multitude, and the city, lately so silent and awe-struck, was one grand chorus of Jubilee. Belshazzar, relieved from fear, proclaimed a feast throughout the palace; and all cunning in devices, to add to the taste and sumptuousness of a royal entertainment, were challenged to aid in the festival.

Never had Babylon been so intoxicate with pleasure; never had wine, and song, and beauty, done more to lap the senses in Elysium. The king ordered sacrifices to be made in honor of the gods, and gave loose to the wildest revelry. As the night wore on, flushed with mirth and wine, he cried, "Away with goblets like these; let us drink from those worthy of the gods, even from those made of the gold of Ophir, by the great Solomon himself, and sealed with the seal of the seven spirits, whose name the gods forbid that I should utter."

The courtiers turned aside with awe, for a mysterious sanctity invested the vessels of the Jewish worship, and they dared not second the will of the monarch. But neither silence nor remonstrance availed, and a procession was ordered to the temple of Belus to bring the golden vessels of the Most High.

In the meanwhile, the lower precincts of the temple teemed with reeking sacrifices, and rites hidden from the eyes of the vulgar, designed to honor the gods whose hidden powers were shadowed by uncouth forms and shapes, whose meanings were veiled in the dimness of tradition. In these Esther took no share; and, indeed, she—sacred to Astarte, whose worship was more abstract than that of the inferior deities—found little diffi-

culty in devoting her days and nights to the worship of the true God: hence, the incense which ascended from the temple, arose not to the idols of the Assyrian, but to the Former of heaven and earth. In the golden chamber, before described, were placed the hallowed vessels of Jerusalem; and often did the maiden pray kneeling before the seven candlesticks, and with her face turned Zionward.

Accordingly, when the messengers of Belshazzar demanded these sacred vessels, Esther was seized with trembling in every limb; and, raising her eyes upward, she ejaculated in the Hebrew tongue: "How long, O Lord, how long!" One by one she gave the vessels into the hands of the priests, who were ordered to lead the way; and then, in her silver robes, with her long hair braided and woven amid the veil which nearly hid her person, she made her way to the palace of the king.

Guests and revellers shrank aside from the presence of her who was sacred from human eyes, awe-struck at the priestess of their religion, and admiring the grace and dignity of her movements. Approaching the foot of the throne, she lifted up her veil, and, in a clear, solemn voice, warned the king to forbear the desecration which he had designed: "For I know, and am sure, that unless thou dost forbear, a great judgment will fall upon thee, even greater than that which befell Nebuchadnezzar of old."

The king was flushed with wine, and, even while she spoke, he poured wine into the vessels and offered oblations to all the hosts of heaven, whose wondrous

power they had that day beheld, and who had averted the evil; "for behold," he cried, "our great Babylon, our goodly and beautiful city, her gods have preserved her."

Then Esther turned away, leaving the priests to grace the feet of the monarch, while she went no more to the temple, but sought the ward of the Jews, where she had much to do. Scarcely had she departed ere the king was observed to fix his eyes upon the opposite wall, and the joints of his loins were loosed with fear, "and his knees smote one against another." Following in that direction appeared a hand, as it were, shaped out of flame, moving along the wall, after the manner of a scribe who writes upon parchment. The hand disappeared, leaving a record of burning characters in an unknown tongue.

Priest and magi, all the learning of the empire, were summoned to read the awful scroll, but no one was able to interpret. Then the mother of Belshazzar remembered Daniel, of the children of the captivity, once great in power, but now living retired among his own people.

Beautiful and majestic was the appearance of the disciple of the Most High, as he stood, in his mature years and perfection of wisdom, in the presence of that voluptuous court. "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN!" he cried: "Oh, king! humble thyself before the Lord God of Hosts, for thou art 'weighed, numbered, divided.'" Then, stretching forth his hand, he recounted the successes and glories of his father, the pride of his heart, in that, though he had been instructed in the knowledge of the true God, he failed to acknowledge him, and therefore was he driven forth with a strange sickness, and his

body was wet with the dew of heaven, till he *knew* that the Most High God ruleth in the kingdom of men, and that *he appointeth over it whomsoever he will.* "But thou, O Belshazzar, hast lifted thyself up against the Lord of heaven, and thou and the profane lips of thy household have drunk from the vessels of God's house; and thou hast magnified the gods of silver and gold, of brass and iron, wood and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know; and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, thou hast not glorified. Therefore is the hand upon the wall, and this is its meaning:—

"Mene: God hath numbered thy kingdom, and its times are finished.

"Tekel: Thou art weighed and found wanting.

"Peres: Thy kingdom is divided. And behold, even now, the Mede and the Persian are within thy gates."

A deathlike silence hung over the palace while the fearless Jew uttered these evil-boding words; but when he ceased, the tumultuous sound of armed men grew upon the ear, and the unhappy king, royal even in his fall, now that the certainty of doom was known, issued from the palace in time to meet the victorious Cyrus at the very gates. Dreadful was the slaughter, in the midst of which Belshazzar fell; and Cyrus, led on by the priestess Esther, stood in the banquet-hall of the fallen Assyrian, in the midst of which gleamed the sacred vessels of the Most High God.

The conqueror knelt him down in humble worship, and repeated from the lips of Esther: "The Lord is

Lord, and there is none else: beside him there is no God. Thou hast done this for Jacob's sake, and Israel thine elect; and for this cause thou didst call me Cyrus by name, and girded me though I knew it not, that I might know thee, the true God."

Then Cyrus arose and bade them stay the slaughter, while Esther placed herself before the Hebrew women and went forth singing:—

"Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness. Thus saith the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, I, even my hands, have stretched out the heavens, and all their host have I commanded. I have raised up the Mede, and will direct him in righteousness; he shall build my city, and he shall let go my captives, and not for price nor reward, saith the Lord of hosts."

Thus did Babylon fall amid the impious revelry of Belshazzar. The subsequent history of Esther, who found a refuge with her uncle Mordecai, her beauty and exaltation, behold, is it not written in the book which beareth her name?

# "WE ARE BRETHREN."

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

"He that loveth not his brother, is not of God."

We are brethren — all are brethren — such words we often say,
And then, unheeding of their truth, walk calmly on our way.
We meet the poor, we see their wo, perchance we shed a tear
That earth contains such wretchedness, then, with a thrill of fear,
We turn our hearts to other thoughts, lest for ourselves we see
A future of deep gloom like theirs — of hopeless misery.

We meet with those bowed down by sin, a weary, weary load,
Increasing with each step they take upon the downward road;
Poor aliens from their father's house—spurned by their fellow-men,
We shun them as pollution's touch, those strangers vile, and then,
As though they had no claim on us, in scorn we turn away,
And thank our God with boastful hearts that we are not as they.

Who loveth not his fellow-man, who seeth him in wo,
Yet from his plenty careth not one favor to bestow —
One mite from out his hoarded wealth in kindness to impart —
One gentle word of sympathy to cheer a brother's heart —
Who feeleth not for all his kind, love's principle sublime,
Is guilty, in our Father's sight, of deep, and fearful crime.

O! Father, who art kind to all, whose gentle dew descends
As softly on thine enemies as on thy chosen friends;
Who for a race of guilty men gave thine own son to die —
Who looketh on *my* many faults with ever-pitying eye —
Implant deep love within my soul, and kindly sympathy,
And help me bear with others' faults, as thou dost bear with me.

# THE INEBRIATE'S DAUGHTER.

## CHAPTER I.

"COME, Charlotte dear, you have worked too long already," said Mrs. Leonard, in sad yet sweet tones—"and now do go to bed and take some repose, or you will be sick, and then what will become of us?" "But mother, if I go, *you* will sit up very long, I know; and then, if you are sick, whom have I to encourage me—whom have I to sympathize with me, or to love me? No, mother, I can not leave you alone to watch for father—my place is by your dear side, and together we will watch, and pray, and hope; and if it *must* be, we will die together:" and here she burst into tears. Her mother kissed them away fondly, but her own lips quivered with anguish—her eyes glanced upward with an earnest, beseeching look—and her clasped hands were outstretched. It was a prayer whose petitions needed not the tones of the voice or the accompaniment of words, for it was too deep for expression in the common forms of language.

Mrs. Leonard was a woman of about forty; and although sorrow and poverty had sharpened her features, there were still unmistakeable traces of beauty and intellect lingering there, while patience and resignation were visible in her subdued, quiet deportment. Her

daughter was about seventeen, with features of great beauty, and an eye "as when the blue sky trembles through a cloud of purest white," although its radiance was dimmed by the sorrow which overshadowed her whole being; for her father, once so tender and fond, so noble-hearted and gifted, was ruining his health and beggaring his family by his devotion to the intoxicating cup. They had once moved in the circles of the wealthy and intellectual, in their native city, New York; but an unfortunate speculation of Mr. Leonard's ruined his prospects, and he had resort to ardent spirits to dissipate his troubles. Alas! it plunged himself, his wife and family, into newer and more dreaded trouble.

There they sat, mother and daughter, by the dim light of their little lamp, busily plying their needles till the noon of night was past, and then they both sought their lowly couches—not, however, without kissing little Charles and Fanny, who were slumbering in the happy repose of childhood.

The next morning Mr. Leonard came home from his nightly debauch, and retired to his bed, without one pleasant word to that faithful being who was struggling to keep her little family together with some appearance of comfort. Charlotte was obliged to leave her mother during the daytime, on account of being employed at a dressmaker's shop; but, at night, how eagerly she took her bundle of work, and hastened through the busy, thronging streets of the city, to the humble tenement which she called home. How dear was the reunion of mother and daughter after the long absence of the day! how delighted were the children to see their sister!

And then, when the little ones were fairly asleep, the stand was placed between Mrs. Leonard and Charlotte, and the work—which supported the family, paid the rent, and provided many a comfort and delicacy for the erring husband and father—was brought forth, and they were busy till far in the night. This was, however, wearing away the health of both mother and daughter, although they strove to conceal it from each other. But one night, when Charlotte came home, there was an unusual shade of sadness on her high intellectual brow; the needle refused to perform its office; and the tears, one by one, fell unchecked on her work.

"What saddens you thus, my child?" fondly inquired Mrs. Leonard. "Oh, mother," said Charlotte, still sobbing as if her heart would break, "I met Adelia Stockton to-day, as I had just left the shop to do an errand at one of the stores, and I forgot entirely that I was but a poor dressmaker; but when I first saw her, I felt only like embracing her, as I once did when we visited each other, and had not a secret in the world but what was known to each other. I fancy she thought I should presume to speak to her, for she drew herself up very haughtily, and said to the gentleman who was with her—a stranger to me—'Let us cross over to the other side of the street.' They did so, but not until he had turned to look again at me, as doubtless he had observed my recognition of Adelia, and saw that my tears were falling, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary. I heard him ask her who I was, and her reply was, "A poor drunkard's daughter, whom I have seen occasionally a few years ago." And this from *her*,

mother, who, before our misfortunes, was ever with me, and loved me, as I thought, devotedly, even as I have always loved her."

Mrs. Leonard's tears, at this narration, flowed freely and mingled with her daughter's. But at last she said, "Charlotte, I grieve for you and for the loss of friends; but let us commit our sorrows to our heavenly Father: let us hope that brighter days will arise out of the gloom and despair of the present—that your dear father will 'come to himself,' and again bless us with his love and encouragement." Here Mrs. Leonard's voice was choked with emotion. "Dear mother," exclaimed Charlotte, sinking on her knees beside her, "how cruel I was to bring in my sorrows to help overwhelm you, when you are struggling with so many of your own! Oh, if I can only wipe away your tears, I will not care if the whole world pass me by. Do, dear mother, forgive me my selfishness." "I have nothing to forgive, my dear Charlotte," returned her mother, "but I sorrow to see your youth and health spent in such continual toil, and to have you denied all mental culture when you are so fond of reading, and to be unable to buy those works for you which I know would so much delight you." "Do not worry about me, mother," said Charlotte, the glow of filial love and high resolve lighting up her whole countenance with a beautiful expression, "for Mrs. Wells says she shall soon give me up the whole charge of the shop; and so, you see, I shall be able to earn much more, and the dear children can go to school all the time. Oh, if father would not make such demands upon our wages, we might live in a

pleasanter place and be very comfortable." Seeing her mother look very grave, she continued—"You know, mother, I did not mean to say anything against father; no—let him do as he will, I shall always look back to the days when he was so affectionate, so devoted to us all." The mother pressed her daughter's hand, and both returned to their work: but sadness brooded in their hearts. Nor was it dissipated by the arrival of Mr. Leonard, who, with bloodshot eyes, came stumbling in, finding fault with his wife and with everything she had prepared for his supper.

"Where is your cake?" he exclaimed, in a loud and angry voice—"I can't make out my supper without it." They had none in the house, although Charlotte was about going out for some when her father came in; and though she and her mother lived in the most frugal manner, they always saved something nice for Mr. Leonard, who, lost as he was to all honor and feeling, yet was affectionately and considerately treated by them. Charlotte put on her bonnet and cloak, for it was in the winter, ran to the nearest bakery, and purchased, with her last money, some cake for her father. Returning hastily, she slipped down on some ice and dislocated her ankle, just as a young man was passing by, who assisted her home and then ran for a surgeon, whom he brought back with him in the space of a few moments. It was the same young gentleman whom she had seen that day accompanying Miss Stockton, and she blushed deeply at the recollection of her tears. Charlotte and her mother both thanked him for his kindness when he left, and he assured them he had but done his duty. It

was several weeks before Charlotte resumed her place in the shop; and the family would have suffered severely from the loss of her wages, had not Mrs. Wells been one of the best employers in the world, and let her wages go on, besides calling frequently to see her. She had known what sorrow was, and she sympathized sincerely with the poor and sorrow-stricken of earth.

## CHAPTER II.

It was the afternoon of a beautiful winter's day. Adelia Stockton was promenading the streets of New York with Mr. Harry Percival (the same gentleman who had assisted Charlotte Leonard home) and his sister Annie. They were strangers in the city, having recently come from the south in order to find some distant relatives whom they expected to seek in New York, but had as yet been disappointed. They had letters of introduction to several wealthy families, and among them was Mr. Stockton's. Harry Percival was the very impersonation of honor and nobleness. He possessed a handsome exterior; but that was as nothing to the powers of his mind, which were highly developed. His liberality to the poor and afflicted was unbounded; for in every countenance he recognised that of a brother of the vast human family. Annie was the exact counterpart of her brother in all his nobleness of mind and sympathy with the children of poverty; and these virtues were blended and assimilated with all the graces and delicacy which well befit the feminine character.

Adelia Stockton, their companion, was, on the contrary, all affectation and show, without any of those abiding graces which adorn the heart of the true lady. In the short time she had seen Mr. Percival, she had become passionately enamored of him; and as he was wealthy, fashionable, and a great favorite with all the ladies, she was in hopes to carry off the prize. Adelia was beautiful to look upon, and Harry, to tell the truth, was pleased with her, until he saw her behavior to Charlotte Leonard that day when they met her, and heard her contemptuous answer respecting her. After a long walk, they left Miss Stockton at her father's door, and then went in search of a dressmaker's shop, as Annie wished very much to have a new dress fitted, for a splendid party which was to come off at Mr. Stockton's. Mrs. Wells's shop was the first they came to, and so they went in. Charlotte was now the principal manager there, and she it was who fitted the dress to the slender form of Miss Percival.

Annie was much surprised to hear her brother speak to Charlotte, and inquire how she was after her fall, and to hear her answers, so unassuming, yet so polite and dignified, showing that she had mingled with the best of society. As soon as they left the dressmaker's, Annie said, "Why, brother, you seem to have a new acquaintance in the interesting dressmaker; really, you have not given me your confidence of late." "I will now, then," said Harry. "I was walking out with Miss Stockton, that day you were so busy with your writing, and I saw this young lady approaching eagerly toward her, as if she were a dear familiar friend; but she,

instead of speaking to her or noticing her in the least, only said to me, 'Let us cross over to the other side of the street:' thus, to my mind, intending to avoid her. As we turned round to cross the street, I looked back and saw her in tears, quite overcome by Miss Stockton's rudeness. That same night, as I was returning home after a weary and ineffectual search for our uncle, I had the good fortune to assist her home, as she had dislocated her ankle by falling on the ice. As soon as I entered, I saw that poverty and sorrow held sway in that household. The father, a wreck of what was once noble and elevated, was intoxicated, and I ran off immediately for a surgeon; and when I left, she and her mother poured out blessings upon me. This is all my secret, Annie. I saw they were poor, but yet had evidently a polish and ease of manner about them, that spoke of better days, and I could not with delicacy offer them pecuniary aid." "But what is her name?" eagerly asked his sister, "for it is a long time since I have seen so sweet a countenance—more beautiful because sorrow has added a shade to its original sunshine." "I know not: I only know that she is the most lovely and interesting female I ever beheld, always excepting yourself, dear sister. So much by way of confession, that you may no longer tax me with a lack of confidence. By the way, however, I asked Miss Stockton who she was, and she answered, rather haughtily, 'A poor drunkard's daughter, whom I have seen occasionally, a few years ago.' Evidently she did not wish to say anything about her."

"Well," said Annie, "I am determined to know her

name before long, and her history too, if sympathy and love will force her to declare it."

The spring was fast approaching, with all its array of new life, freshness, and beauty; but in Mr. Leonard's household sorrow unmitigated reigned. The mother and daughter had toiled and toiled, and the husband and father had appropriated a large share of the gains to pamper his own debased appetite. Still they toiled unceasingly and without a murmur, thankful for the work which supplied the scanty comforts for their family — for the dear little children, whose presence was a blessing to the weary mother and sister, although the father seldom noticed them. Charlotte was Mrs. Leonard's "summer child," born in affluence, nourished by the genial sun of love, and now was her only stay and comfort in the dark hours of adversity. But Charlie and Fanny, the sweet twins, were the children of poverty and sorrow, "baptized in tears;" but not the less dear to the heart of the mother: she guarded them from ill, and strove to make their young existence cheerful, even out of the gloom which enshrouded her own spirit. They had gone to rest, not feeling well, and Charlotte had returned from her work with a languid step, and the fever burning in her veins.

The husband of her youth and of her heart — he whose place should have been by the side of the drooping, sorrowing wife and mother — where was he? With the last coins of that half-starving family, he had wended his way to the haunts of the destroyer, there to obscure the light of reason and reflection, and to drown the voice of conscience. Mrs. Leonard left her sick ones and ran

to a physician; but he, knowing their inability to pay him, refused to go, and she returned from her hopeless errand, and administered to Charlotte and the children the best remedies in her power, and when they seemed easier, she tried to work. But the memory of the past, and sorrow and anxiety for the present, filled her whole soul, and she went from one of her loved ones to the other, shedding such tears as a deserted wife and mother only can shed. And then her thoughts reverted to her husband—he who was the pride, joy, and support of her first unsullied years of trusting, confiding love; and before she was aware of it herself, she had gone to the drawer, and brought forth from its recesses his miniature, taken soon after they were married; and then, as if to woo to her bosom all sad recollections, she took from the same drawer a packet of letters—his letters to her—breathing the very soul of affectionate devotion. She read them and re-read them, and the tears flowed like rain. Ah! long had it been since he, whom she loved as ardently as ever, had spoken loving or even kind words to her. Every one he had ever breathed to her had been sacredly treasured in the purest recesses of her heart; and even the scanty tones of kindness which he occasionally uttered were also there deposited. Oh! "the soul of woman lives in love;" and why are those who could cast such radiance over woman's love, so sparing of their loving words, when a look, a tone, can dispel all the mists of care and perplexity, and cause the flowers of joy to flourish in unfading beauty, even amid the pressure of duty and trial. Mrs. Leonard's whole heart was memory. Alas! hope seemed almost

to have forsaken her;—not quite—oh, no; for, as she turned to replace the miniature and letters, a feeling that her heavenly Father was near her, came sweetly to her soul; and there, in the silence of night, in her lonely chamber, she poured forth the pent-up agony of her spirit in supplication and tears: "Father in heaven! look down upon me in mercy: fill my heart with peace, for I am weak and weary. Bless my dear children, and preserve them, if it be thy holy will, to bless my lone and waiting spirit. O, gracious Father, look down in pity upon my dear husband, and restore him to his home and the affections of his family. He has 'hewn to himself broken cisterns, that can hold no water;' but do thou, in thy merciful love, give him to drink of the clear waters of salvation, that will allay the fever-thirst of his soul. Help him to realize the beauty of the eternal home, and oh draw his heart thither! Help him to forsake the allurements of sin and temptation, and look to Jesus, our High Priest, who 'can not but be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.' Let the blood of thy beloved Son cleanse his heart, and fit it for a temple of the Holy Spirit. Pardon, O Father, his wanderings from the right path; and do thou, by the might of thy outstretched arm, bring him back to thy fold of peace and love. O prepare him for the night of the grave, and breathe into his heart such a trust and strength, that death for him shall have no sting, and the grave no victory. And oh, in a brighter world than this, may we all dwell for ever, where sin, sorrow, and death, can not enter. And thine shall be all the glory, for ever and ever."

A trembling hand pressed the bowed head of Mrs. Leonard, and a voice (how it thrilled her very heart-strings!) responded fervently, "Amen!" It was her husband's voice—her husband's arms that encircled her. "Forgive, oh forgive me!" he passionately entreated. "Dear Helen, can you ever again give me your confidence and affection? I, who have taken the food from my children's mouths—the rest and peace from your hearts? Years ago, when I stood with you at the altar, and vowed to cherish and protect you, did I think that I should become your worst enemy—did I think I should become the degraded being I am now? never! never!" A flood of tears came to his relief, but his wife kissed them away, exclaiming, "Forget the past, dear Charles; we have always loved you—we will ever love you."—"I know it—I know it; oh, it is that which unmans me! But, for the future, I will testify my love and devotion to you all. You will wonder, perhaps, at my early return to-night. Well, my heart was ill at ease when I left the house, and I hastened on, I scarcely knew whither. At length, I found myself by the mansion where we had passed so many happy, happy years. The lights were gleaming from the windows; I heard the gladsome tones of voices, and I almost fancied it was my home again, and that you and Charlotte would spring to the door to greet me. Alas! bitter memory soon came on, and presented to my view these poor, ill-furnished apartments—the pale, yet unrebuking, face of my wife—poor Charlotte, sinking under the weight of labor and care—and the sad faces of my little ones, to whom my

presence seemed fearful. All this was in strange contrast with the splendid abode before me, once my home. As I leaned against the elm in front, I saw two gentlemen approaching, and heard the young one say to the other—who was Mr. Stockton, our old neighbor—'So this is where Mr. Leonard formerly resided. What a beautiful place! Where is he now?'—'I know nothing of him,' replied Mr. Stockton, 'only I have heard that his family are beggared, and he a curse to them, to himself, and society, by his intemperance.'—'Was he not an acquaintance of yours?' asked the young man, whom I recognised as the same who helped Charlotte home after her fall. 'Oh yes; but of course I have known nothing of him since he became so reduced and so intemperate.'—'And did you not make any efforts to save him, after he first took to the cup?' 'Ah! that would have been labor misspent and unappreciated,' was Mr. Stockton's reply. 'No—oh no!' eagerly replied the young man; 'in every heart—however degraded, however cast out from the pale of society—there are latent sparks of goodness, germs of tenderness, which need only the sunshine of kindness, the dew of brotherly love, to restore them to their former station. There is a future for all who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone.' This was all of the conversation I heard, and I wished to hear no more—if a stranger could speak thus encouragingly of me, I surely would merit it—and so I started off immediately and signed the temperance pledge; and I feel that I am capable, with God's blessing, of removing the stain which rests on my name—of meriting

the confidence of my fellow-men — and more, dear Helen, your changeless love."

The wife sobbed out her happiness on her husband's bosom. Hers was a joy too deep for utterance.

---

## CHAPTER III.

THE indisposition of Charlotte and the children had yielded to the remedies administered by their faithful mother. It was but a few days after the joyful announcement of Mr. Leonard that he had taken the pledge, and Charlotte and her mother were sitting at their accustomed work in the evening. Mr. Leonard had been so fortunate as to obtain a clerkship in a store belonging to a kind-hearted man, who was willing to extend a helping hand to his unfortunate fellow-creatures, and they were sitting in momentary expectation of his return home.

"Have we not relatives in Virginia by the name of Percival?" said Charlotte. "Yes," replied her mother, "distant relatives: but what makes you ask that question?"—"I was thinking that when I was quite young, I received a letter from a little girl by the name of Annie Percival: I will dive into the depths of my old letter-box, and see;—yes, here it is. What a straggling, child-like hand! See. She says, 'Dear cousin Charlotte.' Well, mother, a young lady of that name, about my age, came to the shop a few weeks ago, with her brother—the young man who assisted me home after I hurt my ankle—and I fitted a beautiful fancy-dress for

her; and when she came after it, she gave me this card, saying she should see me again. On it is written 'Annie Percival.' She has not called since; but her brother has been at the shop a number of times, and purchased several articles."—"It must be our friends, I think," said her mother: "Annie had a brother somewhat older than herself; but they might not care about owning us in our present circumstances."—"Oh," said Charlotte, "they appear to be guided by strict principle, as well as by great benevolence and feeling. But it is not probable we shall meet them again," she added with a sigh, for the remembrance of Mr. Percival often occupied her thoughts.

At this moment Mr. Leonard came in, looking very happy, and Mrs. Leonard and her daughter forgot all about their relatives in the joy of his society. He drew a newspaper from his pocket, and read the following advertisement:—

"'If Mr. Charles Leonard will call at the Astor house, and inquire for Harry Percival, he will hear of something very much to his advantage.'

"Can it be the son of my old kinsman, Harry?" exclaimed Mr. Leonard. "It must be Annie Percival's brother," said Charlotte, "for she called him Harry. Oh, we shall soon see our friends! Indeed, I felt attracted toward them from the first." With many speculations in regard to their relatives, and with renewed love and confidence, they spent the remainder of the evening, and went to sleep with light hearts, although in the very midst of poverty.

The next morning was very beautiful. Although in the city, one can scarcely catch a glimpse of the green

grass, or hear the sweet bird-tones; yet there is a genial warmth, a liveliness, in the very atmosphere, which "makes a sense of spring-time in the heart." Mr. Leonard arose early, and the willing hands of his wife and daughter arranged his faded wardrobe as nicely as possible, and they saw him depart with a tumultuous throbbing of their hearts—wishing, yet dreading, to hear the result of his interview with Mr. Percival. Charlotte, too, left for her day's work; the children left for school; and the mother was alone, as she had been before, many sad, weary days: but hope now was springing in her heart, and she listened to its inspiring tones with a sense of their fulfilment.

It was with faltering steps that Mr. Leonard neared the Astor house, and with a throbbing heart that he inquired for "Harry Percival." He was conducted to a beautiful sitting-room, where sat Mr. Percival, his sister, and Mr. Dewey, a particular friend of the latter. Mr. Leonard commenced by saying, "In accordance with the request in this advertisement," handing him the newspaper, "I have taken the liberty to call upon you."—"Can it be? Are you Uncle Leonard?" exclaimed Harry and Annie eagerly, advancing to his side. "I do not deserve the name of uncle, but I am your unfortunate relative." Turning to Harry, he said, "I overheard your conversation with Mr. Stockton, a few evenings ago, by my former residence, and your kind opinions so freely expressed, with regard to the latent good yet remaining in the hearts of the degraded, put a stop to my downward course, and kindled in my heart something of its former freshness and vigor."—"Thank

God!" exclaimed Harry, pressing his relative's hand, while the loving and sensitive Annie embraced him with all the ardor of affection. "But where is Cousin Charlotte? is she well?" inquired Annie. "Yes, well," said Mr. Leonard with emotion, "but toiling patiently for the support of her friends." — "Where?" they both exclaimed, for they had a presentiment of the truth. "At Mrs. Wells's." — "Ah, yes, we have seen and loved her, without knowing who she was." — "But, dear uncle," said Harry, "I had almost forgotten my business with you, which I came from Virginia on purpose to accomplish. We have written you several times, to inform you that our aged relative, Mr. Wilkinson, died about four years ago, leaving you his beautiful estate in our neighborhood, and a large sum of money, on account of the many valuable services which you rendered him in your youth. At last we saw that it was of no use writing to you any longer; and as Annie and myself had long been thinking of a trip to the north, we left last autumn, and came here, where we have been making fruitless inquiries ever since. Annie proposed, last week, to find you by advertising, and, fortunately, we have been successful. And now for my aunt and cousin," said Harry, gayly.

"We will first surprise dear Charlotte," said Annie, eagerly. Charlotte was sitting lost in dreamy thought, giving the finishing touches to a dress, when she was surprised by the entrance of the very ones who had so completely occupied her thoughts. "Dear cousin," said Annie, springing toward her, "why have I not known you from the first, even when my heart has

yearned so toward you?" Annie kissed and embraced her, and so did Harry, for he seemed determined to exercise the privilege of his cousinship, although, in reality, Harry's father and Mr. Leonard were only second-cousins. Mrs. Wells joyfully consented to Charlotte's absence, and soon they approached the cramped apartments which, for several years, had been the home of Mr. Leonard and his family.

Mrs. Leonard received them all with tears of joy, and, with gratitude to her Maker, learned the glad news of their prosperity. "Now, my dear aunt," said Harry, "your future home, I trust, will be near ours." —"Not yet," said Mr. Leonard—"not till the stain of drunkenness has been wiped off from myself and my family. When I have served my probation here, then, my dear Harry, we will think of Virginia." "But, uncle," said Annie, "cousin Charlotte can surely accompany us now." "I would prefer," said he, looking at her most affectionately, "that she should mingle again in the society in which she once moved in this city—not that she will be any happier by it, but to let the world know that the 'drunkard's daughter' is a being whose grace and loveliness can adorn every station."

"But why, dear Annie, did you not come and see me again at the shop, as you promised?" inquired Charlotte. "Ask my friend Dewey, here," replied Harry; "he, I can well assure you, was the cause of her neglect to call upon you." Annie blushed, but replied quietly, "Well, Harry, you had purchases enough to make at the shop, in all conscience: every

day I had a present of lace or riband, or something else, and all merely for the purpose of seeing your cousin Charlotte." It was now Charlotte's turn to blush.

They soon left, with many a parting embrace and affectionate word, their new-found relatives; and, in consequence of a letter from their father hastening their return, in a few days they departed for their home; not without many regrets, however, that they could no longer enjoy the society of Mr. Leonard and his family.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

A HAPPY family reunion! Far away from the city of their nativity, Mr. Leonard and his beautiful ones have formed a new household shrine, and the Lares and Penates have there a sacred and abiding home. His probation has expired, and by his industry and economy, aided by the sum bequeathed him by his relative, he raised himself again to the high station from which he had once fallen, purchased the very mansion which he formerly occupied, and was again welcomed by those who, in the days of his poverty and degradation, had "passed by on the other side" from him. He treated them all politely, but placed no reliance upon their smiles and honeyed congratulations. Adversity had taught him a good lesson, and he bestowed his confidence and friendship on those who were actuated by principles of truth and right—who were not dazzled by the glitter of wealth—but who saw a brother in the most degraded, and were willing to lend a helping hand

to lift him up. Many a poor outcast from the pale of society has he brought in by kindly and encouraging words, and made them feel that there was a future, bright and peaceful, even for them.

And Mrs. Leonard—how beautiful she looked in their old home, surrounded by her children, smiling and happy. Ah, the youth of the heart was again hers.

And the "drunkard's daughter"—she became exceedingly lovely after her release from sorrow and care; not the loveliness of features alone, but the enduring beauty of mind and the beauty of pure thought and feeling. Care no longer weighed down her youthful spirit, and she devoted herself to the cultivation of her mind, which in their sad days had been neglected; and oh, how great was her progress. The best of teachers were procured for her, and the poor dressmaker became an accomplished lady. The old friends, falsely so called—Adelia Stockton among the rest—came crowding around her; and, in fact, the haughty and wealthy Mr. Stockton himself would have been pleased to have called her "daughter," inasmuch as his son was very decidedly in love with her. But Charlotte's thoughts were with her parents and her cousin Harry, from whom she received some of the dearest and best epistles in the world, if we may judge of them by her tears and blushes, and often reading of them.

It was the eve of their departure for the south. Mr. Leonard had removed the stain from his name, and many ardent and sincere friends regretted very much his leaving them. There was a large gathering at Mr. Leonard's, the last night of their sojourn in the city, and

among the rest were the Stocktons. Harry Percival, too, was there, for he had come to escort the family to their new home. Adelia was all smiles and gayety, and apparently very anxious to attract Mr. Percival's attention. "How I *shall* miss dear Charlotte!" said Adelia to Harry in her blandest tones, as he was sitting between her and Charlotte. "Undoubtedly," returned Harry coldly; and then, in a lower tone, he added, "You can recollect and associate with the 'drunkard's daughter' now, Miss Stockton." Adelia was confused, and, upon some slight pretext, made her way to another part of the room, and no more that evening did she waste her smiles upon Mr. Percival.

"How could you say so to Adelia?" inquired Charlotte rather reproachfully of her cousin. "Because I wished to give her a good lesson; and because, dear Charlotte, I remember too well the tears her haughty conduct caused you."

As was said in the commencement of this chapter, a happy family reunion! It is a glorious, moonlight summer evening; and Harry's parents—Mr. and Mrs. Leonard—their faithful friend Mrs. Wells, the dressmaker, who is now a permanent member of the family—Charlie and Fanny—are all in the piazza, fronting Mr. Leonard's splendid mansion. How sweet are their retrospections, and how delighted are they in their proximity to each other! Mr. Leonard is delighted with his new home and his future prospects; and his wife—his gentle, loving Helen—is now more tenderly beloved than in the beautiful, sweet days of their early love.

But where is Charlotte? and cousin Harry? Ah, he is no longer a cousin—a still holier bond unites their hearts. There they are, amid the perfume and moonlight of the garden summer-house,—and Harry is speaking: "My sweet Charlotte, how can I ever be grateful enough that we found you at last! Oh, to think of those days and nights of toil, when all of those pursuits you so much delight in had to be given up, and the bitter cup of poverty was yours to drink, without an alleviating drop!"

"Not so, my own Harry; for my mother's love, strong and abiding, ever cheered me. It is true, it was hard to meet old friends and have them scorn me—those whom I had loved so ardently, so unselfishly. And when I passed the bookstores on my way to work, I used to think how happy I should be with a single volume only, and time to spend to read it. But I knew my duty; and mother and I toiled, and hoped and prayed for better days, and for father's love once more; and they came at last, dear Harry—came through your means, through those blessed words that touched his heart, and brought him back to the bosom of his family."

Here the tears stopped her utterance, and Harry kissed them tenderly away, exclaiming, "Never more shall you thirst for friendship, and sympathy, and knowledge;—never more shall you endanger your health by such arduous efforts. Be it mine to strew the flowers of hope and love and joy in your pathway. Can I ever do too much for you—for you who have bestowed your affections so lavishly upon me, when I

have so long pined for a kindred heart to share with me those blissful emotions that are too deep, too exalted for utterance? Oh, how lonely I was after dear Annie's marriage to Mr. Dewey! She had been for so long a time my second self, as it were, discerning my thoughts and feelings intuitively, and giving me, in return, all that counsel and endearment so naturally flowing from a sister's affectionate heart. But your letters were a great solace to me in my loneliness. And now you are my own: together we can inhale the poetry that breathes from every flower-cup—that is borne on every zephyr; and together we can gaze on the heavens, and feel the love of our Creator, and need no words to express the same feelings, which are welling up from the founts of both our hearts."

"But, Harry, do you think you would have loved me if you had never discovered our relationship?" said his wife.

"Yes, Charlotte, I loved you from the first glimpse I had of your countenance, bathed as it was in tears by Miss Stockton's conduct. Ah, yes, I should certainly have offered you my heart before I left New York."

"Ever since that night, when you assisted me home, I felt that there was an affinity between us, and your image haunted my toil and hovered over my pillow. Why is it, dear Harry, that from the very first we either form a dislike or a love for a person?"

"I know not, my beloved; it is enough for me that you did not dislike me, and my heart 'runs over with the fulness of content' that you are all my own."

LOUISA.

# THE ISRAELITES CROSSING THE RED SEA.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

NIGHT had passed in the pomp
Of her splendor away,
And Morning unbarred
The gold portals of day:
On the banners of Egypt,
Far floated the flame
Of the sunrise, that witnessed
Her glory and shame:
But darkening before them
The cloud-pillar rose,
And hid from their vision
The camp of their foes,—
That column which towered
Sublimely to heaven,
That wonderful guide,
To the wanderer given,
Which frowned upon Egypt,
Terrific in wrath,
But shone, with soft light,
O'er the Israelites' path:
Yet onward they poured,
In their grandeur and pride,
The omen unheeded,
The danger defied;
To the sound of their cymbals
Wild, musical clash,
In their gem-illumed armor,
On—onward they dash!

With their chariots of gold,
And their steeds of rare might,
They rush to their ruin,
In music and light,
More madly, more swiftly,
As nearer they came,
Like a tempest, that gathers
With thunder and flame.

Too late! They have paused,
In unspeakable fear—
The cymbal is silent,
"What marvel is here?"
Lo! chanting an anthem,
Serenely and slow,
'Mid the waters dividing,
The Israelites go!
And stayed by God's word,
The great floods in their might
Stand firm "like a wall,
On the left and the right."
A moment they gaze,
Then, with shouts of fierce pride,
The cohorts of Egypt
Dash on 'mid the tide;
But the war-cry is changed
To a moan of dismay,
As the wild waters meet,
O'er that splendid array;
And they perish by thousands,
In rage and despair,
While the Hebrews' glad anthem
Floats by on the air!

"Sing to the Lord of Hosts,
High and victorious!

Pharaoh's Host Overwhelmed in the Red Sea

Clash the glad cymbal,
For freedom so glorious!

"Sing to the Lord of Hosts,
Israel's daughters;
Egypt's proud army
Lies whelmed in the waters.

"O'er the sea breathing,
The floods he divided,
Safely we passed,
By his mighty hand guided.

"Strike the wild timbrel,
To Him—our Salvation!
He hath delivered,
From peril, his nation.

"Sing for the Lord of Hosts!
Tell the proud story,
Egypt is shorn
Of her grandeur and glory.

"Lo! where before us,
Majestic and solemn,
M veth serenely,
The God-lighted column!

"Sing to the Lord of Hosts,
Great and victorious!
P aise him for ever,
For freedom so glorious!"

# THE ANCIENT GREEKS AND ROMANS:

## THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, AS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY A BROTHER.

It seems strange to us, as we look back on the history of past ages, to find how much the habits and customs of men remain the same;—we see little alteration in the more material parts of their outward manner of life. The greatest changes have taken place in the last five hundred years. More in these has been done for the arts, for manufactures and commerce, than in all other ages. This is most striking in our machinery, which has been so far extended, that it would be hard to name any manufacturing process not aided by its power. Now it may be said that this is far different from the rude simplicity of former days. Granted, it is; but this is exactly where change has wrought powerfully, while manners and customs remain comparatively unaltered. What the manners and customs of the ancient Greeks and Romans were, it is our present design to inquire. The first subject which presents itself is language. Here we must own a great and wonderful change. Languages which were spoken by the whole of the then known world, are now justly styled *dead*, and are no more used as the languages of

nations; while others, then unthought of, have sprung, phenix-like, from their remains.

Exclusive of the provinces of Epirus and Macedonia, the continental possessions of the Greeks were of considerable extent: throughout the whole of their country the Greek language was spoken. It was soft and mellifluous, expressive in the highest degree, and also forcible and elegant. Now, through this tract of land are spoken three languages (besides dialects)—the Arabic, Turkish, and modern Greek. The last bears little resemblance to the ancient Greek: so little, that those of whom it is the native tongue, do not rightly know how the Greek poems are to be read. In Italy, Spain, Africa, and Asia, the Latin language prevailed. It was bold and manly; better adapted to the expression of powerful, noble eloquence, than softness and delicacy of feeling—the Romans being rather bold and brave, than refined and learned, as were their neighbors the Greeks. In Italy, Italian is now spoken, which, unlike the language from which it took its rise, is remarkable rather for beauty than boldness, though it is accounted the most perfect of all modern tongues. The following nations were subjugated by the Romans, who introduced their language among them; but now English is spoken in Britannia; French in Belgicia, Celticia, Lugdunensis (in France); Austrian in Panonia, Noricum, Illyricum (in Austria); Spanish in Gallicia (in Spain); and Portuguese in Lusitania (in Portugal).

In all ages, politics were as much a source of strife and contention as at the present day. The Athenians

were very jealous of their liberties; they were jealous of any incognito in their city, fearing he might be some intriguing politician aiming at their government, which was extremely open to such designers. We see an instance of this in Pisistratus, who had such eloquence and address, that at a later period he could have controlled every resolution of the Athenian assembly, and might, without subverting a single iota of their constitution, have enjoyed the power of a sovereign. In the turbulent times in which he lived, other means were used to attain the object of his ambition. Having slightly wounded himself, he came into the forum covered with blood, and, accusing his enemies of an attempt to assassinate him, demanded means of defence from the people. The populace, filled with indignation, voted him a guard to attend his person. This was enough: he gradually increased the band, till he was able to seize the citadel and make himself master of Attica.* Such was their form of government, that (like our own) any one, by gaining the favor of the people, could raise himself to whatever post he desired.

In their elections, the people were not guided by their knowledge of the intentions of the candidates for office, but by the orators of the day, who were, in fact, the rulers of the people; for we find that they would on various occasions convene the people, harangue them concerning their liberty, and hold up certain persons, by whom they had frequently been bribed, as those alone capable of sustaining it. Sometimes, however, we find the orators disregarding their different parties, and speak-

* Meursii. Pisistrat.

ing to the people with a real desire for the preservation of their liberty, and the maintenance of justice. Thus Demosthenes, in his oration against Philip of Macedon,* seriously warns and rebukes the Athenians, first against the insidious designs of Philip, and next for their own indolence and vice.

At their elections, bribery was extensively carried on, the candidates for office doing something at their private expense that would please the people; such as erecting public buildings, instituting games, and giving public feasts. In spite of this, the people were ever suspicious; at even the smallest action that appeared to favor any one person, the beholders would cry out, "A tyranny! a tyranny! the gods forefend!" Thus Aristophanes ridicules this cry, saying it had become so common that even fishermen would use it. Should you go to market and prefer sea-cream to loaches, the next fisherman, whose stall holds only loaches, would cry, "Hold! my mind misgives me—this man is buying food, I reckon, for a tyranny—I hope you're not for a tyranny?"†

In comparing manners of old with those of the present day, it will not be irrelevant to state, that abandonment of trust is not a modern invention; and that while the next generation may find in their dictionaries the proverbial epithet "Swartwout," the Greeks, centuries ago, had a similar proverb, which took its rise from the following circumstance: Eucrates, when treasurer of Athens, decamped with a large sum of money belonging to the state;—his defalcation passed into a proverb;

* Demosth. Philipp. † Aristoph. Comed.

and to "look after Eucrates," signified to run off with the money intrusted to one's care.*

We find a woful description of the Roman senate and forum. The senators bribed, nay even bid up; the people derided; and the prætors bribed to deliver the culprit from punishment. We find the senate delayed convening, till the party in the wrong were sure they had used sufficient bribery: much in the same manner as in the present day—courts and causes are deferred to tire out the witnesses. Thus we find Sallust mentions that the ambassadors of Jugurtha delayed the meeting of the senate until they had bribed the principal senators.† The people were jealous of their liberty, violent in their elections, and always desirous to choose those whom they thought would oppose the nobility, for the greatest hatred existed between these and the populace.

The Romans themselves considered their consuls as open to bribery. They were elected about the end of July or beginning of August, and from that time till the first of January they were not allowed to enter upon the duties of their office; which interval was so prolonged that inquiry might be made whether they had purchased votes in their favor at their election. If, on trial, they were convicted of having done so, they were deprived of the consulship, in which their accuser took their place.‡

Cicero says (de officiis, liber ii., 16), speaking of the œdileship, that "Publius Lentulus vicit omnes su-

* So used in Aristoph. Lysistrat. † Sallust de bellum Jugurthum.
‡ Cicero pro Syll., xvii., 32; pro con. Muren., 23; Sall. Call., 18.

periores me consuli: Marcus Scaurus est, imitatus hunc."—Publius Lentulus surpassed all the former when I was consul; Marcus Scaurus imitated him: thus alluding to a delicate kind of bribery, the œdileship being the office of seeing to weights and measures, public-houses, &c., examining and correcting books, and the revision of comedies; they of that office were allowed to celebrate games at their private expense, and the œdile who did so, was invariably sure of the people's good-will.

Dress—then as now—occupied a large share of attention; for it ministers as well to comfort and decency, as to pride and vanity. The *toga* and *tunic* were the two celebrated and common garments of the Romans. The toga, or gown, seems to have been of semicircular form, without sleeves, according to the rank or wealth of the wearer. It was only used upon occasions of going into public, whence it is often called the vestis forensis,*—the forensic vest. When the belt was loosened and the left arm drawn in, the gown fell, and the chief lappel hung about the wearer's feet in what was considered an extremely effeminate manner.† In ordinary wear, the upper part of the gown lay over the right shoulder—as our Spanish cloaks—so that it was an easy matter to draw that part back and thus cover the head. Many learned men are of opinion that the Romans, while in the city, wore no other covering but this; and that it was only when out of town, or on a journey, that they wore a cap or hat.

Every one knows that this gown was a distinguishing

* Ferrar de re vesti, liber i., cap. 28. † Suet., cap. 45.

mark between the Greeks and Romans; the former wearing a *pallium*, or cloak, as their common garment; hence, in history, a Roman is often called a *togatus*, and a Greek a *palliatus*. The tunic was a garment worn within doors by itself, and abroad under the toga. The common people, however, were not able to afford the expense of a toga, and went abroad merely with a tunic, which fitted the body closely, as a modern vest; for this reason, Horace calls the rabble *tunicatus popellus*,—the tunic mob. At first the Romans wore only a gown, but afterward found the convenience of a short, straight tunic, without sleeves; still later they used them with sleeves reaching to the elbows. The Greeks had a body-gown without sleeves, corresponding to the tunic; it was called ἐξωμίδες,—*ezomides*.

The dress of the female sex much resembled that of the present day. The Athenian ladies wore a tunic fitting the waist as closely as possible, and falling down to the ankle; the sleeves were tight, reaching to the wrists; the tunic opened in front, as a modern walking-dress.

The Roman ladies at first wore the toga in common with the men; afterward they adopted the *stola* and *palla* for their peculiar attire. The *stola* was a garment worn in the house; when they went abroad, they threw over this the *palla*, which was a long, open mantle, covering the whole person. They dressed their heads with ribands and sashes; these last they also used to twine around the body, and by compression render their contour more elegant. Terence, in his "Eunuch,"*

* Act II. sc. 3.

refers to this custom. The Athenian ladies were also acquainted with the secret of obtaining a bright and beautiful color, when denied it by nature, and made much use of paints when they wished to look extraordinarily well.* Cosmetics, and a thousand other toilet mysteries, they were deeply versed in. The extent to which these expenses were carried, may be seen from the gift of Demetrius to Lamia.† In fact, whatever the degree of beauty with which an Athenian woman was endowed, she was by no means unwilling to call in art as an accessory. Her dress was not altogether a matter of choice; for any negligence of attire brought the fair sloven under the notice of the magistrate. The rigor of this tribunal was so great, that a thousand drachmæ was the fine for an ill-arranged head-dress; and a robe or tunic which was not exactly *comme il faut*, incurred a like penalty, the name of the offender being exposed to public view on a tablet; this was considered equivalent to a total loss of character. Stimulated thus, it may be supposed that the Athenian dames would rather exceed than fall short of the judicial standard of personal appearance. The catalogue Plautus gives us of the artisans necessary to the complete adornment of a fashionable Grecian lady, is absolutely formidable.

Socrates, in a work on the women of his day, makes a husband find his wife daubed with fard to make her whiter than she really was, and rouge to make her redder than she really was; and, as a beauty in Greece was valuable for being on a large scale,‡ she was equipped with a pair of high-heeled shoes to make her

* Aristoph. Lysis. † Plutarch's Life of Demet. ‡ Arist. de Rhet.

taller than she really was. Throughout the whole of the Roman and Athenian dress, we find a great similitude with our own, with one exception;—they had nothing to correspond with our pantaloons and stockings, which, if we were to express in Latin, we should call *femoralia* and *tibialia*. Yet in their place, under their tunics or vests, they sometimes wore scarfs, which were called *femoralia* and *tibialia*, from the parts to which they were applied.

We proceed to their buildings. We find few accounts of the Roman and Grecian buildings; we know, however, that they were of stone or wood, varying in size according to the wealth of the owner. The Romans in the early ages built their houses of coarse and plain materials—places of shelter constructed for use, and not for ornament; but latterly, when luxury entered the state, immense houses were erected by private individuals.* The Grecian houses had a kitchen, dining-room, bed-room, and sitting-room, according to modern appellation. The kitchen was—we can not say how large, we have no account—it was, however, spacious enough to contain a baker, a cook, a fishmonger, a dealer in perfumery, and a female weaver of garlands—an assemblage of persons, we believe, not unfrequently found there. The dining-room was furnished with tables and couches, for this was properly the banquet-hall. The bed-room was large, and contained a low couch, supported by four feet, inlaid with gold and silver; the tapestry inwrought with gold and silver lace; spread with rugs, fleecy skins, and cloaks.

* Sallust de bellum Jugurthum.

There was little variety in the domestic life of the Greeks and Romans. The Athenians rose at daybreak and spent a short time in the exercises of devotion. Soon after six o'clock in the morning, the judges took their seats in the tribunal; and those employed in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, engaged in their various occupations. At midday the more wealthy citizens had commonly finished all their serious business, and refreshed themselves with a short sleep; afterward they spent a few hours in hunting, or walking through the delightful groves on the banks of the Illysus and Cephissus, or still more frequently in discussing with each other in the forum the interests of the state, the conduct of the magistrates, and the news of the day. It was also during the afternoon that the Athenians played at two games, the first of which resembled "hazard," and the other "chess." They do not, however, in general, seem to have been fond of play, and those who gave much attention to it were regarded with some degree of contempt. The Romans, on the contrary, spent a great deal of time in a light play called *latruncolo*. During the day they took either no food or a slight repast in private; and at sunset, considering the business of the day as over, they sat down to supper, and devoted the evening to society and amusement, often continuing together till a late hour of night.

We will class their cookery and feasts together. Their bread was made not only of wheat and barley, but also of millet (μελην-ην) zea,—the *far* of the Roman use,—and of a corn called *siphë*. A species of grain denominated *dyra*, with which Homer feeds his heroes'

horses, formed in later days a sort of brown bread, somewhat like our Graham bread. Rice (ορυζα) and an Ethiopian grain, resembling the seed of the plant sesame, supplied a species. But the chief attention was confined to wheaten and barley bread (αρτος, μαζα). Into the details of each of these the copious language of the Greeks entered very minutely. The meal of the latter (αλφιτον) was accurately distinguished from the meal of the former (αλευρον); and the very act of kneading had a separate term: μεττειν, μασσειν. If, in making bread, leaven was used, it was called *zimites*, if not *azimas*. The operation of baking was performed either by the oven, the hearth, live coals without flame, ashes heaped up round the dough, or by placing the dough in a roaster; and each of these operations had its separate name. The favorite method, however, was that performed by the *cribanus*, an earthen pot broader below than above, in which the dough being shut up, it was surrounded with coals or placed over the fire, and it was thought the bread thereby acquired a more delicious flavor.

Fish was a great article of food among the Athenians, and in much request. Eels supplied an admirable repast for the table, and no small one for the theatre, some of the happiest strokes of the comic poets being derived from their natural habits. The Bœotians, with whom the Copic eel formed an invaluable article of trade, crowned the largest sort with garlands and offered them to the gods.

Oxen, sheep, and calves, and all such animals, were also devoured very freely, and much in the same style

as at the present day, with this one exception, that they had the honor of coming to table whole, or nearly so, where they were carved, and despatched with appropriate sauces, of which the Athenians had a great variety.

The repasts of the common Athenians were very simple. Herbs, pottage, salt fish, a barley-cake not very nicely kneaded;—these with a bottle of wine, and figs perhaps for a dessert, formed their usual diet; though a sacrifice or a public feast would now and then furnish a more substantial banquet. The richer Athenians were profuse in their feasts, and the number of dishes was immense. But before treating of their banquets, we will speak of the assistants necessary—the perfumers and flower-twiners. Of all perfumes most grateful to the Athenian taste, was that which had in it the odor of their favorite flower, the violet. That made from the rose was said to be useful in potations; while those who were lethargic, or had weak stomachs, were recommended the quince. The violet, they thought, besides its fragrancy, assisted digestion. Flowers, leaves, and roots, respectively afforded the perfumers different essences. When anointing the body for a feast, the feet and legs received the Egyptian ointment; the oil extracted from the palm was thought best for the cheeks antl breasts; the arms were refreshed with balsam mint; sweet-marjoram supplied the oil for the eyebrows and hair, and wild thyme for the neck and knees. A room was perfumed for an entertainment with burning frankincense and myrrh, which gave it an agreeable smell.

In the pains and headaches arising from the powerful

effects of unmixed wine, a compression of the head by the hands was found to give relief. This gave rise to more permanent ligatures; ivy, being close at hand, was bound round the head; the rose, the laurel, and myrtle, soon followed, each having some physical recommendation besides its beauty. Horace,* in a beautiful little song, declares his preference for the myrtle, and dislike of the heavy rose garlands. These and a number more flowers were the sustenance of the female flower-weaver; the tasteful arrangement of them was a lucrative employment.

At the banquets or entertainments of the Greeks, it was a saying that there should be no smaller number than the graces, and no larger than the muses; accordingly, no writer has mentioned any entertainment at which the host expected more than nine. The master of the house did not preside at supper. When the company had assembled, one of them was chosen by lot and appointed king of the feast, and was empowered to preserve order among the guests, to fix the quantity of wine to be drunk, and to determine the manner in which they were to pass their time. In all their convivial meetings, music, of which the Greeks were extremely fond, formed a prominent part of their amusement. Sometimes every one sung in succession; occasionally all joined in singing a favorite air. The songs sung on such occasions seem to have been composed in honor of those who had conquered in the games, or rescued their country from slavery.† After supper, the master of the feast proposed a subject for them all to

* Horace Carminum, lib. i. † Pindar, ode 1, strop. 1.

discuss and deliver their sentiments. But when the evening grew later, the convivial amusements of the Athenians grew less refined; sometimes jugglers and buffoons were hired to excite the surprise and laughter of the guests; and toward the end of the entertainment, female musicians were occasionally introduced, at whose appearance the whole company rose from the table and joined in dancing till it was time to retire.

Of the Athenian feasts, dishes, cookery, food, and delicacies, thanks to their numerous gourmands, we might descant for many pages; but as we have already treated the subject with more attention than it deserves, one instance of the height to which gluttony was carried at Athens, and we will stop. The Athenians excelled in eating hot viands. To gain an advantage over the other guests by eating hotter food, the epicures did not scruple to practise keeping their hands in hot water (it will be remembered they dipped their hands in the dish), and gargling their mouths and throats with the same. A bribe properly conveyed to the cook to introduce the dinner as hot as possible, and the adept gained the benefit of his practice. The most eminent of these φιλωγαστερος (lovers of their belly), to guard his fingers against the extreme heat of the food, used finger-stalls, and incrusted his tongue with an (at the present day) inexplicable armor.

The Romans had no proper repast besides supper; during the day, if they were too hungry to wait till supper-time, they ate a piece of dry bread, a few raisins or nuts, or a little honey. At their entertainments, the guests bathed with the master of the feast, and then

changed their ordinary robes for a *vestis convivialis*, a light kind of frock; then taking their places, each person lay on his side, supported by his left elbow, and a pillow under his back; then each washed his hands. After this they were served with garlands of whatever flowers were in season, which they placed upon their heads. This was the time when they were presented with essences. While they were eating, they were diverted with shows, sports, &c.

At Athens, the fishermen composed the lowest rank, though they had no little power. The love of fish was so great, that the Athenian fishmonger may be considered as playing an important part among the lower ranks of the people. Such was the dignity belonging to this craft, and such the pride and rapacity attending its practice, that conciliation and satire seem to have been alternately necessary to reduce the fishmonger to his proper level in society. The first was applied perhaps sparingly, but we learn their failings most in the comic satire. The Impostor of Amphis undertook to portray their insolence. Nothing can be drawn in more lively colors than his contrasted situation of the overbearing vender and the timid purchaser of fish; the one with his head bent in the humble attitude of a beggarly Telephus, hardly daring to ask the price of the article which he holds in his hand; the other affecting to bestow attention upon anything but the person before him, scarcely deigning to answer the interrogation put to him, and, with contemptuous brevity, clipping every word in his answer of its due allowance of syllables—giving *ling* for shilling, and *teen* for fourteen.

These fishermen were as cunning as they were proud. An Athenian statute forbade them to water their fish when they became dry. To evade this, it was usual for two brothers in the trade to pretend a quarrel; blows ensued, and one of the combatants fell down as if lifeless, among the articles of their common trade; water was copiously poured over him to recover him from his pretended fainting-fit, and so the fish partook of the ablution in spite of the statute-book.

We have reserved education and religion for the last divisions. On education we have little to say, in consequence of the rudeness of those times, and the familiarity of the subject.

The Spartan youth were trained to eminence in war. This plan Lycurgus was the more inclined to adopt because, in consequence of his having excluded the Spartans from all the usual occupations of men, there was reason to fear that the want of employment might otherwise have been too burdensome to individuals and dangerous to the state. The means which he employed to form this military character were in some respects uncommon, and exhibited the same vigor of mind as his other institutions. Lycurgus was of opinion that instruction could have little effect in regulating the temper, and mind, and manners, unless conveyed at that early period of life when the mind is most susceptible of impressions. Accordingly, as soon as the Spartan youth became capable of exercising their judgment, endeavors were used to inspire their minds with sentiments of magnanimity. At the public entertainments they were continually present, the conversation was

often made to turn on the baseness of cowardice, the obligations under which every man lies to defend his country, and the happiness and glory of those who had shed their blood in its defence. In the evening, when all the youth supped, in the presence of many citizens, the directors of their education were accustomed to ask their opinion of certain characters and actions. If they were at a loss for a reply, or by their answers showed themselves uninterested by what they had heard, they were censured with severity; but if, on the contrary, they displayed an acute understanding and generous disposition, they had the satisfaction of being applauded by those present and regarded as the future supports of the state. To prevent the Spartan youth from being enfeebled by indulgence, he required that at the age of seven they should be taken from their parents and educated by the state. To form them to artifice in war, Lycurgus allowed the boys to be fed very sparingly, but allowed them to supply the deficiency by carrying off whatever they found unguarded, provided that no force was used to obtain it. If they escaped observation, they were praised by the superintendent of their education. In ambuscade, accordingly, and in the art of surprising an enemy, the Spartans were unrivalled, and to these means they are thought to have been indebted for most of their victories.

The Athenians regarded their youth as the future supports of the state, and (far different from the Spartans) their skill in the different branches of education as the best security for the maintenance of its safety and independence. At an early age they were taught to

swim and support themselves a considerable time in the water. In a state like Athens, when every citizen might be required to serve on shipboard, this was a most important attainment, for, from the nature of the naval engagements of the Greeks, a galley frequently sunk a few minutes after being struck, and those on board could save their lives in no other way than by swimming to the ships around them. At the age of seven the youths were put under the care of παιδαγογοι or the directors of the gymnasium, and by them early inured to bear hunger, thirst, heat, or cold.

By the gymnastic exercises, which though at first moderate, were gradually rendered more severe, they learned to run with inconceivable velocity, to throw the javelin with unerring skill, to manage the most spirited horses, and to wrestle and box when buried deep in the sand. Besides attending to the exercises of the gymnasium, the young Athenians were required to attend daily to certain grammarians appointed by the state. Under their direction they learned to read and write the Greek language with facility, correctness, and elegance, and habituated to give every syllable the particular tone and cadence which it required. Besides the principles of arithmetic, with which, at an early period of life, the Athenians were all made acquainted, when approaching toward manhood they were accustomed to study eloquence for guiding the more ignorant; geometry and tactics, to qualify them for the command of armies; and physic, to guard against violating the laws of nature and health.

The Athenian girls were brought up entirely alone,

and with very little education — none, except courtesans, being capable of anything except weaving embroidery, all kinds of needlework, and household management. Perhaps if our boarding-school young ladies knew more of this last, and less of literature, — if one is to be attained at the expense of the other, — it would be better for them. The Athenian ladies were not allowed to mingle in public with the men, neither were they permitted to interfere in politics, and the fewer questions they put to their husbands on such subjects, the better. The comic theatre makes a man cry "My wife abroad! Tartarus and furies! what does she from home?"* Silence was the greatest of virtues and the best ornament; — and such were the customs of those times, that Telemachus, whom Homer has represented as the pattern of filial virtue, replies to some advice his mother had given him respecting his public affairs, by recommending her to attend to the distaff and spindle, since the affairs of the state belonged only to the men.†

The Romans educated their children with as much care as either Spartans or Athenians. For masters they had the *literatores*, or Γραμματισται, who taught the children to read and write, and to whose care they were committed about the age of six or seven years.‡ Taken from their care, they were sent to the grammar-school to learn the art of speaking well, and the understanding of authors. But in the houses of great men some eminent grammarian was employed for the purpose, like private tutors of the present day. The most earnest precautions were taken to endeavor to instil into the

* Aristoph. in Thermoph. † Hom. Odys. ‡ Cicero in Brut.

children's minds a love for the forum, where they were expected to gain the highest honors and preferments. The boys were accustomed to learn the famous laws and the twelve tables by heart, the same as an excellent poem.*

Plutarch relates, in his life of the younger Cato, that the children had a play in which they acted the pleading of causes before the judges.

When the youths had attained the age of seventeen, they put on the *manly gown*, and commenced the study of pleading, whatever were their designs as to their professions. The youth were accustomed to ride, cast the javelin, and contend with equals in the course for glory in these matters; also to hunt lions, bears, and other wild beasts, each striving who should first wound the animal. Such was the education of those times, when bravery and hardihood were the chief desideratum; a course more suited to inure their children to hardships and danger, they could not have adopted. As regards their freedom from all silly and hurtful indulgence of their offspring, modern parents would do well to imitate them.

Our last division is religion. Here—thank God!—*is* a change, wonderful as happy, great as wonderful. The ancients sat in darkness and the shadow of death; we, in light and heavenly places—even in the light of the gospel. Let us consider their religion, so called, and point out its fallacies. We presume the reader is already acquainted with the mythology of the Greeks and Romans—the names, habits, characters, and pas-

* Cicero de Legibus.

sions of their gods (for so ignorant were they as to attribute human passions to their gods); we shall speak merely of the body of their religion,—its spiritual existence as imbodied in their priests: for they were the dupes of priestcraft.

The Greeks and Romans (we shall speak of them indiscriminately) had in early times built temples to their idol gods; these temples were spacious and splendid, and in them lived the priests who attended to the altars, sacrifices, &c. Man being constitutionally curious concerning the future, and anxious to foreknow both the good and evil that may befall him, will spare no trouble in attaining this end. Of this propensity the priests took advantage. They represented the gods whom they served as willing to communicate the knowledge of the future to those who approached them with suitable offerings, and took upon themselves the office of conveying this information to such as were desirous of obtaining it. A practice so well calculated to add to the wealth and importance of the priesthood, was universally adopted, and we accordingly find the ancient writers making mention of several hundred oracles in different parts of Greece.

The oracles were given at certain times, which were regularly appointed. The answers, unless the priests were well acquainted with the results of the business concerning which they were to predict, were always so ambiguous that they were capable of a double construction; so that, be the event what it might, the answer was sure to be correct. One instance of this will suffice.

Before Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, passed over into

Italy to make war against the Romans, he consulted the oracle at Delphi respecting the success of his undertaking, and received the following answer:—

"*Dio te Œcido Romanos vincere posse.*"

Which it is not possible to translate into an equally ambiguous English sentence, without bad construction; In that case it stands thus: "I say thee Œcides the Romans to be able to conquer." He, being conquered, complained of the oracle; but was told, that though he had appropriated to himself the terms *vincere posse*, or *to be able to conquer*, yet they might with equal propriety be applied to the Romans, and so the gods meant them to be. This system of imposture was greatly favored by the ignorance of those early ages. The human mind is always fond of the marvellous; and when knowledge was the property of only one class, it was by no means difficult to employ it for the subjugation of the great mass of society. An acquaintance with the motions of the heavenly bodies, and the variations of the state of the atmosphere, enabled its possessor to predict astronomical and meteorological results with a frequency and an accuracy which would not fail to invest him with a divine character. The power of rendering the human body insensible to the effects of fire, was an irresistible instrument of imposture; and the influences of drugs and soporific embrocations on the human frame, the priests found some of their most available resources.

The secresy with which the priests were obliged to keep their scientific discoveries and inventions, has no doubt prevented them from reaching the present times;

yet we have sufficient evidence that almost every branch of knowledge had contributed its wonders to the priests' storehouse, and we may even obtain some insight into the scientific miracles of the priests, by a careful study of their fables and wonderful doings. This is a subject which would afford ample material for a separate paper; and out of such a vast quantity of matter as offers itself, we find it hard to choose what is suitable to so short a survey. We must enumerate — not stop to explain.

The science of acoustics furnished the priests with some of their best deceptions. The imitation of thunder in the subterranean temples, never failed to indicate the presence of a superhuman being. The golden virgins, whose ravishing voices resounded through the temple of Delphos — the stone from the river Pactolus, whose trumpet-notes frightened the robber from the treasure which it guarded — the speaking head of Lesbos — and the vocal statue of Memnon, which began at the break of day to accost the rising sun, — were all deceptions arising from the diligent observation of the phenomena of nature.

The principles of hydrostatics were equally available in the work of deception. The marvellous fountain described by Pliny in the island of Andros — the spring of oil which broke out in Rome at the welcome return of Augustus — the three empty vats which filled themselves with wine at the annual feast of Bacchus, — were all the obvious effects of the equilibrium and pressure of fluids.

In the infamous mysteries of Rome, when the unfortunate victims were carried off by the gods, there is rea-

son to believe they were hurried away by machines; and when Appolonius, conducted by the Indian sages to the temple of their god, felt the earth rise and fall beneath his feet, there is no doubt that he was placed on a floor capable of moving and imitating the heaving of the waves. The rapid descent of those who consulted the oracle in the cave of Trophonius—the moving tripods which Appolonius saw in the Indian temple—the walking statues at Astrum and in the temple of Hieropolis,—are specimens of the mechanical deceptions of the priests.

Such was their religion; by such deceptions were they deluded;—they bowed in adoration to gods existing but in their imaginations, and working only such miserable wonders (not miracles) as these. Yet, upon such slight grounds of belief, they credited and obeyed all the pretended messages of their gods. Shall we compare them with modern times? Alas! we should suffer from the comparison. We have been blessed with the gospel, attended hy the evidence of miracles which can not be denied, and wrought by Him who came from heaven to save us—even the Son of God.

Which of these heathen lands could relate even a *fable* like this? So great is the plan of salvation, that even the priests could not devise anything approaching to it. Yet we find those heathens putting us to the blush. They devoutly obeyed these lying priests, and received their commands as from the gods: while we hesitate to yield obedience to Him who claimed, and proved himself, to be the Son of God.

# WOMAN, MAN'S BEST FRIEND!

BY CHARLOTTE M. CLARKE.

Written Aug. 8, 1817.

"Without woman, our infancy would be without succor, our youth without pleasure, and our age without consolation."

In Infancy, from woman's breast,
We draw the food by nature given;
She lulls our childish pangs to rest,
And cheers us as a beam from Heaven.

When woman smiles—she has the power
To heal our griefs, and calm our fears;
Should sickness wound, should fortune lower,
She shares our sorrows, dries our tears.

And she can sooth the cares of age,
As rolls time's furrowing course along;
Can cheer us with the classic page,
Or lull us with the magic song.

When stretched upon the bed of death,
Departing nature struggling lies;
At that dread pause when the next breath
May waft our spirit to the skies—

When the soul views the narrow verge,
Close on the confines of the grave;—
And now it longs its flight to urge,
Now wishes for an arm to save;—

Who cheers that dreary scene of wo?
Who speaks of peace, and joy, and love?

Who wipes the tear-drops as they flow?—
'Tis woman—sent from Heaven above!

'Tis she receives our parting sigh—
'Tis she who hears our latest breath—
'Tis she who seals the closing eye,
And whispers peace and hope in death.

And when the mournful scene is past,
'Tis woman weeps upon our bier;—
Silent—yet long her sorrows last,—
Unseen she sheds affection's tear!

On earth she is the truest friend
That is to man in mercy given;
And when this fleeting life shall end,
She'll live for purer joys in heaven.

O woman, woman! thou art made,
Like Heaven's own pure and lovely light,
A sun to cheer life's desert shade,
And gild the gloom of sorrow's night.

# MAN, KNOW THYSELF.

## A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY BROTHER EDWARD.

Mrs. Dillon, the amiable wife of the renowned counsellor Dillon of our town, was indeed a woman of very superior mind, and strong thinking powers, and she had displayed, during fifteen years of married life, considerable tact and judgment in the management and education of her family, which consisted of two sons and three daughters. Her husband was engaged in an extensive law practice, which often occupied his close attention from morning's earliest dawn until midnight, compelling him to leave nearly the whole of the training and education of their beloved children to his well-qualified wife. It was indeed fortunate for him and the children that Mrs. Dillon was equal to the task; therefore, almost imperceptibly to the father, their sons' minds and habits had become moulded according to the bias and impression the mother had given them. Indeed, the father had found quite an agreeable and sensible companion in Charles (now about fourteen years of age), notwithstanding he would at times express some little dissatisfaction with a bluntness and impetuosity of disposition which he occasionally discovered in his son, and which

he had taken occasion more than once to hint to the mother. It would have been better had these rough edges been smoothed away at an earlier period. On receiving one of these gentle reproofs, the half-nettled mother replied: "Why, my dear Mr. Dillon, it has been a heavy task to me to bring up our sons as well as our daughters, and you know how your profession has made a slave of you, so that you could not attend to them yourself, for could you have had sufficient leisure to attend to this important subject, I am sure the dear boys would have been greatly benefited by your experience and advice. But let us hope it is not even now too late for you to impress their yet young minds with many salutary lessons that may be of lasting benefit through life to them. If I have not done as well as I might have done, yet I deserve some credit even for what I have done; for had they been left to yourself, perhaps there would have been more room for regret than even as it is.

"Well, Mrs. Dillon," answered the husband, "I must say I think you are quite complimentary. I am certain I have desired as earnestly as ever you did, that our sons should be all in heart and mind that fond parents could wish for."

"Truly, my husband, you have full credit for all your good wishes and desires for our dear children's interest and welfare; but you know well that something more than good desires and intentions is necessary to the implanting in the minds of youth those principles that are calculated to guide them through the world with happiness and credit to themselves."

The husband felt the force of her remarks. Changing her vein, she continued: "For the first year or two after our marriage, I thought you exhibited a few rough edges that needed smoothing off at once; but whether you have improved, or that I now look upon those defects as embellishments, I know not. One thing is certain, every succeeding year I find less to censure and more to appreciate and love, so that fleeting time brings no regrets on this score."

"Pray don't," exclaimed Mr. Dillon, "you are becoming altogether too eloquent, as well as so ingeniously defeating my determination to find fault."

"Mr. Dillon, pardon me," said the wife; "I trust you will bear a little longer with my discourse. Permit me to assure you, that for the last five years your disposition has greatly improved; the bluntness and impetuosity you complain of in our dear Charles's disposition, have in your own almost disappeared, and I have made it my daily study to mould his mind and conduct as closely after the pattern of his father's as I was capable of doing. If faint resemblances of your likeness are not approved by you, how will the perfect portrait, well traced in every lineament, be appreciated?"

"My dear Mrs. Dillon," said the father, "I think you had better say no more on the subject, for I perceive the drift of your argument. It is neither more nor less than that I am to understand that every defect I discover in son Charles, is but a faint picture of the original in the possession of the father."

"Well, Mr. Dillon," replied the wife, "I think it is very strange that our beloved Charles and Edmund are

alone the subjects of your reproof, for our daughters never seem to displease you, though I am sure I have bestowed double the time, care, and anxiety, upon our sons that I have upon our daughters. I acknowledge this is quite discouraging."

"Well! well! Mrs. Dillon, I am more and more convinced that yours is the only influence felt in our family; and having arrived at the acme of your desires, I hope at *least* you are content."

"If it is a good influence, I *am* content," said Mrs. Dillon. "But why, my dear Mr. Dillon, these unkind remarks? You have often, to my own knowledge, influenced a whole court-room; yes, and the jury also. I may go farther still, and say that you have even influenced the judge himself; and your many grateful clients have often felt the vast advantage of your influence; and will you not allow your Katherine to use *hers* in the little sphere you have done her the honor to appoint her to? Who watches youth with so much anxious solicitude as the faithful and fond mother? From the moment she first becomes a parent, she is unceasingly the object of this deep-felt anxiety and care. Her nature and conscience demand it; and her reward is her husband's approbation and love in return, and her children's permanent advantage and happiness; and miserable indeed must be that family where this influence is not faithfully exercised and as deeply felt. One thing I feel assured, Mr. Dillon, you must award to me, I have always endeavored to impress our dear children's minds with entire respect and esteem toward their honored father and his opinions on all subjects; and permit me,

my dear Henry, to ask you whether I have been successful?"

"Entirely so, my beloved Katherine. You have been all I could have desired as my children's mother, and my beloved wife; and if I have hurt your feelings by uttering hasty words, I freely acknowledge my error and regret; and to tell you the truth, I have no occasion to find fault with our dear daughters. There appears to me so much of yourself imbodied in them, that I find no occasion for reproof or complaint."

"Why, my dear Henry, I hope you are not flattering me?"

"Do I accustom myself to such mean practices, my Katherine?"

"No, never, my dear Henry, and I most frankly forgive any unkind word that you may have uttered. There! there!! my kind and good-hearted husband; let us in future learn to appreciate each other's motives aright, and to correct our faults, when presented in another's mirror."

# "NOT LONG MAY WE STAY."

BY E. LOUISA MATHER.

Not long may we stay on this beautiful earth,
Where buds and sweet blossoms have glorious birth,
Our *home* is eternal, all fadeless and bright,
Unshaded by sorrow, undarkened by night.

Not long may we stay—then from sorrow's dim eye,
Let us wipe the dark grief-drops and bid them to fly,
And pour that soft balm on the agonized heart,
Which leaves a calm peace that will never depart.

Not long may we stay—let us each bear a love,
Like that which the Father sends down from above,
To the erring and wand'ring in sin's fetters bound,
And bring them the joy of salvation's glad sound.

Not long may we stay—but may dear words of truth,
E'er shine on our age as they brightened our youth,
And linger and bless us, the last on time's shore,
Till we reach that pure clime where truth blooms ever more.

Not long may we stay—oh, may love's thrilling tone
Find echoes to meet us in bosoms unknown,
May deep, fervent words from our spirit's pure shrine,
Light up other eyes with a radiance divine!

Not long may we stay—may that friendship be ours,
Which makes of life's pathway, a garden of flowers,
In prosperity's sun—in adversity's night,
It sheds a rich perfume—a heavenly light.

Not long may we stay — with a faith that's sublime,
That yields not to changes of sorrow and time,
With a hope that's immortal, that beautifies death,
We'll resign without murmur, our perishing breath.

## ACROSTIC.

O'ER all mankind a holy sway,
Drives hate and tyranny away.—
Delivers mind from bigotry,—
Fills earth with heavenly charity.
Endless be its sacred flow,
Laboring still to shed below,
*Love*, such as angels' glowing tongue,
O'er Judah's plains at midnight sung!
Well might the bright seraphic band,
Sing,—"Peace on earth, good will to man!"
Heard never was such joy before!
Irreverent hate that hour was slain,—
Peace, love, and truth, shall cease no more.

ALBINE.

# SUNDAY MORNING.

BY FREDERIC SAUNDERS.

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!"

THE sabbath has been felicitously styled "the pearl of days;" and whether we regard its physical, moral, or religious immunities, the appellation is equally appropriate. It is the sweet portion of time, consecrated by Heaven, as the great restorative of humanity. Thrice welcome to the weary and care-worn is its hallowed dawn, as it sheds its iridescent light, cheering and kindling with new life the aching heart and clouded brow of the patient devotee of toil. It is scarcely possible to conceive of anything more exquisitely beautiful than one of those enchanting pictures of simple, rural sabbath-keeping of past times, which embellish rustic life. Every one remembers the pleasant fancy sketch of "Sir Roger de Couverley," in the *Spectator*, in which that worthy dignitary of the olden time is made to say:—

"I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday; and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people

would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together, with their best faces and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week,—not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village."

It was doubtless the inspiration of some such an ideal that produced, by the magic pencil of our artist, the sweet sabbath-scene of peace he has so felicitously portrayed. The delicious repose that seems to brood over the whole picture—like the faint, rich gleaming of an autumn twilight, harmonizing the happy rustic groups with the placid aspect of all surrounding objects—imparts to the masterly conception almost supernatural beauty. The simple-hearted company of worshippers, guided, on their way among the rich overhanging foliage, by the rustic spire to the village church, to offer their artless homage to the glorious and beneficent Being who has so lavishly endowed them with his benefactions, presents a striking contrast to the cold and pompous artificialities of our conventional religious observances. Nature, meanwhile, is swelling with the rich harmonies of the many-voiced birds, hymning their joyous matins. There, too, are the bright streamlets of the valleys, re-echoing the melodious symphony; and

the green earth beneath, and glowing azure above, seem scarcely less vocal to their Maker's praise.

But the pencil has depicted far more effectively than can the pen, the serene beauty of a rural sabbath morning. Returning from the sanctuary, the happy villagers spend the interval in reciprocal and undisturbed enjoyments of the social affections, chastened and elevated as they are by the devotions of the day. While revelling in the rich affluence of nature's charms :—

> "The rustic farmers set them down upon the daisy sod,
> And talk of bounteous nature's stores, and nature's bounteous God;
> And matrons talk, as matrons will, of sickness and of health,
> Of births, and deaths, and marriages, of poverty and wealth;
> And youths and maidens stroll apart, within the shady grove,
> And whisper, 'neath its spreading boughs, perchance some tale of love."

We profess little sympathy with the rigid austerity and asceticism that would denounce the happy greetings and groupings of such simple-hearted rustic swains, as a desecration of the sacred day. It was doubtless the design of its beneficent Founder that, to a reasonable extent, the recreative as well as the religious exercises should occupy its hours; else what significancy can be assigned to those words which fell from the lips of the Divine Teacher, "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath"? While, therefore, we would advocate a right respect for the institutions of religion in the sanctuary, we deem it a matter scarcely less sanctioned that the body should participate in the benefits of relaxation, refreshment, and repose. We surely do not express a more just appreciation of the design of its institution, by listlessly and indolently dreaming away the hours of the sabbath at home, than by a quiet and

devout contemplation of the great Creator in the wondrous book of nature, so luminously illustrative of his beneficence, wisdom, and power. At the same time, we do not deny that this hallowed day is primarily devoted to the radiant hopes of a blissful immortality, affording us glimpses of the bright beatitudes of the spirit world, and serving as —

> "The guide to lead us on the road to our eternal home, —
> Which like the visioned ladder once to slumbering Jacob given,
> From heaven descending to the earth, leads back from earth to heaven."

Who will doubt the divinity of its beneficent appointment, or the surpassing beauty of its adaptation to the wants of our common humanity? It comes to us richly freighted with the early fruits culled from the "paradise regained," all fragrant with the incense of prayer, and vocal with the joyous pæan of seraphs and "the spirits of the just made perfect." As its blessed dawn beams upon our earth-bowed spirits, we become detached from worldly care, the dark mists that bedimmed our vision are dissipated, and a ray of heavenly light lifts us into the pure empyrean; our hearts expand with a grateful love; and while we gratefully muse on the munificence of his gifts, we rejoice in "the fatherhood of God."

Is it possible to conceive of a feeling of more delicious and hallowed pleasure than that inspired in the bosom of the Christian, who, as he winds up "the ravelled sleeve of care" at the close of a week of toil, looks with delighted anticipation for the happy interval of respite, when — "the world shut out" — he may hold sweet intercourse with Heaven; for —

"If heaven be ever felt below,
'Tis when such hallow'd calm as this
Doth shed its radiance, and bestow
Sweet foretastes of celestial bliss."

The name *Sunday* is of course derivable from the heathen worship of the sun; that of sabbath from the Hebrews; with the latter it had a threefold reference, memorializing the creation, redemption, and final restoration in heaven. With the exception of idolatry, no canon of the decalogue was more solemnly enforced, or its infringement more severely rebuked; and being of universal application, it must ever remain unrepealed. The words *sabbath* and *Sunday* are so often erroneously applied, and the differences as to the observance of Sunday in some instances so imperfectly understood, that the following explanation from Hallam's Constitutional History of England may not prove unacceptable:

"The founders of the English reformation, after abolishing most of the festivals kept before that time, had little or no change as to the mode of observance of those they retained. Sundays and holydays stood much upon the same footing as days upon which no work, except for good cause, was to be performed; and the service of the church was to be attended, and any lawful amusement might be indulged in. A just distinction, however, soon grew up; an industrious people could spare time for very few holydays; and the more scrupulous party, while they slighted the church festivals as of human appointment, prescribed a strict observance of the Lord's day. But it was not until the year 1595 that they began to place it very nearly on the footing of the Jewish sabbath, interdicting not only the slightest

action of worldly business, but even every sort of pastime and recreation: a system which, once promulgated, soon gained ground, as suiting their atrabilious humor, and affording a new theme of censure on the vices of the great.

"During the reign of James I., however, a change brooded over things, and, with all his fanaticism, he even caused a declaration to be read in churches, permitting all lawful recreations on Sunday, after divine service, such as dancing, arching, and other sports. This impious license was allowed only to communicants of the episcopacy; it might have been regarded as a bounty on devotion. The puritan house of commons subsequently passed a bill, enforcing a greater strictness in this respect. A circumstance that occurred in the session of 1621, will serve to prove their fanatical violence. Because the document was entitled 'An act for the better observance of the sabbath, usually called *Sunday*,' one Shepherd, sneering at the puritans, remarked, that as Saturday was *dies sabbati*, this might be styled 'a bill for the better observance of Saturday, commonly called Sunday.' This witticism brought down upon his head the wrath of that dangerous assembly. Yet when the upper house sent down their bill with 'the Lord's day' substituted for 'the sabbath'—observing, that 'people do now much incline to words of Judaism,'—the commons took no exception. The use of the word sabbath, instead of Sunday, became in that age a distinctive mark of the puritan party."

"The sabbath-day is the savings'-bank of human existence," says a recent writer; and the conscientious

man who husbands one day of existence every week—who, instead of allowing the sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up,—the "Lord of the sabbath" keeps it for him, and, in length of days and a hale old age, gives it back with usury.

It is the cheering green oasis of life's dreary destiny of toil; and, like palm-tree shadow, oh how welcome is its shelter and repose, as, full of heaven's peace and strength, we issue from its sweet asylum, and resume life's journey rejoicing!

Were it not for this beneficent arrangement of Heaven, what a blight would overhang the poor man's fireside! for it is the blessed return of the sunshine of the sabbath, that sheds a hallowed radiance over the sweet attractions and endearments of home. In the expressive words of an essayist, "It is the peace of God that lights up the pious laborer's dwelling, and, reserved from a toil-worn week, the treasures of true love, as from a fountain, pour freely forth."

How dark, dreary, and death-like, would the world become without the light of the sacred sabbath! What fearful havoc would the moral and physical disease of poor fallen humanity, unmitigated by this vital antidote and remedy, present. Think, for an instant, of the severe ordeal of incessant toil upon the body, and the perpetual rust and corrosion of worldly care upon the spirits. Life, under such hard conditions, would cease to be a blessing; and its highest present enjoyment, as well as its future hopes, would alike vanish from the earth. How would sickness and desolation usurp the

place of health and "halcyon peace," and all the joyousness and radiant attractions of the beauteous earth and bending skies become eclipsed by the settled gloom of an iron destiny of unintermitted toil! The grave would be coveted, even under such circumstances, for its cheerless repose; but the "saint's everlasting rest" would doubtless be soon forgotten in the fierce "battle of life." The blessed sabbath is God's peculiar and precious gift to the world; and in its adaptation to the necessities of human weakness, as man's great restorative, who does not perceive the divinity of its institution? In the eloquent words of a contemporary reviewer:—

"The Creator has given us a natural restorative—sleep; and a moral restorative—sabbath-keeping;—and it is ruin to dispense with either. Under the pressure of high excitement, individuals have passed weeks together with little sleep, or none; but when the process is long continued, the over-driven powers rebel, and fever, delirium, and death, come on. Nor can the natural amount be systematically curtailed without corresponding mischief. The sabbath does not arrive like sleep. The day of rest does not steal over us like the hour of slumber; it does not entrance us almost, whether we will or not; but, addressing us as intelligent beings, our Creator assures us that we need it, and bids us notice its return, and court its renovation. And if, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force ourselves to work all days alike, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The mental worker—the man of business, or the man of letters—finds his ideas coming turbid and slow; the equipoise of his faculties is upset;

A. B. Durand. F. Walker N.Y. John Wilson

*Sunday Morning*

he grows moody, fitful, and capricious; and with his mental elasticity broken, should any disaster occur, he subsides into habitual melancholy, or in self-destruction speeds his guilty exit from a gloomy world. And the manual worker—the artisan, the engineer—toiling on from day to day, and week to week, the bright intuition of his eyes gets blunted; and, forgetful of their cunning, his fingers no longer perform their feats of twinkling agility, nor, by a plastic and tuneful touch, mould dead matter, or wield mechanical power; but, mingling his life's blood in his daily drudgery, his locks are prematurely gray, his genial humor sours, and slaving it till he has become a morose or reckless man, for any extra effort, or any blink of balmy feelings, he must stand indebted to opium or alcohol.

# SILENT SORROWS.

BY JULIAN CRAMER.

THERE's not a heart but hath within
  Some secret sorrow long concealed,
And, though to nurse it be a sin,
  For worlds it should not be revealed.
It eateth like a canker there,
  And wasteth all the heart away,
Till hope is turned to deep despair,
  And leaves the sufferer cold and gray.

Sometimes 't is sin: alas! how true
  That crime doth bring its own reward:
Though not an eye marks what we do,
  This CONSCIENCE is a sleepless guard.
Sometimes 't is love—a love that shames
  The beauty of the vestal soul;
And hell can boast no fiercer flames
  Than o'er its tortured victim roll.

But often 't is some sinless thought—
  Some act of others, mad or blind,
Who never see the pain they wrought,
  Or heed the mysteries of the mind.
A reckless word hath often drove
  Deep in the breast a poisoned dart,
And then, not all the herbs of love
  Can ever heal the wounded heart.

Be careful, oh, insensate man!
The heart is but a tender flower;
It can be nurtured, and it can
Be blasted in a single hour.
And ye, who deem each smiling face
The index of a peaceful mind,
Know that each one of all the race,
Hath anguish in his soul confined!

## REWARDS OF BENEVOLENCE:

### AN ICELANDIC VISION OF THE OTHER WORLD.

BY REV. A. B. CHAPIN.

* * * * *

THOSE men I saw
Who largely gave
As GOD commanded:
Silvery lights
Above their heads were
Brightly burning:

Those men I saw
Whose ceaseless care
The needy's wants supplied;
Good angels read
The holy books
Above their heads.

Those men I saw
Who, widowed-mothers had
In time of want refreshed;
Their resting-places were
In the beams of heaven
Placed agreeably.

* * * *

In loft chariots
To heaven I saw them mount,
Where led the way to God;—
With men to guide them
Who martyred were
For righteousness alone.

NOTE.—The above extract, is a linear, and with one or two exceptions, a strictly literal version of some verses of the *Song of the Sun*, as given in *Sæmund's Edæa*, an Icelandic poem of the eleventh century. It may serve at once as a specimen of the genius of that ancient verse, and as an example of the view which has ever been taken of those works in which odd-fellowship is engaged.

# THE COVENANT.

BY B. J. LOSSING.

"AND God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And I will remember my covenant which is between me and you, and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."—*Genesis* ix. 12–16.

How overwhelming is the thought, how suggestive of gratitude is the conviction, that the "High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity," whose will is supreme law—whose attributes are infinite in all their perfections—hath so much exalted man as to make a covenant with him! The covenant with the new earth was not even a reciprocal covenant, but free and unconditional—a solemn pledge to man and every living creature, without even demanding obedience and reverence in return for the boon. Nor was the pledge to man alone, but to "all flesh." It encircled the earth—the punished, regenerated earth, with all the inmates of the ark and their myriad posterities.

Man is forgetful. His reason is treacherous. He is fearful, suspicious, and distrustful. He is naturally prone to dread evil, and to forget good. The covenant was therefore *sealed*—a glorious *token* was instituted.

"'Twas the bow of Omnipotence bent in His hand,
Whose grasp, at creation, the universe spanned;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime;
His vow from the flood to the exit of time.

"Not dreadful as when in the whirlwind he pleads;
When storms are his chariots, and lightnings his steeds;
The black cloud his banner of vengeance, unfurled;
And thunder, his voice to a guilt-stricken world;—

"In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword and the plague-spot strew with thousands the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.

"Not such was the rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction—whose keystone the sun:
A pavilion it seemed, which the Deity graced;
And JUSTICE and MERCY met there and embraced."

How glorious must have appeared that radiant harbinger of brighter skies! For months, dark clouds and mists had hovered over the vast ocean that submerged the earth, and not a ray of blessed sunlight had cheered the lonely voyagers upon that shoreless sea. And even yet, when the ark rested upon Ararat, and the dove had gone forth and returned not, and "the Lord smelled a sweet savor" arising from the burning altar erected by pious Noah upon that lofty hill, dark clouds hung like the thick curtains of a pavilion around the throne of day, and shut out from earth the placid smile of the moon and the cheering sparkle of the stars. As yet, *all hope was below.* But when the Almighty saw the righteous beginning of the new population, and heard the voice of belief uttering the songs of thanksgiving and praise amid the wreck of lust and infidelity, he withdrew the veil that covered his glory, and revealed the face of his bright Embassador and life-giving Agent.

Instantly, upon the dark scroll of the retiring judgment-tempest, his covenant was written in living light with the pencil of compassion: his token was inscribed by the stilum of Divine love.

How vast the extent, how delicate the texture, of that shadowy arch! Elegant its form, and rich its tinctures; but more delightful its sacred significancy. While the violet and the rose blush in its beautiful aspect, the olive-branch smiles in its gracious import. It writes, in radiant dies, what angels sang in harmonious strains, "Peace on earth, and good-will to men."

In all the vast creation, where the harmony of adaptation charms while it astonishes, nothing is so appropriate as a token of reconciliation and mercy, as the rainbow, appearing as it does only after a storm, or when the rain is falling gently. A reconciliation never precedes wrath, and discord, and broken FRIENDSHIP—when "the fountains of the great deep" of LOVE are "broken up," and the sunlight of TRUTH is shrouded in the dark clouds of tempestuous passions—but only when the exciting causes of disturbance are passed away. So the rainbow—it never appears before a storm, nor yet in the midst of a storm, but shines out upon the cloud when it has passed by in its wrath. The darker the cloud, the brighter the bow; deeper the trouble and dismay, greater appears the mercy that delivers; as threatening afflictions abound with the Christian, "consolations much more abound."

The rainbow appears only when one part of the heavens is unclouded; and this is a beautiful token that "He who rideth upon the whirlwind, and sitteth upon

the storm," remembereth mercy even in the presence of wrath. Light, life, and beauty, are revealed, even while the cloud that cast down the destructive hail, or sent forth bellowing thunder, is yet in view; and MERCY smiles upon the transgressor, even while the voice of JUSTICE threatens and alarms.

The rainbow is a reflection of the sunlight from the myriad rain-drops that descend to earth; and let but the slightest cloud pass between the source of light and the objects which reflect it, and the bright vision vanishes. How beautifully this images the dependence of man upon his Maker for every gift, and the character of a true Christian walk in life! All that we have is poured out in the plenitude of God's mercy; and all the excellence which we may exhibit—talent, virtue, love, faith, and adoration—are but reflections of the Divine image, the Sun of Righteousness, who in revelation is described with a "rainbow about his throne" and a "rainbow about his head," denoting his majesty and mediatorship.

In the mythologies of the ancient world, which reveal glimpses of the civilization of a pre-historic age, the rainbow is personified, and called Iris, the daughter of Thaumus and Electra—Wonder and Brightness. She was represented as a messenger from the gods to men; and was always regarded by the Greeks and Romans as a merciful sign to mortals. Homer, in his Iliad, says,

> "Jove's wondrous bow of three celestial dies,
> Placed as a sign to man amid the skies."

He also alludes to the rainbow "which Saturn (father of Time) placed in the cloud, as a *sign to short-*

*sighted mortals.*" The ancient Peruvians regarded it with reverence, not only as a token of good, but because it proceeded from the sun, their supreme object of worship. For this cause, the incas or ancient kings of Peru took it for their heraldic device, and called it the *sign of royal mercy*—a "token of a covenant" displayed by the sovereign, that he will exercise mercy toward his subjects.

The rainbow is a beautiful symbol of peace, and in this character it bears a near relation to its office as a token of a covenant, for that covenant was emphatically one of peace and reconciliation between a righteous sovereign and his rebellious subjects. The common bow is a symbol of war, and its rundle is always toward the object to be shot at. The rundle of the rainbow is turned from the earth, showing that it aims no destructive weapon toward man. A bow unbent, and without a string, is a symbol of peace and friendship. The rainbow has no string, denoting that its owner does not intend to destroy. It never appears but just after a gentle rain, which always bestows blessings, and never disappointment. Therefore, regard it as we may, we see in the daughter of Wonder and Brightness nothing but a beautiful token and symbol of Divine Goodness; and, like the Jews, whenever we look upon it we ought to bless God, who "remembers his covenant and is faithful to his promises."

Our Order, significant in all its rites, and righteous in all its precepts, points back to God's covenant with Noah, the great high-priest of a new population, as a solid foundation for the faith of its members in the

promises of Divine LOVE, and its ever-sacred pledges of FRIENDSHIP to those who practise its teachings in spirit and in TRUTH. Ever alive to the inspiration of the beautiful and good, our Order has the rainbow about its throne, and its colors beautify and adorn its temples and the worshippers. Its radiant hues encircle the bed of the *sick*, shed light and beauty within the dwellings of the *distressed*, tinge the bright wing of Hope that hovers over the sleeping-place of the *dead*, awaken joy and gladness in the household of the *widow*, and illumines the pathway of the *orphan*. It is the beautiful arch of our Order, whose key-stone is the SUN OF BLESSEDNESS.

When memory goes back to the halcyon days, and gathers up sweet recollections of childhood and early youth, is not the remembrance of the beautiful rainbow always among them? And who can not, with AMELIA, call up a reminiscence like this?—

"I sometimes have thought, in my loneliest hours.
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers.
Of a ramble I took, one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, in its haven of rest,
On the white wing of Peace floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in an instant, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth.
And, fair as an angel, it floated all free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea."

Such a reminiscence comes winged with joy, and sheds over the soul the sparkling sunbeams of purity and love that glow so brightly upon the landscape of childhood, where all is PROMISE. Nor will the light fade from the vision, when it is turned toward the valley of the shadow of death, if faith shall keep it fixed upon the token of the covenant, for its beautiful arch bridges over the chasm, and like the angel's ladder, in Jacob's dream, it reaches from earth to heaven.

"Then oh, when Death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold."

## TOO TRUE.

THE most gentle authority will sometimes frown without reason, and the most cheerful submission will sometimes murmur without cause; and such is the law of our imperfect nature, that we must either command or obey.—GIBBON.

# THOU.

BY E. HELFENSTEIN.

"There is no grief which we may not bear when we suffer alone — but those which can not be relieved, borne by others, awaken in our breasts a sorrow so god like, that we feel removed from human sympathy."

STATELY and cold with rigid brow,
And lip of ready curl,
With words of measured icy flow,
Like goblet where the pearl
Hath drank the liquid's life away,
The sparkle lost and gone —
So silently from day to day,
I feel myself alone.
I gaze not on the starry host,
Nor count their numbers o'er,
For since a Pleiad hath been lost,
Their glory is no more.
The silver lining from the veil
That graced the brow of night,
Too rudely torn, hath left her pale
And shivering in the light.
And thou, O thou!

To wear a calm and placid mien,
To wear a beaming smile,
Yet feel our every breath between
A gnawing pang the while —
To bear a thought of deadliest grief
Which others may not know —
To start from slumber wild and brief,
Back to a sense of wo —

To sit with dearest friends apart
Nor ask a single tear—
Is this not anguish of the heart,
A misery most drear?
Oh! what is all this mocking world?
What is its wealth or fame?
When genius lies to ruin hurled,
What care we for a name?
And thou, O thou!

I scan the page of ancient lore,
Which once might wake a thrill—
Alas! some memory of yore,
Mine eyes with tears doth fill.
And then I all the past rehearse,
And half its bliss recall,
Till comes the chilling sad reverse,
The more than funeral pall;
O God! and can we be serene?
Can human lips be calm,
The face still wear its wonted sheen,
The voice its honey balm?
While underneath the drapery fold,
The aspen's deadly art
Inflicts one pang, then, still and cold,
Glides from the bleeding heart!
And thou, O thou!

No sunny bowers of golden ease
Have lured our steps aside,
The goods that common eyes might please,
Our hearts could well deride—
The fountain bowl of each was filled
Where bitterest roots do grow—
How could we know our tears distilled
Would make it overflow!

How know the griefs that each had sung
  Were but prophetic sorrow—
A fitful prelude wildly rung
  To usher in a morrow.
So fearful, that the lip is mute,
  The pulse is hushed for ever,
The past can only wake the lute,
  It hath no future never.
    And thou, O thou!

## SONG.

BY M. J. E. KNOX.

Would you know when the skies are laughing?
  "Sunshine and showers" explain:
It is when the earth is quaffing,
  Their cooling gift of rain;
When the storm-clouds have passed over,
  And they glow as warmly bright,
As the face of a happy lover,
  With his "ladye love" in sight.

Would you know when the skies are blushing?
  Look forth when the day is new,
And the crimson sunlight's flushing,
  The verge of the boundless blue.
When misty clouds are sleeping,
  Along the green hillside,
And the rich red light is steeping
  Their folds in its rosy tide.

# PEACE; OR, THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY FELIX QUINTIN.

THE bugle of war sounded throughout the land. The noise of battle-tumult came upon every breeze from the southwest. The national legislature, mistaking the character of true glory, seized the sword instead of the pen, and held up to the nation the stringed bow instead of the olive-branch. The false principles of honor, which lay dormant and hidden deep in the national heart, were aroused by the appeal from the throne of law; and, with all the barbarian concomitants of military zeal, they stood forth, vigorous and full-armed, like the harvest of dragon's teeth. In hamlets, villages, and cities, the flag of the recruiting sergeant was flung out, and staring placards, offering tempting bounties to the vicious and indolent, the thoughtless and discontented, for labor in the service of Slaughter, were posted on every wall. The teachings of a corrupted literature, rank with the bellicose precepts of an iron age, which yet empurple the more beneficent fountains of present social thought, gave bias in the public mind in favor of the vulture's ethical dogma, "Might makes Right." The feeble voice of a practical Christianity, which teaches "Peace on earth and good-will toward men," was unheeded and almost unheard. Domestic bonds

were severed, and from many a family cluster a loved one was plucked—from many a filial constellation a star shot forth, lurid and erratic, and became a "lost Pleiad."

Hundreds of happy homes in the valley of the Mississippi were deserted, and the golden chain of love and union was broken by the terrible ogre WAR. One of these was a paradise of conjugal happiness, until the serpent entered and beguiled. The husband and father had ever worshipped his household gods with a true devotion. In the quiet sanctuary of home was the exclusive shrine of his affections, and domestic happiness was the goal of his ambition. He had never been upon the "high places of Baal," nor "looked after strange gods;" for the Tempter had not crossed his path with smiles sufficiently potential to seduce him. But from the soil of the most sacred of the social sentiments, true patriotism, arose the Upas that poisoned the air, and spread desolation over his fair garden of earthly bliss. He loved his country and was jealous of its honor. The mandate of the national council had gone forth, declaring that that honor was in jeopardy, and that its salvation depended upon sabres and bayonets. The drum beat up for volunteers, and warm hearts beat in unison with its symphony of dreadful import. The happy cottager alluded to, obeyed the instincts of patriotism, and followed its misguided beckonings. With his cheeks yet wet with the mingled tears of himself and his loved ones, he marched, shoulder to shoulder with neighbors and friends, from their smiling valley of repose to the smoking fields of slaughter.

Sorrowfully the deserted wife, with her little ones, awaited his return. For a time, tidings of his welfare reached her; but at last, even these ministers of comfort came no more, and vague rumors of his death overshadowed the little household of the trusting wife with the gloom of uncertainty. But—

"Hope springs immortal in the human breast;"

and it stood by her, an angel of consolation, for nearly two long years. Pinching poverty at length came and knocked at her door; and as it entered, Hope went out, but lingered upon the threshold. Occasionally a returned volunteer, weary and spirit-broken, passed through the valley and stopped at the door of the soldier's wife—perchance a *widow*—but they brought no solace for her.

One bleak November day, while the lone woman was busy at her wheel spinning flax for a kind neighbor, a gentle rap announced a visiter, and at the same moment the latch was raised, and a decrepit soldier stepped in and begged a resting-place for an hour. A soldier was always welcome there, for he seemed a counterpart of her lost husband. This one was bent as with the weight of years. His manly brow was deep scarred, his hair was sun-scorched and gray, his face was cadaverous, and his voice sepulchral. The children were frightened by his voice and mien, and clung to the mother, who anxiously unburdened her full heart in inquiries respecting her lost one.

"I am sick, broken and weary," said the soldier—"and am going home to die. When my country called, I obeyed. Her honor was my first motive for action;

but military glory soon became my absorbing thought. I entered the full ranks that marched to battle, with a savage spirit, the thought of which now makes me shudder. Furiously and heartily I plied my weapon of destruction, and felt joy only in the idea of slaying. The ferocity of the wolf and the vulture, eager for prey, was the nerve of my arm, and the brute cowed down the uprising of a feeling of common humanity. The sanctity of life was a consideration of a feather's weight in the scale against military glory and my country's honor, as I understood it. The shout of triumph after the battle, was sweeter to me than the merry laughter of children; and the light of home became lost in the blaze of martial glory that surrounded me. The fountains of affection were chilled; I almost forgot my wife and children; I became brutified in nature, and drunk with the anticipations of the future."

"Can it be," sobbed the woman, "that *my* husband has forgotten me and his little ones!"

The soldier did not notice her interruption, but proceeded: "Battle after battle occurred, and I was unhurt; but at length a sabre of the enemy laid open my forehead here, and I fell as if dead among the heaps of the slain. Delirium succeeded, and when I awoke to consciousness, I was in the enemy's camp, a prisoner-of-war. Long time I lingered on the brink of the grave, and the vomito and fever wasted me to a skeleton. Martial glory faded from my vision like the streamer of a night-meteor, and I yearned for home. At last the angel of peace broke my fetters, and left me free to return. Without money or friends, I have travelled

many weary miles from the place of my discharge, to reach this happy valley where my boyhood was spent, where my youth matured to manhood, where love budded and blossomed, and wife and children blessed me. But, alas! I am only a wreck, and I fear that even the keen perceptions of love will not make me known to those I love most dearly."

The soldier wept, and covered his face in agony, at the thought that his wife and little ones might not know him when he should open his arms to embrace them.

"Know you!" exclaimed the woman; "can a wife forget her husband, or children a father? Can scars and sickness, in two years, so deform as to efface all semblance in the eyes of those who love so tenderly? No, no! If dead upon the battle-field, and covered with the dreadful work of slaughter, I should know my Charles, my dear lost Charles:" and she wept aloud, and the children clung closer to her in affright.

"And yet Harriet does not know her Charles, even living and before her," exclaimed the soldier, uncovering his face, — "and little Charley and Helen are frightened at him they loved to kiss so well." We will not attempt to portray the holy joy that spread over that little family, just now so desolate: it was the joy which the pure in heart, coming up out of the depths of affliction, can only feel.

"Broken in health as I am," said the soldier, as he drew the timid Charley to his knee and clasped the delicate form of Ellen, already in their mother's embrace, "I trust I am a wiser and a better man. In the war, I was the brute I told you; but the lesson I have been

taught is deep and abiding, and many false principles have been eradicated. I have seen, in its practice and results, that war is a monstrous injustice—a lying cheat when it asserts its *necessity*, in vindicating national honor, or in supporting the claims of justice. Such is the duellist's plea; and as his method of defending his own honor, sinks him deeper in degradation in the just estimation of the wise and good, so does war cover our nation with dishonor, if waged in any other way than in repelling those who would desolate onr land, crush our free institutions, or destroy that social order which is the sure guaranty of the sanctity of the domestic circle. We ought to close the temple of Janus, and vow before high Heaven never again to unfold its portals; and over them we should inscribe, as the legend for our national escutcheon, 'Peace on earth, and good-will toward men.' We should teach our children the great truth that military glory, *per se*, is the glory of the homicide; and that the great warrior, who is such by profession and choice, is a great murderer. Here's Charley with a drum, and with it is associated the idea of that glory which so fascinates mankind. This is early and impressive teaching of monstrous and wicked error. It is all wrong. Give him a hoe, a hammer, or a spade—a tiny plough or a toy rake—and teach him that *they* are the weapons with which God designs man to conquer and "subdue the earth"—the weapons of peace and righteousness. Peace and its concomitants shall henceforth be the idols of my political worship; and this smiling valley, with my wife and children for troops, shall be my field of battle."

# SWORD-CULTURE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Plough!—plough!—plough!—
  Break up the green sward deep,
Down to the old foundations
  Where the dormant passions sleep,—
And yoke Bellona's fiery car
  To give the furrow sway,
And turn the roots of the riven flowers
  To the scorching eye of day.

Sow!—sow!—sow!—
  The seeds of bitter strife,
Ambition, wrath, revenge,
  And stern contempt of life.
Yea, scatter broadcast o'er the land
  Discord, and pain, and care,—
And fright the birds of peace, that pour
  Their softening descant there.

Reap!—reap!—reap!—
  The battle-field is set,
Strong hate, and murderous deed,
  In agony have met.
With furious force the armed heel
  Doth the red wine-press tread,
And heavily roll the loaded wains
  With their burden of the dead.

Reap!—reap!—reap!—
  'Neath the shrill trumpet's cry,

Till the monarchs of the forest,
  Like broken saplings lie;—
The dark-winged vulture whets his beak,—
  Where the blood-pools blot the green,
And the gaunt hyena prowls at night
  The quivering spoil to glean.

Store!—store!—store!—
  In history's garner wide,
This full, and reeking harvest,
  Of crime, and wo, and pride,
The widow's wail—the orphan's tear—
  The tyrant's fiendish might—
And the shriek of the soul for ever lost,
  As it takes its fearful flight.

Earth!—earth!—earth!—
  Lift up thy hands in prayer,—
That the ruler of the sword,
  May its sharp culture spare.
And bid thine unempurpled sod
  With nodding corn be drest,
To feed thy children, ere they sink
  In slumber on thy breast.

Sword!—sword!—sword!—
  Thy ministry severe,
Man's thin-spun web of life
  Doth fiercely shred and shear:
God speed the day, when promised peace
  Shall reign from shore to shore,
And thou, into a ploughshare bent,
  Shall vex the world no more.

# TRUTH.

BY GEORGE W. CLINTON.

THE cardinal virtues of Odd-Fellowship ought, like the Graces, to be inseparable, for it is their union that makes the glory of the combination. Friendship binds the members of the Order to each other; more expansive Love animates the Brotherhood to do good; and Truth purifies and ennobles Love and Friendship, and fits them for their perfect work. Accustomed as we are to see the three conjoined, it is difficult for an Odd-Fellow to view them separately. Thus viewed, how their loveliness fades with the loss of that halo which emanates from their conjunction!

Truly, of the three, Truth is the holiest. Her sisters are earth-born; but she is heavenly. They are but of mortal mould, and it is the divinity of Truth that makes them effulgent as angels. They are sublimed by her companionship. She is their informing spirit, their soul, their bond of union with the throne of Goodness.

What is Friendship without Truth? A mere base, perishable tie between man and man, neither purifying the soul, nor directing the affections toward the good. Friendship, like honor, may well dwell among ruffians and thieves.

What is Love without Truth? The history of our

race affords too many pregnant examples of the sad, true answer: an evanescent fancy, soon succeeded by burning ambition, and a hot lust of blood; or an idle dream, amusing the dreamer, and as destitute of active properties as are the northern streamers of fertilizing warmth. Voiceless poets and sweet enthusiasts, who dream life through, are full of love, and, for all that the world cares, might just as well be full of hate. Mahomet, in common with most fanatical impostors, commenced his course of life a lover of his race. Paul loved mankind well when he persecuted to the death the saints; but Truth made him free, and sent him to the Gentiles a minister of peace.

What mean we by this Truth that Odd-Fellowship esteems so lustrous? She is an active being; not a statue. She is a living goddess, dwelling and acting in the midst of the people, and elevating the children of men in their else hopeless state. Her countenance is terrible, but most lovely; and the terrors of her visage are forgotten, or overpowered, when with Love and Friendship she moves onward in their work of mercy, rebuking but chastening, and tenderly binding up the wounds of those who have fallen by the wayside of the world.

Truth is speculative and practical, and is in theory as well as action. Our speculative truth is found where only real knowledge abides. We draw from the ancient well of wisdom, the holy Bible, the pure doctrines we deem Truth. We strive not to exhaust that holy well in the world's desert; and who can fathom it? We take from it only a few refreshing

draughts, such only as all men can drink and relish — a few of the great, general lessons and doctrines, that tell us of immortality, retribution, and mortal duty. We dare not do more. There can be no perfect knowledge; nor, as the condition of the Christian world so plainly exhibits, is unity of belief attainable. Should we seek perfect Truth and endeavor to drain her great source, the Order would split into factions, and dissolve, like the Christian Church, into conflicting sects.

But our Truth is active, or she is nothing. She is duty as well as knowledge. She is a homely virtue, — plain-spoken, well-meaning, candid Truth. She is active in the Lodge, active in the fraternity, active in the world. She is not idle speculation, nor sluggish contemplation, but a good-seeking principle, that impels each brother to deal frankly, timously, and kindly, with his brother, even though he give him temporary pain, for his soul's good. What were the love of Jonathan for David without Truth in his soul? A mere sentiment that might have led him to temporize with David's danger, and flatter him upon the brink of death. Without Truth, Friendship and Love are but vain palliatives of the heart's aches and of the world's misfortunes; with her, they bring the balm of Gilead and cure our worst distemperatures. With Truth constantly reigning in our midst, our Order will strike deep her roots, drink in the living streams, and flourish like a green bay-tree. But if she desert us, it will fade like Jonah's gourd, and with the words of Love and Friendship on our lips, we will become but "as the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

# THE ORPHAN'S FUNERAL.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

THUS should ART ever minister to whatever is good and gracious in the natnre of man! The heart is open to her; the cunning defences of selfishness and sophistry fall before her. If misfortune is described to us, we have time to call up excuses for not sympathizing with it; we find the object unworthy, or remember other engagements of time and purse, or manage in some cunning way to quiet the benign whisper within that would prompt to brotherly aid. But when, by the magic hand of art, the whole scene is presented to us—when we do not *hear* of wo, but *see* it—we become aware of the sufferer's relationship to us. We can no longer disclaim fellowship with unhappiness because we ourselves may not have experienced that particular form of it. We confess that no ill that can beset humanity is beyond the duty we owe to God, our brother and ourselves. Our citadel of selfishness is taken by surprise, and we desire even to forget that we had ever fortified it, so hearty is the submission with which we surrender.

Charity must be a principle, or it will not be a virtue; but it loses half its efficiency if entirely divorced from the affections. Gifts and benefits, alone, poorly relieve

the unfortunate. Sympathy — the outpouring of a fullness of love and pity for our kind — that feeling which places us on a level with the humblest, and makes us feel that no human creature is to us an alien; — these are the divinely pure soul of charity; they take all offence and humiliation out of our beneficence, and return us a blessing which leaves us no need of gratitude. In this direction, Art is all-powerful, as the handmaid of Reason and Justice, whose arguments we are slow to feel without the aid of personal sympathy. As the whole universe would harden to adamantine ice without the genial influence of fire, so the heart deprived of the glow of love becomes every day less and less susceptible of tenderness — more unlike its Divine Source — more subject to the chilling power of common life and worldly prudence.

Such a picture as is here presented by the artist, appeals to the heart without any circumlocution, and leaves no power of evasion. Here is a scene to which no human creature that ever had a mother can be indifferent: a mother, bearing in her own arms the precious remains of her youngest darling, and leading by the hand the one who still remains. The calm beauty of nature is all about her; but we feel that to her it is covered with a veil. A smiling sky bends over her, making but the more striking, by contrast, the anguish of her eye. Yet resignation is there; that mild glance upward speaks of it; — the blue above is reflected in that clear orb, which looks through it "as seeing Him who is invisible." The bereaved mother appeals from the cruel woes of earth, to the rest which remains

beyond, and we can read in her face her title to this hope.

This may seem to some a mere dream of fancy. It can never be possible, they will say, that any circumstances of destitution could bring a mother to this — that she should be obliged, herself, to carry her baby to the grave. Where is her husband? where are her friends? Surely the commonest humanity would forbid this sad office being left for the mother!

Truth is sadder, as well as stranger, than fiction. I happened once to be visiting a "poor-house," where, in consequence of some informality in my permit, I was detained for a short time in the office of the establishment. Here, at a high desk within a railing, stood a man, whose business it was to give answers to those who had dealings with the institution, and to regulate certain matters connected with the affairs of the inmates. He was a person of most forbidding aspect, and, at the moment, evidently intoxicated; yet here he stood, deputed by the authorities to mete out their mercy to those whom stress of fortune drove to this shelter. Before him, leaning her pale face against the railing, stood a young woman, all tears and sobs, pleading as if her life hung on his determination — for what? — that she might be permitted to accompany the man who was to carry the body of her infant to the burial-ground! The official not only refused this small boon to the broken-hearted creature, but added to his refusal the most contemptuous language, saying she was a fool and might go about her business, and trouble him no longer! Still she urged her suit, saying that all she wanted was

to see the place where her baby was laid, so that, in case she should ever be able to return, she might know the spot again. "I am all alone," she sobbed; "no mortal creature of my blood is on this side the ocean. Let me see where my boy is laid, before I go home to my people!"

"Get out of the office, I tell ye," was the reply,—"and don't be making a disturbance here! Your child will be buried without your help."

"Is there any rule against this poor woman's going to the grave with her child's remains?" said I, supposing there might be some regulation interfering with this natural desire of the poor creature.

"Rule, ma'am?" said the man, turning sharply as I spoke—for he had not noticed that there was a witness of his brutality—"no, there's no rule, as I know of; but where's the use of her going away over there—in a boat—and then back again—and all for nothing?"

"Let me intercede for her, if there is no other reason than this," said I; "let her go; it is a natural wish, as every mother will tell you."

"Well—*I* don't care!" said the official, with a very ill grace, as he threw her a permit; "now take your coffin and be off!"

The young mother accepted this poor boon with joy, and, taking up the little coffin, turned to me with a look of thankfulness that I shall never forget. A word had been to her more than a gift. Her tears still flowed fast, but she looked at me with a sort of confidence. "Only mothers know," said she. I asked her some particulars of her story as we left the office, and they

will be found in the following simple sketch—applicable with little variation, no doubt, to very many of those who seek public charity among us.

Let me first pause to say one word of a striking fact that ought never to be forgotten. The heroines of stories such as this are never found to be Americans by birth. What a blessed state of things is this! The virtuous poor with us can not be reduced to such straits. We have the means, the sympathy, and the energy, to aid them; and there is nothing in the circumstances about them to drive them to despair. If it were not for other calls upon our charity than those which arise from the wants of our fellow-countrymen, institutions for the relief of destitution would have scarcely any place in this favored land. Private beneficence would be alone sufficient to remedy all the ills brought on by disease and mismanagement. In some places of our country, removed from the coast, a pauper is a thing unknown, or forgotten from its rare occurrence; and in the west there are no American paupers except voluntary ones, and the very few whom ill health has incapacitated. Of no other country in the world could this be said with truth.

But the stranger on our shores has an excuse for the most pitiable poverty, and for an appeal to that charity which I hope will always be warm and ready among us. He comes to America from regions where no industry or self-denial secures a decent subsistence, and where a misfortune which would here occasion only a temporary inconvenience or discouragement, is fatal to the hopes of a whole life. How can we so well express our

gratitude for the abundance in which we live, as by sharing it with such? and this not churlishly, and with an air which seems to grudge even the relief we afford, but heartily, warmly — in the true spirit of brotherhood; without any assumption of superiority founded upon our more fortunate circumstances. Who made us to differ?

Annie Lane was not always a pauper, although she never knew what the world calls prosperity. She had the better prosperity which consists of health and spirits, virtuous habits and good looks, an affectionate heart, and a capacity for industry and self-denial. She belonged to a large family, who had been bred by a good mother to take each a full share of the labors and cares of the whole, so that there was little place for egotism and self-indulgence among them. A necessity for exertion is one of the greatest of earthly blessings; and the excellent moral character of the Lane family bore witness to the truth of this maxim. Everybody helped: two elder brothers were with their father, who was agent for a gentleman in England; Annie and her sister Nora sewed and worked all day to lighten the mother's labors; and even little Patsey, who was too young to do anything else, fed the pig and chickens, and took care of the baby, who was the darling of the whole house.

The first misfortune that this happy family knew, came to it through the eldest boy. From the circumstance of the father's being agent for an absentee, the neighbor held him somewhat in suspicion; and this unfriendly feeling extended to his sons, who were occasionally shunned or taunted by the young men about

them, as if they held their heads too high, or were enemies in disguise. The old and bitter distinction of catholic and protestant came in here, too; and caused the Lanes to be ranked with those who would oppress and abuse the catholic peasantry. The young men, who were social and good-humored, felt this state of things very severely, since it often cut them off from the companionship and merry-making so attractive at their age and in their circumstances; and they were induced, in order to do away with the suspicions so unpleasant to them, to be present at some meetings of the neighborhood which alarmed the authorities and were condemned as seditious. Alick, the elder, being found in company with some characters obnoxious to the government, was included in their seizure, trial, and condemnation, which sent him to Sidney for seven years.

This blow fell with dreadful force upon the once happy family; and the father, infuriated by grief, and certain of his son's innocence, labored so hard to ferret out every circumstance connected with the secret and dangerous conspiracy by means of which poor Alick had been sacrificed, that he rendered himself obnoxious to the lawless crew who had made a tool or a scapegoat of the young man. They watched their opportunity, and one evening at dusk, as he was returning from the county-town, shot him down just before he reached his own door—so near it that his family heard the gun and feared the worst, yet did not dare go out, lest the report should have been only a decoy. Such was the lawless and wretched state of the country, that this foul murder made but little sensation; and the widow and her chil-

dren, who would in our happy land have received on all sides the kindest attention and aid under these dreadful circumstances, were fain to leave the neighborhood, where their nearest friends, kind-hearted and generous as is the better Irish character, dared not openly express their sympathy.

Poverty now came with rapid strides. The settlement of affairs under such circumstances was almost, of course, disastrous; and the widow found herself left with a mere pittance, while her children were obliged to go out to service. Annie, a pleasing and gentle girl of eighteen, went to live at a great house, not far from her mother's humble dwelling; and managed, in the intervals of her duties as lady's maid, to offer many little attentions, as well as some substantial aid, to the poor, broken-hearted widow. But, by-and-by, the great lady removed to Dublin; and Annie Lane, who would fain have stood near her poor mother, was fain to go, too, or lose the power of contributing to that mother's support: for good places are not to be had at every turn, in so populous and poverty-stricken a country as Ireland. So the mother and daughter parted, with sad presentiments.

Annie had not been many months in Dublin, before she became acquainted with a young tradesman, who bore an excellent character, and who offered her marriage. Her mistress was very unwilling to part with her, but could not but encourage so excellent a match for her favorite; and in due season Annie Lane became the wife of James Egan, and was established in a neat dwelling behind her husband's shop—as happy and

John McRae

*The Orphans Funeral*

pretty a little wife as all Dublin could show. Her mother was not forgotten, as many a kind remembrance testified; but visiting at such a distance was out of the question, for James was but new in business, and, being prudent, felt it necessary to live with great economy, affording few mere indulgences.

This state of things continued for three happy years, and Egan's business had constantly prospered, though in a small way. A little boy was added to their happiness, and a journey to the country, to show the new treasure to the grandmother, was in contemplation; when news came that Mrs. Lane had been smitten with paralysis and rendered helpless, while her children were scattered about in different parts of the country, unable to assist her in any way. The only choice now lay between bringing this beloved mother to Dublin, or allowing her to go to the poor-house; and Egan decided at once that she must share his home, and went for her accordingly.

This part of my story need not be dwelt upon. The care of the helpless mother became costly in various ways; and during the three years through which her life was prolonged, a physician was often necessary, besides the constant care and watching of Annie, whose health and strength suffered so severely, that her husband at length thought it necessary to employ a nurse. Commercial changes affected Egan's business during this period; and by the time the poor mother was laid in the earth, poverty stared this once happy family in the face. Annie and her husband—conscious that they had but done their duty, and confident in the pro-

tecting kindness of Providence,—without a murmur, left their pleasant home, gave up their effects to their creditors, and turned their faces toward that refuge of the unfortunate of all lands—the United States. They sailed from Dublin, and the captain of the ship being a neighbor and friend of Egan, gave him a berth which allowed him to "work his passage," and to save a little of his small supply of money. The voyage was prosperous, and Annie and her husband talked much of their plans for the future, and congratulated themselves upon the auspicious commencement of their new life. The little Charlie played about as cheerfully as if the ship had been his home; and when his parents looked upon him, and thought of another who was to come, they felt that they were amply supplied with motives for exertion. The brothers and sisters at home, too—might not they one day be sent for to this land of golden promise, and so the family be once more united? Annie had not even forgotten the exile; but, before she left Ireland, had written to him of their change, and promised to offer him a home, if she found one in the new world, at the close of his cruel banishment. Hers was a generous heart, that, even beneath the heavy pressure of its own misfortunes, could find time and room to feel for others; and the sunshine of such a character made itself felt under the clouds of the darkest day. Her husband looked upon her with a proud tenderness, declaring, as he well might, that there were few such women, and feeling that life could never be wholly dark while she was spared to him.

The first sight of the new country was such as to

confirm all their most sanguine hopes. As the ship sailed up the harbor of New York, and the shores, bathed in the richest sunshine, and exhibiting unmistakeable marks of the prosperity not only of a few but of the whole, came gradually upon their view, James Egan and his wife looked into each other's eyes in silent gratulation that this lovely land was henceforward to be their home. The green was the green of Ireland itself; the skies clear as those of Italy; the stately city, with its forests of masts and chimneys, spoke of commerce and boundless prosperity; and the whole noble scene whispered hope to the heart of the exiles, and inspired them with courage for whatever might be before them.

At the wharf, all was bustle and business. James Egan's duties detained him on board during the discharge of the cargo, and Annie and her boy amused themselves with watching the animated scene. The steerage passengers, among whom they had made many friends, all took their leave, and being about to disperse themselves in various directions, it was hard to say whether fate would ever bring them together again on this side the grave. Yet they parted in hope, and with many a kindly interchange of good wishes, and Annie found herself alone, waiting until her husband's duties should be at an end. James found opportunity now and then to speak a single word of cheer to his dear ones, but always flew back to his duty with the promptness and devotion which formed so valuable a part of his character.

At length there was a sudden cessation of the calling

and ordering on deck, and immediately after a rushing of many feet to the hatchway, where Egan had been all day occupied. Snatching up little Charlie in her arms, Annie ran with the rest, her foreboding heart interpreting but too truly the various exclamations of horror which met her ear as she approached the spot. There, indeed, was her husband, who had been standing with his back to the opening, when the swing of a bale of goods precipitated him below, whence he was taken up lifeless. Everything was done by the compassionate and horror-stricken bystanders, but it was very soon evident that there was not a shadow of hope. Egan was dead, and his wife and child stood alone in a land of strangers.

We could not live under such strokes were it not for their stunning effect. The quick consciousness of misery like this would destroy life; but Providence mercifully sheathes the agony for the time, and we come only gradually to a full knowledge of the dreadful truth. Thus was it with Annie, who, taken home by the kind-hearted captain, seemed for a while scarcely sensible of what had befallen her. A sum of money was raised for her at once, and with this, as soon as her powers of exertion returned, she left her generous friends, and set herself about earning a support and shelter for herself and her child. Many difficulties beset her path, and she often well-nigh fainted under the dreadful desolation of her lot; but a sincere piety sustained her, and she was enabled to cast her care upon Him who careth for the sparrow, although her trials were, before many months, increased by the birth of another son, who proved a

feeble and delicate child, requiring the whole of her time and attention, and thus cutting short her means of living.

After struggling on for a few months, the once gay and happy Annie was obliged to seek shelter for herself and her fading baby in the almshouse, where, after suffering for some weeks, the little boy died, and his bereaved mother was driven to the sad necessity with the account of which this simple story opened. The artist has given her mild and ingenuous face with the truth of genius, and told the whole story without a word, while my slow pen has but followed him afar off. Will not my readers agree with me in saying that art is the appropriate minister to all the good and gracious feelings of our nature?

It would be too painful to leave our humble heroine thus. There might be another picture, in which she should be represented in the comparative comfort and happiness in which the hand of benevolence has placed her. Perhaps some of my readers may be able to guess the source of the generous aid, which has done what it could toward softening the memory of the past. Long may the exile and the wretched of all lands have reason to bless those among us, whether associations or individuals, who, like their Divine Master, go about doing good!

# A DECEASED MOTHER TO HER FAMILY.

BY L. H.

Children! though buried in the grave
With many a parting tear;
Though mould'ring in that distant cave,
My children! I am near;
My hovering spirit comes to view
All the distress that saddens you;
Oh had I arms! or had I such
As could perform that part,
I would extend the soothing touch
And clasp you to my heart.
Soon should you prove my ardent will,
And feel you have a mother still.
Chill horror petrifies your blood,
Reflecting on my pain;
And grief enhances to a flood,
Too big for tears to drain;
But know, my children, I am free,
And misery has no dart for me.
Yet oh! my daughter most beloved,
While thus I hear thee pine,
My heavenly peace itself is moved,
My tears distil with thine.
Celestial pity prompts to say,
Refrain, my child, and come away.
Oh! never, by the world enticed,
The path of wisdom flee,
Where'er you saw me follow Christ,
Intently follow me.

# THE SECRET.

BY JAMES L. ENOS.

HUMILITY and meekness marked the early stages of Odd-Fellowship. It aimed at little aside from mutual relief and gleefulness, but possessed the germs of greater and more distinct developments. From a feeble beginning it has arisen to such a power, that it has but to stretch forth its arm to make its influence vibrate from Plymouth to Prairie, or even from one boundary of civilization to the opposite. It watches not the health of its members alone; but, Argus-like, it scans their morals and protects their virtue also.

It is now about to take a high stand in regard to the subject of EDUCATION. Libraries are being established, that will be the means of opening a highway to knowledge for thousands who are too poor to supply themselves with such books as they would be glad to read, could they be brought into circumstances that would enable them to do so.

Forging, continually, the glorious chain of fraternity, it will bind the world in the strong bands of brotherhood and peace. Soon the time will come in the history of our Order, when all the efforts of the enemies of this republic, and all who dare to lay sacrilegious hands on the unity of our republican institutions, will

fall harmless, leaving our confederacy securely reposing on the lap of prosperous security.

Then is not Odd-Fellowship well adapted to the peculiar institutions of our land? Its power has increased from the first, and is still moving on with a rapid progress. It will exist while thrones and empires rise and fall, and stretch the dusty scroll of fame to record their history.

Language may become obsolete, and the earth may be changed materially, and peace fly from civilized abodes; war may whiten the plains, hill-sides, and valleys, with the bones of mortals slain in the mad array of battle; ignorance may stalk forth in open day, and not hide its head for shame; yet, while MAN is to be found with MAN, enlivened with the principles of benevolence and charity, so long will the radiating smiles of Odd-Fellowship bless the world; and while earth shall hold communion with heaven, so long shall this institution prosper and be the delight of all whose aim is the highest happiness for the greatest number. So long as humanity continues to be studied by man, the secret of our fraternal family will be "PROGRESS;" and it shall be hailed as an unerring monitor, prompting to deeds of mercy and offices of kindness.

# THE ODD-FELLOW'S WIFE.

BY N. LANESFORD FOSTER.

"Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."—VIRGIL.
"She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household."
"Her children rise up and call her blessed; her *husband* also, and *he praiseth her*."—*Prov.* xxxi. 15, 28.

THIS is no fancy sketch: 'tis drawn from life;
A true ODD-FELLOW'S faithful, virtuous WIFE:
A portrait, too, of "things which I have seen,
And a great part of which, alas! I've been."*
Ah! what a dreary winter have I passed,
And thankful am I, it is gone at last.
With joy I bid adieu to frost and snow,
The most *ungenial* of all things below!
Now lovely SPRING returns to glad mine eyes,
And give a respite to my tears and sighs,
To her embrace with rapture I repair,
And to oblivion yield my past despair.
"Hope in my soul relumes her dying fire;—
With nervous fingers, lo! I strike the lyre!"
Thus am I reconciled to life again,
And rise superior to an age of pain.
But whence my strength? How live I, thus to raise
My feeble voice, once more, in notes of praise?
For, in obedience to nature's laws,
*Effect* can ne'er exist without a *cause*.
The effect I feel and own; its cause I trace
To that exhaustless source, eternal Grace;

* "Quae omnia vidi; et quorum pars magna fui."—*Virgil.*

For, when disease invades this mortal frame,
Whose ravages no human art can tame;
When thrilling pains arrest the laboring breath,
"When the heart sickens, and each pulse is death,"
We feel how helpless feeble nature lies,
Till GILEAD'S great PHYSICIAN bids us rise,
—And yet HE acts by means; HIS means are blessed
To heal disease, and succor the distressed.
"God, ever working on a social plan,
By various ties attaches man to man;"
And dearest of all ties, is that which binds,
In holiest union, two congenial minds.
No richer boon the sick man's couch can bless,
Than that loved heart which feels for his distress:—
That BOON was mine: connubial love that glowed,
Her heart's warm tide, a purer stream ne'er flowed,—
With ceaseless effort, day by day, conspired,
For three long months—unmurmuring and untired—
My pains to alleviate and my mind to calm,
With love's assuasives and affection's balm.
—Yet, not to me alone, her nursing care,
Two sons, confined with sickness, claim a share;
In her kind minist'rings: and maternal love,
Asserts its claim—a claim, all claims above:—
For, through affection's range, on earthly ground,
Than *mother's* love, no stronger love is found.
Thus, here, this MODEL WIFE, from day to day,
From night to night—no faltering, no delay—
Pursues her anxious, her laborious round,
With pious trust that succor will be found.
Meanwhile, with her sick husband, she must feel
(Whose labors, erst, supplied the daily meal)
Anxious to know, from what auxiliar tide,
Her household's daily wants will be supplied.
—Anxious we may be; but we'll not complain,
Although on couch of sickness, racked with pain;
Though in this northern climate, cold and drear—

The winter, too, unusually severe—
Though far from my loved, southern, genial clime,
Here, much against my will, I spend the time—
We'll trust in Heaven: for in that BOOK 'tis said,
"Trust in the Lord; do good; thou shalt be fed."*
My FAITHFUL ONE replies; "Three years ago,
With my free will, you joined the 'LODGE,' you know;
And now in our distress they will extend,
Their charity, and prove in truth a friend;
For I have oft their *charities* heard named,
And for beneficence that they are famed."
True, my Louisa; all you say is true,
Their charities are neither small nor few;
They oft impart, in charity, to those
Who have no claim, but that which human woes,
Present, at all times, to the feeling heart:—
To such, our ORDER acts a liberal part,
— *We* ask no *eleemosynary* aid;
What we receive are payments duly made
Of "Benefits;" a weekly stipend, due
To me, and each sick brother, good and true;
And now we find them *benefits* indeed,
A prudent forecast, prompt in time of need.
These ministerial agents here impart
A timely aid, to light the burdened heart;
The individual brethren we may love,—
The "ORDER" 'tis, we hold all price above.
—Yes, I remember well, with your consent
And approbation, to the "LODGE" I went;
With pride I've named it:—yours is not that mind,
To lowborn curiosity inclined:—
Too well informed with intellectual light,
Your husband's views to cloud, his plans to blight.
Oft have Free-Masons' and Odd-Fellows' wives
Their wishes thwarted, wretched made their lives,
With heated "grid-irons," "coffins," "skulls," and "goats,"

* Psalm xxxvii. 3.

And *scolded*,—near to excoriate their throats;
Essayed, in vain, to climb the "greasy poles,"
(Proof of the KORAN, that they *wanted souls!*)*
And thus their want of mental sapience shown,
By claiming stations, made for man alone,
Evincing sad obliquity of mind,
By usurpations, ne'er by Heaven designed.
Happy are they, who walk as Heaven directs;
Who each the other guides, instructs, protects;
Who, hand in hand, and heart with heart, unite,
Pursue life's journey, with its end in sight;
Duty, with stern integrity, perform,
Whate'er our sky—or sunshine, cloud, or storm,
Receiving all at the great Giver's hand,
As kindly meant, though hard to understand;
Firmly persuaded that Almighty love,
Sways MERCY'S sceptre, in the courts above.
In wisdom founded is our ORDER'S code,
Based on the precepts of the word of GOD;
Mild CHARITY, presiding genius, sits
Upon her throne, her station never quits.
The virtues all, emblazoned on her shield,
Stand in relief, and decorate the field;
But, chief—that MOTTO, on her lovely crest,
Sweet "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH," adds splendor to the rest.

* It is said to be a tenet of Mohammed, that women have no souls.

# ELLEN GREEVE.

## A SKETCH.

BY FANNY GREEN.

THE dark, gray shadows of brief twilight, in a cheerless November evening, were fast deepening into the blackness of night; but Ellen still sat in her chamber—musing, it might be, for her eye was fixed on one solitary star, that sometimes struggled forth and shone fitfully, with a momentary radiance, then was overpowered by black and heavy masses of cloud, which were moving to and fro in the atmosphere, as if agitated by strong and violent winds.

"Sad, struggling emblem of my own wayward destiny," exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands, while the large shawl which enveloped her slight figure, quivered with vibratory action from the quick heart beneath. "Still must I struggle; still be overcome! But," she added, while an expression of faith—of triumphant hope, which is the offspring of faith—lit her pale features, and kindled her dark eyes with unearthly beauty, "but the star can not be extinguished, let it be overshadowed as it may. It will live, and shine, when these masses of vapor, cold, and dark, and heavy as they are, shall have been absorbed, and lost among other ele-

ments. And shall not I, too, outlive the great sorrow-clouds that overshadow my path—the coldness that is congealing my young heart's blood—the heaviness that is almost crushing out my life? O, my Father! I thank thee for the hope and the lesson of this hour!" She raised her clasped hands toward heaven. "For hast thou not, in thine own abundant goodness, caused this to pass before me—even that I may gather renewed hope—renewed confidence in thee? I know that all thy ways are righteous; and even when thou grievest us the most bitterly, thou art pouring out most abundantly of thy richest blessing—strength to sustain the trial, out of whose elements shall be wrought powers which, link by link, bind the suffering human heart with the heart of angels. Well do I know, my Father, there is no power to crush that which THOU hast made immortal! Heavenly Parent! teach me to make a right use of these things that they may answer the true end, and be received as lessons of thy love! I know that all thou hast appointed me to suffer, thou wilt give me strength to bear."

With this simple exercise of devotion, the shivering girl turned from the window, and for a short time she walked rapidly through the narrow room, which had neither light nor fire; for to furnish either came not within the narrow means of Ellen Greeve. But there was a light in her eyes, and a tinge of rose on her pale cheek, which shone out through the shadows of that dark room, thrilling with the struggle of the throbbing heart and the burning soul. That moment, although she knew it not, made a crisis in her life.

A perception at once of her own capabilities, of her

consequent obligations, and her destiny, had come upon her with the radiant suddenness of lightning; and her whole soul was flooded with new light. Henceforth she was not to be the gentle, and timid, and dependent child, making the word of others her sole guide and law. But in the fire of that moment the child was, as it were, consumed; and out of the ashes came, phœnix-like, the strong and self-dependent woman, who read the law in her own soul; and through all the future she must follow THAT. From this moment her whole character was transfigured. She questioned not of the means, she saw not even the end; but she heard her call: and to obey that must lead her to her ultimate destiny.

Ellen was an orphan. Left at an early age without the advantage of maternal guidance or sympathy, she stood, apparently, in the very worst position—poor, yet allied to a family too proud to acknowledge her as an entire equal, and with too little benevolence to assist her materially in bettering her condition, yet keeping up a constant though indirect supervision of all her actions. Possessed of genius which few could understand, and still fewer could entirely appreciate, she seemed destined to be the sport of every contrary wind—of every turbulent wave. She had struggled through her few years, bearing up bravely against disappointments which might have discouraged the most sanguine—struggling against difficulties which might have crushed the strongest—resisting repeated fits of illness, which might have shaken and overcome the hardiest; as if the vital energy of A DETERMINED PURPOSE IN BEING had enabled her to resist those forces.

Her father was the youngest son of a gentleman whose possessions were so extensive, it was judged that the mere rise in the value of his estates would have rendered all his numerous descendants, to the fourth generation, independently rich. This gentleman was the last of a long lineal line of eldest and only sons, maintained according to the old English law and usage, which, it will be remembered, was preserved in this country for some time after the revolution, and is not wholly extinct now. He was educated in the belief that labor was a thing which belonged only to the vulgar—that is, to those who inherited no birthright of broad, paternal acres, and with which, as a matter of course, he could have nothing to do. But having a mind naturally active, he could not stagnate in complete inanity. Accordingly, some excitement must be obtained. He found it in the stimulus of trading horses, oxen, farms, and the like.

So he was continually surrounded by a set of sharpers, who took good care of one thing—and that was, to transfer, as expeditiously as possible, the fleece from the worthy gentleman to themselves. But his property was too vast to be very suddenly reduced. It sufficed for means to stifle *ennui* during a long life. He lived, and entertained his numerous friends, in a style of princely munificence; giving to the poor with an ever-open hand —the benefactor and friend of all the country round; and when he died, though his immense estates were reduced to the pittance of a few thousands, he went down into the grave embalmed with tears and blessings.

With his small inheritance, the father of Ellen removed from the paternal home. He made an unfortunate purchase in the outset; and it was soon found that the petted child of luxury was ill-prepared to do battle with the actual necessities of life. With the same expansive benevolence—the same ideas of munificence—he had also his father's credulity, with his predominating and fatal love of trade; and very soon it became apparent that he was treading in his footsteps. His race was, necessarily, short. He soon came to a state for which his whole education had peculiarly unfitted him —that of poverty.

At the early age of sixteen, Ellen lost her invaluable mother; and then, for the first time, all her latent energies seemed roused into being. Wild and passionate was the grief which overwhelmed her; but the wholesome necessities of life produced a favorable reaction; and in looking to her father's household, and ministering to the wants of her brothers and her little sister, she half forgot her sorrows.

After a short time it was judged best for the family to separate; and then, indeed, did Ellen feel herself truly desolate. With strong domestic affections, which had twined their vital chords round the friends of her childhood, how could she bear entire separation, and a final rupture of all those delightful associations? Accustomed from infancy to the gentleness and delicacy of refined associates and loving hearts, how could she endure the reverse? With the feeble health which too often accompanies a high order of genius, and her whole nature wrought into the exquisite sensibility of one in-

tense nerve, poor Ellen Greeve was but ill-prepared to buffet with the fierce storms of life.

At first she shrunk, appalled, from a view of the future. As she bent her tearful and aching eyes over that tumultuous life-ocean, one bright spot in the distance attracted her attention, and concentrated, ever afterward, her fixed vision. She knew not what it was; for her ideas of life were all vague and shadowy. She knew only that it was something toward which she must for ever gravitate.

There is a mythic story of the Seven Labors of Hercules—labors which were the admiration of the ancient world, and which ranked their actor among the mightiest of the demi-gods; and these classic legends are not without their parallel in actual life. The spirit and the power of Hercules have not wholly forsaken the world. A delicate girl like Ellen Greeve, with frail health—without money, without friends able to assist her, yet urged along by the irresistible impetus of genius—must perform greater labors, and in her success she achieves a greater triumph, than even poetry and fiction have ascribed to the invincible hero of Tirynthus.

The genius of Ellen was of a high order. Her nature was truthful and sunny as that of a little child. She was full of hope; and her heart had such exceeding buoyancy, that nothing had power to depress her for a great length of time, save the consciousness of wrong or mistake in herself. Yet there were deeper feelings beneath the gentle and loving nature, whose inner shrine the eye of the world never saw. There were hopes, thoughts, affections, aspirations, for which

sound had no modulation, and language no expression; for how could the finite unfold the infinite?

Hers was a faith that looked out with clear eyes from the material, and took hold of the spiritual bond, which led, like a beam of annealed light, to the inmost bosom of God. She leaned on that; and henceforth nothing could hurt her.

The friends of Ellen tried, by every means in their power, to discourage her love of literature; but, gentle as she was, from this tendency she never swerved. Her mind, she was wont to say, was not a piece of merchandise, that it should be made a mere matter of traffic; but it was a gift, for the right use of which she was accountable to God. Therefore she shrunk not, quailed not, doubted not; for her soul was fed from the inner shrine, whereon burned the fires of eternity, and where the Divine Spirit was ever present and manifest to his waiting and believing child.

As I said before, the friends of Ellen strongly opposed her devotion to literary pursuits; and in a worldly point of view, they, without doubt, acted wisely; for what is so unlikely to bring with it an accompaniment of even the simplest necessaries of life, as poetry? Yet *must* the voice of the soul be wholly drowned, and all its deep, unutterable yearnings after TRUTH be extinguished by a necessity, which cries—it may be, loudly cries—for bread? Is this frail, transient body to be pampered and decorated, while the mind—the quick and immortal mind—is cramped, and crushed, and silenced for ever, because there are such things as hunger, and cold,

and nakedness, with all the manifold necessities which human pride has wrought out of these?

Yet the body must be fed, clothed, and sheltered from the elements, and all the dangers and wrongs which are abroad in the outer world. These are solemn facts, which no process, of either the reason or the fancy, may set aside. It was in view of these that Ellen, acting on the advice of her friends, became initiated into the mysteries of dressmaking. In this business she continued until her health sank beneath the combined influence of protracted sedentary labors, and of intermediate studies equally severe. A long and dangerous fit of illness supervened, which finally left her in a state which precluded all return to her former pursuits.

During the intermissions of her disease, she had written several little poems, which being published in some of the periodicals of the day, created considerable interest in behalf of the author. But these efforts were invariably frowned down by her more immediate personal friends, who were afraid, as it would seem, that the honor of the family should be endangered by an association of its name with anything like second-rate literature; though there were some qualities and some characters among them which certainly could not be called *second*-rate, though in a widely different sense. I speak with all due deference to those venerable ideas of ancient blood, with all its distinctions and privileges.

As Ellen met with no encouragement, but wholly the reverse, from her immediate personal friends and relatives, she was forced into that state which is most oppressive to an ardent and adhesive nature—a life

without fellowship, appreciation, or sympathy. Her highest thoughts, her holiest hopes, her deepest feelings, were unshared and unknown. Her mind had learned to retire wholly within itself; and there it exercised and disciplined its powers, without either assistance or companionship. The orphan's friends were willing that she should ply the needle, to the peril of health, and the utter starvation of mind. They might have been willing that she should pine for ever in a life of servitude, so that she only kept herself and her poverty wholly obscured, where the shadow of its sharp edges and ragged outline could not possibly reflect on *them*. But the rich old blood boiled with indignation at the idea of her engaging in any pursuit which might make her at all conspicuous, either from a selfish fear of being compelled to acknowledge in public one who was known to be so very poor, or from the meaner and more selfish feeling of envy, at powers which they instinctively saw would so entirely eclipse their own. The really unpardonable sin of genius is, that, without money, it obtains for itself what the wealth of the two Indies can not purchase—a mental growth which can never be attained by any process of hot-bed culture. Envious aunts and sneering cousins saw—for they could not keep themselves wholly blind—that the unaided and thrice orphaned Ellen had adorned her character and mind with intrinsic mental graces, which, with all the "appliances and means" of education, they could never purchase or attain; and no wonder they found it difficult to forgive a superiority which seemed to them a continual reproach.

Whenever Ellen went among her relatives, mothers harangued their daughters on the ill conditions and dangerous tendencies of genius. And one of them, whose daughters had barely enough mentality to make them flirts and belles, always wound up her discourse with the devout prayer that she might never have a genius in her family. Alas! the good lady had so much sympathy with the quite remarkable mental obtuseness in her domestic scions, that she did not perceive what a waste of fervor she occasioned by so needless a prayer.

Thus did envy and selfishness estrange the natural protectors of Ellen, whom, could they only have been sensible of their truest honor, it would have been a pride and a blessing to assist, and encourage, and sustain. But better and stronger was she for their neglect, and purer for their selfishness and envy. The work of education and advancement was all her own; and she wrought it out with a true woman's heart, patiently, nobly.

Being unable to return to her former pursuits, she engaged in a school, a business which was far more congenial with her nature than mere handicraft, and also permitted her to devote more time to her favorite studies. The gifted and the good began to discover in her a kindred spirit; and her loveliness secured the hearts her genius won. She was no longer alone. Distinguished persons came from distant places with letters of introduction; and while she had withdrawn herself almost wholly from intercourse with the more aristocratic portions of her family, she had found cher-

ishing friends in the bosoms of other families, whose position was not inferior to theirs.

But let us return to the little chamber where we left her. She had been sadder than usual through the day; for she had lately met with a severe disappointment, in the failure of a periodical which had promised her a very good situation as contributor to its pages. This was the third disappointment of the kind she had borne up against; and now it seemed really as if the hand of God were turned against her—as if HE willed that she should never succeed. For several days her heart had been bowed down with the anguish of this insupportable thought; but this evening, the peace of an innocent bosom, and a conscience void of offence toward all the world, bringing back her former unshaken confidence that she should at length rise superior to the conflict, once more revisited her. And as the fair rudiments of morning lie enfolded in the deepest darkness, so were the elements of future success and triumph, even then, evolving from the bitter trial of that blackest hour.

During her transition state from despondency to hope, she penned a few stanzas, which seemed throbbing with the strongest pulses of the orphan's heart. These, as soon as they appeared in print, commended themselves to general favor; and they brought back to their gentle author a new harvest of hope, and a new circle of friends.

But why protract the story? Ellen became known: she was appreciated. Her truthful and loving nature could not be long uninterested in the great moral movements of the times. And although many, whose rule

of right was policy, strove to dissuade her from entering any other than the popular avenues of literature, yet she was obedient, as she ever had been, to what she conceived to be the higher and the paramount law. Her labors are now meeting their reward in a rich field, where the harvest truly promises to be great, but where the laborers yet are few.

Should the eye of any friendless, struggling, and disconsolate child of genius, such as Ellen was, fall on these pages, let her remember that this sketch is no fiction, but a true history. This is the real experience of a human soul; and may it comfort and encourage the struggling! Remember that what has been achieved by one, may also be accomplished by another. Still

> "Hope, though every hope is crossed;
> And when the bark is tempest-tossed,
> Still in firm faith abide:"

—for only in hope and faith can be wrought out the power to DO and BE. And if any also represent the friends of Ellen to some highly-gifted dependant, O let them remember, that the opportunity to protect and foster genius is a privilege, by the neglect of which, like those inhospitable persons who refuse to entertain strangers, they may lose the companionship of sojourning angels.

# MY STUDY.

BY MRS. S. ANNA LEWIS.

This is my Cáabá—a shrine below,
Where my soul sits within its house of clay,
Listing the steps of angels come and go—
Sweet missioned heralds from the realms of day.
One brings me rays from regions of the sun,
One comes to warn me of some pending dart,
One brings a laurel leaf for work well done,
Another whispers from a kindred heart—
Oh! this I would not change for all the gold
That lies beneath the Sacramento's waves,
For all the jewels Indian coffers hold,
For all the pearls in Oman's starry caves—
The lessons of all pedagogues are naught,
To those I learn within this holy fane of thought.

Here blind old Homer teaches lofty song,
The Lesbian sings of Cupid's pinions furled,
And how the heart is withered up by wrong;
Dante pictures an infernal world,
Wide opening many a purgatorial isle;
Tarquato rings the woes of Palestine,
Alfonso's rage, and Leonora's smile—
Love, beauty, genius, virtue, all divine;
Milton depicts the bliss of Paradise,
Then flings apart the ponderous gates of Hell,
Where Satan on the fiery billow lies,
"With head uplift" above his army fell—
And Avon's bard surpassing all in art,
Unlocks the portals of the human heart.

# INFLUENCES OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY REV. AUGUSTUS C. L. ARNOLD.

It has been well observed that every event or movement in the history of humanity is a new revelation of man, or nature, or God! This thought is eminently true, and all the institutions and societies around us should be studied in this light. There is not a movement in the material world, nor an event in the life of man or society, but is a revelation of eternal truth—a new step of humanity in its upward progress. All revolutions in society—the great questions which agitate nations—the mighty ideals which burn in the bosom of Christendom, laboring to realize themselves in the philanthropic enterprises and benevolent associations of the day;—which form the groundwork of all the secret societies of the age, whether Odd-Fellows, Free-Masons, Sons of Temperance, or Rechabites, have a deep and solemn significance—are attached to the divinest sentiments of the soul—are expressive of the soul's aspirations;—responses to the great needs of humanity. They mark the victories of man over ignorance and selfishness, and are pledges of an ever-growing perfection; for while man labors he thrives—while society struggles and is in conflict, it advances. All the phenomena of life, therefore—all institutions or movements in so-

ciety—all those associations which in ancient and modern times have appealed to the secret principle—have been so many attempts of man to fathom the mystery of his being—so many struggles to reach and embrace an Ideal Good, which he sees glimmering for ever in the immeasurable heights above him. All associations, therefore, have a profound import, which is worthy of being investigated.

The social influence of secret societies has not been enough considered by historians. In the earliest periods of the world they existed, and contributed more to civilization than any other institutions ever devised by human genius. They were the sources of moral life—the fountains of theology, philosophy, ethics, science, and politics—the ministers of progress—the mother of civilization. In the secret societies of Egypt, Greece, India, and the north of Europe, were first revealed and developed those moral principles and sentiments, and those social ideas and political theories which afterward entered into the life of the people, and became actual in their social forms. All those societies had a direct influence upon the whole social organization. They revealed a higher and diviner political thought, to be realized in human government.

If we examine this subject, we shall find that all progress in society, and all advancement in the science of government, are in virtue of revelations of new truths, which are first seen and accepted by a few earnest and far-seeing spirits, and by them imbodied in a private and secret association. This association grows, gains influence, and at length modifies all the institutions of the state.

So in modern times, we have seen a certain social idea—the idea of the equality of the worth of man as man, and his right to elect his own superior or chief—pass through several phases, till it attained to a perfect incarnation in our political institutions. This idea, born in one of the monarchical orders of the Roman church, realized in the internal arrangements of the secret orders of the middle ages, became fully developed and defined in the fraternity of free-masons, and, with that association, spread through every country of Christendom. But as yet it had not changed the political aspect of society; it was only an ideal of a new state, the consolation and hope of those earnest men, who, looking with longing toward the future, sought refuge from the withering arrangements of the outward life in the fraternal embraces of their secret institution. It was a type of an order of things yet to be created. But as every thought finds its appropriate word, so, sooner or later, will every idea finds an expression, in some of the forms of life. Thus, this social idea which had been laboring for ages in the hearts of the good and wise, which in these secret associations had been worshipped for centuries, found an utterance, an imbodiment in the institutions of the American republic.

From what has been said, it follows, that these secret societies are not only useful, but necessary. There is always need of an institution where a higher ideal of life shall be worshipped and sought after, than is yet to be found realized in the existing political organization;—an institution which will re-combine the scattered elements of society, arm itself against the selfish tendencies

of the race, give men faith in virtue, and confidence in each other, and reveal to the world a Divine Ideal to be actualized in its life.

Is Odd-Fellowship an institution of this description? Has it an Ideal of a society more perfect than yet exists. In its arrangements and practices, is it in advance of the age? Has it a wider philanthropy, a more tender regard for the miseries of life? Let the dark pictures of suffering which meet us at every turn, answer! Let the squalid wretchedness, the direful ignorance, the pinching and corrupting poverty which are either fostered or overlooked by the established society, answer!

The idea of social life, revealed in Odd-Fellowship, and made actual in its arrangements, is far, far beyond the most benevolent and liberal of our social compacts.

The particular thought, then, which we wish to utter in this connexion, is, that Odd-Fellowship presents to the world the picture of a new Order—of a new social arrangement, where all of life circulates around the Idea of Brotherhood, and that its mission is to diffuse its peculiar principles more and more, till the entire of society shall feel their power, and be redeemed from the thrall of selfishness.

Whether Odd-Fellowship will be true to these principles, and develop them in all their beauty, the future alone can answer. But when we consider that the principles which were cherished in the ancient mysteries, blended at length with the common life of the people—that the social idea of Free-Masonry found an imbodiment in our free institutions—we feel assured

that Odd-Fellowship will achieve triumphantly its holy mission, by communicating its life to the life of the world, and raising society up to its own level.

If our theory of secret associations be correct, the Order of Odd-Fellows is precisely the institution which the world needs at this particular crisis, and which is demanded by all the wants of man. Society needs an ideal of a higher and better state to which it may aspire. Odd-Fellowship reveals that ideal, and gives it an actual being in its own particular form. Men need faith in virtue, confidence in each other; for without these, there can be no stability in business, nor improvement in individual or public morality. Odd-Fellowship creates this faith in virtue, and insures this mutual confidence. It strengthens public morality, promotes peace and good-will between man and man, and seeks to apply, always and everywhere, the Christian idea of union and love, as they are revealed in the command, "BEAR ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

We would say, therefore, to Odd-Fellows:—

Your mission is a holy one, and imposes on you high and weighty obligations. You have been taught, in your Lodges, that there are "three classes of duties binding on all men, and which you, as Odd-Fellows, are especially bound to observe—to God, to yourselves, to your neighbors." You are to be faithful to yourselves, and to your brethren of the human family. By being faithful to yourselves, we mean, you should labor unceasingly to perfect your natures, and employ the faculties God has given you, to accomplish well the mission you are sent into this world to achieve. To

be faithful to your duties to your fellow-men, you must be charitable, kind, benevolent—ever swift and eager to do good—ever scorning to do a mean or selfish act.

You have assumed the obligations of charity, and charity knows no limits: you are not, therefore, to limit your charities to the members of your fraternity, but extend them to all. Listen to that loud cry of distress which rises up around us from the depths of society—a world-embracing chorus of misery—as if calling on the very heavens for relief.

True, an immense labor is before you;—years, it may be ages, of toil will roll away ere the ideal of Odd-Fellowship will descend into the midst of society, to re-form it after a higher type of love. But the victory shall yet be yours. The day of toil will at length pass over; the storm and cloud will roll away; the stars, serene and bright, will appear on the face of the sky; and a voice—a voice, sweet as the music of the spheres—will say, "Ye weary, toil-worn, battle-soiled band, come up hither to your repose, among the flame-crowned hosts above."

# COUNTRY WINTER-SCENES.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

## SABBATH MORN.

The frost in its beauty lies over the meadows,
Like down newly shaken from winter's young wing;
The sun is ascending, and skeleton shadows
The trees in their nakedness pensively fling.

The morning is silent, save when the brook's flowing
Awakens a music like silvery bells,
Or where the cock's crowing, or gentle kine's lowing,
Of home and its treasures of charity tells.

The smoke from the homestead, one wreath on another,
Like incense arises from piety's hearth,
Where father and mother, and sister and brother
In harmony worship the Lord of the earth.

The sun lights the vane of a far-away steeple,
The sound of a bell is borne faintly along,
And staidly and peacefully gather the people,
To join in the prayer and awaken the song.

The calm of devotion refreshes the spirit,
The soul is set down to a banquet of bliss;
The ministering angels must surely be near it,
For earth can provide no enjoyment like this.

## SABBATH EVE.

The day is departing — the shadows are denser;
The shrilly-voiced cock and the cattle are still;
The cold of the north becomes keen and intenser,
And freezes to silence of the tongue of the rill.

The arch of the heavens is glowing with glory,
For diamond-lit lanterns, by angels out-hung,
Swing over the earth, and a marvellous story
(While man is unconscious) by seraphs is sung.

The darkness of night like a mantle is lying
On the children of joy, and the children of sorrow,
Who, while the still moments unheeded are flying,
Lie down in the hope of a blissful to-morrow.

When the locks of old age shall fall down on my shoulder,
If the wisdom of heaven so lengthen my time,
Oh may I present to the youthful beholder
A vision as peaceful — an end as sublime.

# TETZEL AND LUTHER.

BY DELTA.

It is a melancholy reflection to the Christian traveller, while gazing upon the magnificent proportions of the church of St. Peter's, at Rome, that that architectural wonder of the world is the price of blood—the blood of souls. How chilling to the heart of Christian philanthropy—while walking under its noble colonnades, or admiring its fretted arches, or its spacious and peerless dome—to think that all these wonders were purchased at the price of thousands of souls, led down to ruin by the baneful and destructive traffic in indulgences for sin! If there were no other stains upon the memory of popes Julius II. and Leo X., the founders of the modern church of St. Peter's, the fact would be sufficient to condemn them to eternal infamy, that they authorized and commissioned a set of unprincipled and shameless men—like Samson in Switzerland, and Tetzel in Germany—to travel from land to land peddling their indulgences, signed and sealed by papal authority, for the purpose of obtaining funds to carry forward to its completion that proud monument of papal extravagance and corruption.

Among the numbers engaged in the details of this iniquitous traffic, the individual whose name history

has handed down with the deepest shade of infamy, is John Diezel, or, as he is commonly called, Tetzel—a Dominican monk—the son of a goldsmith of Leipzic. Let us contemplate the picture of this indulgence-seller engaged in his daily traffic.

The scene is the city of Wirtemburg, in Germany. The time is a summer-day in the year 1517. For fifteen years has Tetzel plied his gainful trade, and experience has given him boldness and success. Rising gradually from an inferior agent of this traffic, he had become chief commissioner for the sale of indulgences in Germany. A large red cross is erected in one of the most public streets of the city: the pope's arms are suspended thereon. A crowd of wondering spectators have gathered around, attracted by the sonorous voice of the Dominican as he sounds the praises of his indulgences, and pleads for St. Peter's at Rome. "Come," says he—"come buy the rich grace of our most holy Lord the pope. Know ye not why these indulgences are to be sold? The church containing the bodies of the holy apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, is dilapidated. The sacred bodies are, alas! polluted, dishonored, trodden under foot, and rotting in the hail or rain. Ah! shall these holy ashes be suffered to remain, degraded, in the mire?

"Think, too, of the value of the indulgences them selves. They are the most precious and sublime of all God's gifts. There is no sin so great that the indulgence can not remit. Draw near: I will give you letters, duly sealed, by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit shall be forgiven you. If

any one should even abuse the Virgin Mother, let him pay—let him only pay largely—and it shall be forgiven him."

Then, pointing to the red cross, he exclaims: "This cross has as much efficacy as the cross of Jesus Christ. I would not exchange my privileges with those of Saint Peter in heaven. I have saved more souls with my indulgences, than he with his sermons. These precious indulgences save not the living only, but the dead. Hearken, ye priests, ye nobles, ye tradesmen, ye wives, ye maidens, ye young men—hearken to your departed parents and friends, who cry to you from purgatory: 'We are enduring horrible torment! a small alms would deliver us; you can give it, and you will not.' Come buy. Come buy; for the very moment that the money clinks in the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory and flies to heaven. Come, then. Bring money—bring money—bring money."

While the shameless Dominican is thus exalting his wares and adding to the treasury of the pope, there is within the walls of the university, in that same city, an humble monk, upon whose mind a ray of light from the pages of his Latin bible has already shone, teaching him that God alone can forgive sins, and that "the just shall live by faith." That monk is LUTHER,—the man, though at that time an obedient vassal of the pope, yet destined of God to shake to its very foundation the tottering throne of popery, and to expose to an indignant world the enormous wickedness of this whole system of indulgences, and of the false and apostate church, which could thus make merchandise of the souls of men.

Eng'd by John McRae

*Luther listening to Tetzel's Song*

Another scene presents itself. It is the church at Wirtemburg. Luther is at the confessional. An individual with confident air approaches, and whispers in the ear of the monk a black list of irregularities and crimes, and then demands absolution for his offences. Luther reproves, rebukes, instructs, as his conscience dictates, and then inquires of the criminal if he will abandon his sins for the future; but is thunderstruck by the cool and deliberate assurance that he has no intention to give up his sins.

"What!" says Luther, his eye flashing with holy indignation, "not intend to abandon your adultery and dishonesty, and yet demand absolution? First forsake your sins, and then I will absolve you; till then, never."

"But, father," says the penitent, drawing from his bosom a document with the papal seal attached, "does not this entitle me to absolution?"

"And what is this?" says Luther; "and where did you obtain it?"

"This is a papal indulgence, and I bought it, and paid for it, of the holy friar Tetzel."

"I care nothing for your papers;—you must cease to do evil, and learn to do well, or else you will perish in spite of your indulgences."

"Well, father, if you refuse absolution, this will be known to the holy friar, who, you well know, is the emissary and servant of his holiness the pope."

"Have a care," replied Luther, "how you give ear to these indulgences. You have something better to do than to buy licenses offered to you for paltry pence.

I care for neither Tetzel nor his indulgences. Repent and forsake your sins, or from me you will have no absolution."

Thus did the intrepid Luther dare to cast contempt upon the indulgences of the Dominican; while the people returned to Tetzel, and told him that an Augustine monk had dared to deny the virtue of his letters, and to refuse absolution to those who had purchased them; while the latter, trembling with rage and indignation, commanded a fire to be lighted in the grand square of Wirtemburg, and declared that he was commanded by his holiness Pope Leo X. to burn the daring heretics who should presume to oppose his most holy letters of indulgence, and thus to stop the revenue which was needed for the building of the church of St. Peter's.

Our artist has conceived the idea that Luther himself, on some occasions, listened from the window of his cell to the ranting of the Dominican, while engaged in crying the merit of his wares; and though history makes mention of no such fact, yet the conception of the artist is by no means improbable. Nothing could be more likely than, after having heard of the boldness, presumption, and impiety of the famous indulgence-pedlar, the embryo reformer should desire to be a personal witness to his blasphemies.

Whether this were so or not, however, it is certain, that from this time Luther proclaimed an irreconcilable war against indulgences. On the 31st of October, 1517, while crowds of superstitious devotees were flocking to the church, the reformer boldly affixed to the door his celebrated ninety-five theses, which he declared himself

ready publicly to defend, against Tetzel's doctrine of indulgences. A few of these noble declarations against the infamous traffic are appended as specimens of the whole.

"The commissioners of indulgences," says Luther, "are in error in saying that, through the indulgence of the pope, man is delivered from all punishment, and saved.

"Those persons preach human inventions, who pretend that, at the very moment when the money sounds in the strong-box, the soul escapes from purgatory.

"This is certain, that as soon as the money sounds, avarice and love of gain come in, grow, and multiply. But the assistance and prayers of the church depend only on the will and good pleasure of God.

"Those who fancy themselves sure of their salvation by indulgences, *will go to the devil with those who teach them this doctrine.*

"Every Christian who feels true repentance for his sins, has perfect remission from the punishment and from the sin, without the need of indulgences.

"Every true Christian, dead or living, is a partaker of all the riches of Christ, or of the church, by the gift of God, and without any letter of indulgence.

"We must teach Christians, that if they have no superfluity, they are bound to keep for their families wherewith to procure necessaries, and they ought not to waste their money on indulgences.

"We must teach Christians, that if the pope knew the exactions of the preachers of indulgences, *he would rather that the metropolitan church of St. Peter were burnt to ashes, than see it built up with the skin, the flesh, and bones of his flock.*

"We must teach Christians, that the pope, as in duty bound, would willingly give his own money, though it should be necessary to sell the metropolitan church of St. Peter for the purpose, to the poor people, whom the preachers of indulgences now rob of their last penny.

"To hope to be saved by indulgences is to hope in lies and vanity; even although the commissioner of indulgences, nay, though the pope himself should pledge his own soul in attestation of their efficacy."

The effect of these measures on the part of Luther, was, as might be expected, to diminish the demand for the wares of Tetzel, whose indignation was accordingly excited to the highest degree. Instead of answering the theses of Luther, he resorted to a more summary

method. In the suburbs of Frankfort he set up a pulpit and a scaffold. He marched thither in the garb of an inquisitor, and after venting his rage against the propositions of the German reformer, declared that "the heretic Luther ought to be burned alive," after which he placed a paper containing the theses on the scaffold, and set fire to them, and re-entered Frankfort in triumph.

The result of this contest has become matter of history. Three hundred years have passed away, and posterity have done justice alike to Tetzel and to Luther. The name of the pedlar of indulgences has become a by-word for knavery, hypocrisy, and imposture, and even the church whose obedient servant he was, would be glad to deny that he ever existed. The name of the German reformer, on the contrary, has descended from generation to generation, loaded with the honor and veneration of nations. His history has become familiar, throughout all Christendom, as household words; and his illustrious life shines as a bright example of Christian courage, love for truth, and faithfulness even unto death. The good of every nation and of every name delight to do him reverence; and the glorious doctrines he proclaimed have emancipated the world from the thraldom of ages.

# THE MOURNER.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Bring me my lyre, my heart is full of wo,
Scorched is my brain, no cooling tear-drops flow,
Sorrow has touched my soul,
O'er me the wild waves roll,
My senses whirled around,
No rest for me is found.
Strike, strike the strings,
Impassioned, free—
And let me fly,
My God to thee.

Dark, dark the heavens frown,
The light of earth has flown.
Not e'en one single ray,
Gleams o'er my darkened way;
Shrouded in deepest gloom,
I seek the lonely tomb,
Silent and deep,
Here let me weep,
Weep, till I sink,
In death's cold sleep.

Why slumbers thus my lyre?
Is there no sacred fire
To wake its note?
Is there no cherub bright,
Willing, amid its flight
Near earth to float.

Come, whisper in my ear,
In sounds melodious clear;
"Look up, thou needst not fear,
Soon thou thy friend shalt meet.
He is not dead,
He lives above,
Awaiting thee
In realms of love."

Their harps, bright seraphs seize!
List! on the gusty breeze,
Immortal strains they pour!
Lower, they sound, yea, lower—
Bright band, I come!
Earth has no charms for me,
Fixed is my destiny,
Home—home, sweet home.
Up to yon azure height,
My spirit takes its flight,
Hushed is my lyre;
Away—away—I soar,
Earth, and its scenes, no more,
My soul inspire.

# THE ODD-FELLOW'S DUTY.

BY JOHN JONES.

When an individual joins any institution, he voluntarily becomes identified with it for weal or wo; and there are probably few institutions of the present day of more importance than that of Odd-Fellowship. Upon the present generation much depends as to what the Order will be in future ages. Standing then, as we do, the living link between the past and the future, it is highly important that each member should perform his duty; for, according to our laws, we can only be good Odd-Fellows while we act like honest men. A contrary course will exert a withering, blighting effect, like the effluvia from the Upas-tree, dealing destruction to all coming within its reach. Such is the institution of Odd-Fellowship, that it embraces within its circle the rich, the poor, the learned, the illiterate; those of every creed have met on one common level.

Time was when man was not dependent on his fellow; but that time has long since passed away, and experience has painfully taught us how dependent we are on the assistance of others, when affliction comes upon us. The rich of to-day may be the poor of to-morrow. Those rolling in affluence may soon need the friendly aid of their more fortunate neighbor. How

true it is that "man knows not his destiny." We often see in our midst the strongest smitten first, and the hand of the weakest appealed to for succor. "Odd-Fellows," acting out the spirit of their principles, dare to be "ODD," because they dare to do good, even in opposition to that cold calculating charity, which would withhold all assistance lest it might sometimes be bestowed on an unworthy object.

Associated, as Odd-Fellows are, to protect and assist each other under the common ills of life, and as daily observation shows "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," how important it is "that we should act well our part," so that, should affliction be our lot, our conscience would not upbraid us. It is not right for us to sit as idle spectators of passing events, and, when the tale of wo is told, to say, "Be ye warmed, be ye clothed;" but, like the good Samaritan of old, when others have passed by, we must bind up the broken-hearted, cheer the disconsolate, provide for the sick, bury the dead, protect the widow and the orphan in the hour of need. Time is hastening on, and, with its gnawing tooth, is leaving us but little space to perform these labors of love. On some it has placed its hoary hand. "The blossom of age and the seared leaf appear," and "soon the place that knows us will know us no more for ever." Let not the principles of Odd-Fellowship be like water spilt upon the ground, but strive so to live and carry them out that a gainsaying world will be hushed to silence;—and when the grim messenger, Death, receives his mandate "to sever the silver cord, and dash the golden bowl"—

when we are called to "cast off this mortal coil," and our dismembered spirit stands before the "Judge of all the earth," there to give an account of our stewardship, —may we then hear it said *of us*, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant! enter into the kingdom prepared for you; for I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; sick, and ye visited me." This was the work of the great exemplar of humanity. Let us imitate his example, and thus develop to the world what are the true principles of "Odd-Fellowship."

## THREE ANGEL-SPIRITS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Three angel-spirits walk the earth,
Our guides where'er we go;
And where their gentle footsteps lead,
There is no human wo:
They smile upon the cradled child—
They bless the heart of youth—
And age is mellowed by the touch
Of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Three angel-spirits; evermore
They guard our thorny way,
And those who follow where they lead
Can never go astray;
For God has given them alike
To childhood and to youth,
And age is mellowed by the touch
Of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

# OUR COUNTRY:

## ITS GLORY AND ITS DESTINY.

BY G. W. MAGERS.

Our country—were a poet's fancy mine,
I might essay her glory to define;
Did prophet's vision unto me belong,
Her destinies I'd shadow in my song;—
How dreary wastes, dismantled of their bloom,
Shall soon with freshened youth and beauty bloom;
How forests, where the savage reigns supreme,
With commerce and its votaries shall teem!
But yesterday, her pilgrims' first glad song,
New England's forests echoed faint along;
To-day—with temples myriad hills are crowned—
And millions bowed in worship there are found.
But yesterday—a sapling newly sprung,
She scarce dared stand the sterner trees among;
To-day, a sturdy oak, she braves the storm
That sways her limbs, but can not shake her form!
But yesterday, upon the western sky—
A feeble star, she beamed on Freedom's eye;
To-day, she leads the van of destiny,
And fires the world with longings to be free!
But yesterday, beneath a tyrant's sway,
She trembling stooped, his mandates to obey:
To-day, the earth's far ends her prowess see,
And stand in awe and dread her destiny!
But yesterday, the nations thought her weak,
And of her overthrow would pitying speak;

To-day, to court her smiles they humbly bow,
And kings rise up to do her homage now.
But yesterday, her infant flag unfurled
Its timid wings above the western world;
To-day, on many hills it gleameth bright,
And o'er all waters flashes freedom's light.
Where yesterday the deep'ning forests made
For beasts of prey a covert and a shade—
Stupendous cities, stretch along the shore,
And thronging thousands count their fortunes o'er.
Such her career, but her proud destiny
No pen may paint, no vision may foresee!
Imagination, in her loftiest flight,
Must fall bewildered by the wondrous sight:
And years and circling ages only show,
The future glories this great land shall know.
From where Atlantic rolls its angry tide,
To where Pacific's placid waters glide,
From lands where winter pours eternal snow,
To the far south where flowers perennial grow—
Columbia's eagle fearlessly shall soar,
Columbia's banners wave triumphant o'er!

## A REGRET.

Ah! life of ease, in fear or hopes consumed,
Vain hopes! that wither ere they well have bloomed.
How oft, emerging from the shades of night,
Laughs a gay morn, and spreads a purple light;
But soon the gathering clouds o'erspread the skies,
Red lightnings play, and thunder-storms arise:
How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years.—W. J.

# ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY CHARLES EVERETT TOOTHAKER.

It is characteristic of the present age of the world, that there is a tendency among the great masses of mankind to subject themselves to the guidance of *ultimate principles.* This tendency is manifested in governments and in societies, no less than in individual conduct.

Time was, when *philosophy* embraced only a series of theoretical abstractions, which the intelligence of that time never dreamed of developing in the practical concerns of daily life. *Science* was studied; but it was studied for the entertainment of the few—not for the improvement and elevation of all. Governments were established; but they were not governments based upon the principles which even the theories of those times had developed. The divine right of kings, the power of aristocratic rule, or the superiority of one man over another, *were never taught* by the learning or the science of any age or nation. *Religion* was embraced with a consciousness that it was not the religion of truth or virtue, but only that it was consistent with present passion, or with the imperfect state of the social organization.

If we look beneath the superfice, beyond the shadow, we shall find that there has been in every age, hidden

within the darkness, a philosophy, a science, and a religion, right in all its essential elements. It is the passions and the prejudices of men which have extinguished this light of life, and prevented it from exerting its influences for the perfection of human character. It would be interesting to mark the history of the progression which these principles have made—to note the stages of development, and the springs of influence, and the combinations of causes, by which the light of the nineteenth century—so much boasted, so little appreciated—has come to pour itself upon the darkness of human prejudice.

We can not write this history. It would be a history of man—of man in his greatness, his dignity, his glory. But it may yet be written—let us hope by an able hand.

It is our purpose to look at the present moment,—to consider some of the influences now operating, and the results now being produced, upon the face, upon the exterior surface, of human society.

The world is evidently in a state of change. Great commotions agitate it. It is moved by some new and mighty impulse. Customs sanctified by time, and prejudices deep-rooted and long entertained, are giving way to some mysterious power. Kings bend a submissive neck to be ruled by those whom they have governed; and aristocracy begs its pittance at the hand of toil. What has produced this change? It is public opinion. But public opinion is only a resultant from some more ultimate agency. Public opinion is a nullity—a scarecrow—an *ignus fatuus*, unless it be under the dominion

of truth, guided, inspired, impelled, by upright and unwavering principle.

Public opinion is no reformer. It has never corrected the errors, the follies, nor the vices, of the human family. Public opinion is a conservative aristocrat,—retaining its grasp upon the present, and subjecting the free inquirer after truth to obloquy and reproach.

If the present, then, be an age of improvement, what is the element of that improvement? It is not public opinion;—it is not that new theories have been developed, new principles promulgated;—it is, rather, that men have begun to act according to the principles long ago developed and understood. They are reducing their theories to practice. Lycurgus and Solon, Demosthenes and Cicero, Confucius and Zeno, are illustrious examples, teaching us that the rights of humanity were understood by the most ancient legislators and statesmen. It is the work of this age to give to these principles of truth a practical development—to exhibit, not our theoretical wisdom, but our moral courage,—that we are the men to act, as well as think, *right*,—that, having found the root of the tree of Truth, we have not laid it up to dry in some elevated recess or some antiquated cloister, but have dared to plant it in congenial soil, to water it with the rain and the dews of heaven, and to look for its growth and its development, confident that its shade will produce no darkness—that its leaves will produce no blight, no disease, no death—but that it will be for light, for health and life, to all that shall behold it.

But, it may be asked, what has all this to do whit

Odd-Fellowship? Much every way. Odd-Fellowship has seized upon one of the great principles of truth, and is holding it up to the gaze of an admiring world. That principle did not originate with Odd-Fellowship: it had always been known; it was taught by philosophy; it was taught by religion; Jesus Christ promulgated it, sanctified it anew, made it a part of his own glorious gospel; it has always been taught by his ministers, reiterated from the sacred desk, exhibited in the lives of the truly pious; and it has been the adornment of the great, the noble, and the good, of every age. Odd-Fellowship has only made itself, as it were, a candlestick from which the light of this truth might radiate. It claims no part in the invention, nor any merit in the discovery; but it has dared, and is daring, to use it, to plant it, and to water it, and with confidence to look for the harvest. This principle is fraternity—a universal brotherhood—a recognition of the claims of humanity, of brotherly attachment and regard. It is this principle which has given us, if I mistake not, what of popularity we have in the world. There is no magic in the name of an Odd-Fellow. It is not the enchantment of secresy which has drawn and is holding us together;—it is our principles; our principles carried out in practice. We have dared to be to each other as brothers—to create among ourselves a universal fraternity. A mighty nation has beheld us, and has made our cherished principle the watchword of its independence. It is natural for us to glory in it, for it is the promulgation of a truth. Fraternity exists even in heaven. And if the fair fabric of our Order shall ever totter to its fall, it will not

be from anything defective in its principles, but because we, as individuals, prove ourselves unworthy of that connection by which we claim the title of "ODD-FELLOW."

This principle, the principle of fraternity, is ultimate and radical. It is therefore progressive and reformatory. It is not subject to the fluctuations of time—to changes of place, circumstance, or condition. It is adapted to every place and to all circumstances. It binds wealth to poverty. Under its influence, the most wealthy and the poorest claim a kindred tie,—and under certain restrictions, regulated only by the voice of conscience and the Divine testimony, have equal claim to enjoy the bounties of Providence. The virtuous and the vicious extend to each other the hand of Christian charity and of brotherly regard. "Go to! I am more holy than thou"—is the principle of conservatism. "However fallen, thou art my brother"—is the Christian doctrine of fraternal love. It

> "Believes not of the veriest wretch
> That all is dark within:
> The heavenly lamp, although obscured,
> Is never quenched by sin."

—It asks, only, Is he a man? and it claims him as a brother;—it entwines around him the arm of sympathy and the hand of friendship;—it draws him up out of the ditch, the slough of misery, into which man is so often sunk;—it throws a mantle of love over his faults;—it purifies his affections, prepares him for more useful and dignified society, and greatly increases his human happiness.

If the institution of Odd-Fellowship has within itself the elements of life, it is because it has breathed in sufficient of this life-giving principle. It is to our organization, what spirit is to matter—the only element which can prevent its grosser substance from crumbling to decay. Our unexampled prosperity; the number and respectability of our membership; our increased and increasing wealth; and, above all, the good name and estimation rapidly being bestowed upon us even by our enemies,—all these might appear, to many, subjects of congratulation and of hope. But take away this principle, and all these only hasten the rapidity of our destruction. They render our overthrow the more certain and the more dreadful, and increase to a fearful extent the responsibility of every member.

It ill becomes the writer of an article for such a work as this to indulge in exhortation. To a good Odd-Fellow it is sufficient to have developed a principle. We read by signs. We have learned to understand by an allusion. It is better that each one should apply the principle for himself. And I close this article with this single remark: Odd-Fellowship, in common with every other institution of the age, can be useful in the great work of human improvement, only in proportion as its members submit themselves to the guidance of ULTIMATE PRINCIPLES.

# MARY, THE LITTLE ORPHAN GIRL.

BY GEORGE F. MARSHALL.

"Fiderat in Deo."—*Isaiah* xxvi. 4.

Little Mary, young and joyous, ever happy, ever gay—
Thy cheerful face so full of gladness, smiling as the summer's day.
Thy youthful heart unused to care, so spotless and so free,
Thy tender voice and artless mien, attract our love for thee.

When but an infant in her arms thy mother fell asleep,
Thy tender years were yet too few to know, to feel, to weep;
Yet still thy father's watchful eye, his faithful, guardian care,
Alone didst guide thy wayward feet from paths that sin ensnare.

But ah, thou merry, happy child, how changeful are life's scenes,
Each day doth bring its joys, its woes, and ever-varying dreams.
Dear Mary in the morn of life, its loveliest, brightest day,
Thine only earthly guide and hope, *thy father passed away!*

An orphan thus, without a guide, no brother, sister, friend;
No generous spirit near to guard thy feet, thy lot defend.
A band of brothers firmly bound in Friendship, Love, and Truth,
Claimed thy father as their own and now will guard thy youth.

Thy mother, Mary, sleeps in death, thy father's spirit's fled,
We soon must follow to the grave and mingle with the dead:
Then shall we trust in man to-day, and seek the road he trod?
There's nothing good, eternal, true, there is nothing sure but God.

Thy father in his dying hour consoled thy fancied fears,
He taught thee of thy present hope and that of coming years;
Then Mary, put thy trust beyond the scenes of time and sense,
And ever know that God alone IS THINE ONLY SURE DEFENCE.

# HARVEST-HOME.

BY F. SAUNDERS.

To the lover of nature, there is no scene so genial and refreshing, so spirit-stirring, as the glad return of the harvest. The alternations of the seasons—the joyous spring decked in her bright, fresh garniture of green—the gaudy multiflora of summer—the luxuriant fruits of the gorgeous autumn—and the blanched, cold beauty of winter, have each their peculiar charms, to fascinate the eye and affect the heart; but more than all, the glorious ingathering of the golden grain—the precious "staff of life"—awakens in the human breast the deepest emotion—in its silent appeal to our grateful adoration to that beneficent Being who "gives us all things richly to enjoy." It is not a mere poetic fancy that has thus invested nature with this fourfold magnificence; there are a thousand blandishments that bind our hearts to our gentle mother-earth, and when, as on this occasion, she lays bare her bosom, yielding us generous sustenance—who, that has a heart to feel, can gaze upon the spectacle unmoved? Even the wintry landscape, is it not redolent of beauty, in its pure, fleecy drapery, covering the blighted ground—the leafless trees, spangled with jewels or the delicate spires of grass sheathed in virgin silver? And who does not confess the entran-

cing loveliness of the returning spring — arrayed in richest verdure, all radiant with her sunny smiles; inspiring the heart with the gladdening hopes of coming delights? Or have the glowing tints of summer-flowers no power to woo the spirit to sweet repose by their ever-changeful variety and surpassing beauty? And shall that "sweet sabbath of the year" — the glorious autumn, with its lavish treasures of delicious fruits — its gorgeous tints — its glowing sky — and balmy breath — awake no grateful response in human hearts, while all other living things are vocal with the chorus of nature's happy jubilee?

It is matter of regret that a custom so poetic and picturesque as the celebration of harvest, should, with many other good old rural festivals, have been suffered to pass into desuetude. How grateful would be the influence of such periodical episodes in rustic life, in our own land, as the festivities that used to be connected with May-day, when simple-hearted swains and blooming maidens did honor to the birthday of Flora: or as is still the case in Old England — they hold a joyous banquet at the ingathering of the golden grain. These happy seasons of general rejoicing bring all ages and all classes together — the generous impulses of reciprocal affection binding them in a common brotherhood, and causing the common heart to glow with gratitude to Heaven. Our modern conventionalism and so-called refinement too oft forbid the free utterances of the heart; and the exuberant joy — like that of childhood — which smiled benignantly upon such pleasant, peaceful scenes, have deprived us of some of the sweetest charms of rural life

"Hail! happy harvest home!
To thee the muse of nature pours the song
By instinct taught to warble. Scene sublime!
Where the rich earth presents her golden treasures!"

"Harvest-time," says Hone, "is as delightful to look upon, with us who are compelled to be mere spectators of it, as it was in the golden age, when the gatherers and rejoicers were one. The fields are all alive with figures and groups that seem, in the eye of the artist, to be made for pictures—pictures that he can see but one fault in—namely, that they will stand still but for a moment for him to paint them. He must, therefore, be content, as we are, to keep them as studies in the storehouse of memory." Such a picture has the master-hand of our artist presented before us.

Harvest celebrations, in some form or other, have been, and are, observed among almost all nations: their antiquity, indeed, is coeval with the history of husbandry. These rural rejoicings had their origin in some of the finest feelings that adorn humanity—gratitude, hospitality, and piety. The Jewish custom of offering up "first-fruits" was doubtless copied by the heathen nations—who did the same to their deities. Our Indians have their "green-corn dance" and other ceremonies, which exhibit some analogy with these practices. All agricultural people, it is natural to suppose, on the close of their toil, should indulge in some such demonstration. Sowing is symbolical of hope; reaping, of rejoicing. Festivity is but the reflex of inward joy.

The Hebrews had their "feast of tabernacles," the heathens their harvest-feasts, the Saxons held similar ceremonies, and the "harvest-home" is but a continua-

tion of the same custom—the greatest rural holyday in England. There seems to have been a customary salutation in vogue in primitive times, as we learn from the sacred writings; as when Boaz came from Bethlehem, he said unto the reapers, "The Lord be with you," and the response was, "The Lord bless thee." And in those patriarchal days the generous farmer would fling many a liberal handful from the sheaves, in accordance with the admonition given to the Jewish husbandman, "Thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy fields; thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger."

Vacina, or Vacuna (the tutelar deity of rest), among the ancients, was the name of the goddess to whom sacrifice was offered at the conclusion of the harvest. Imbibing the example, the Romish church used to suspend her chaplets of corn on poles, as offerings of consecration.

It was formerly a custom in some parts of England, to give what was called a *maiden feast*. At the close of harvesting the last handful of corn reaped in the field was called the *maiden*. This was generally arranged so as to fall into the hands of one of the prettiest girls of the village—the rustic harvest-queen—who, decked with garlands and gay ribands, was escorted home in triumph, with music, and bursts of joyous enthusiasm. We see in this time-honored custom a beautiful and primitive picture; it was the same thousands of years ago. Abraham and the early patriarchs have looked upon such scenes—rich pictures, mellowed with the sunsets of ages. We see in Egypt, Joseph and his brethren—Abraham and Isaac overlooking the harvest-fields

E. Walker 114 Fulton St.

Engd by John McRae

*Harvest Home*

from their tents—David's household busied in gathering in the grain—Ruth "weeping amid the alien corn"—and our Savior himself gathering the ears of wheat on the sabbath-day—with a thousand other incidents connected with the sacred page.

We gather from an ancient scribe of the sixteenth century, Hentzer, that the country people of his day used to celebrate their harvest-home in the following manner: Their last load of corn they decorated with flowers, having, besides, an image richly dressed, intended to represent Ceres. This they kept moving about, while men and women, riding on the wagon, kept up a merry shout. "This image is apparelled in great finery, crowned with flowers, a sheaf of corn placed under her arm, and a sickle in her hand, carried out of the village in the morning of the conclusive reaping day, with music and much clamor of the reapers, into the field, where it stands fixed on a pole all day, and when the reaping is done, is brought home in like manner. This they call the harvest-queen, and it represents the Roman Ceres." The song they sing begins in this wise:—

"We have ploughed, we have sowed,
We have reaped, we have mowed,
We have brought home every load,
Hip, hip, hip—harvest-home."

Joy to ye, thrice happy harvesters! well may your hearts be glad, and your tongues so tuneful: the reward of your patient watching and toil has been safely garnered in, and your loud anthem-chorus is but the fitting echo of your grateful joy. How sage a moral might be deduced from such a spectacle as this, were it need-

ful to indite a homily: for, in the words of a modern lyrist:—

"Life has its Seasons:—
And Time, on a chariot of hours,
Rolls to Eternity's gate.
Adown a dim valley, where flowers,
Bereft of their beauty,
Lie withered and scattered by Fate.

"Hearts have their Harvests:—
And Sorrow goes after the reapers
To mildew the yellow grain;
While Pity, in tears,
Stands watching the laboring weepers
Go reaping a harvest of pain.

"Youth is the Seed-time:—
The season of sunshine and showers,
That nurtures the delicate germ,
Which, in life's autumn,
Will bring to our bosoms sweet flowers,
Or thorns and a cankering worm.

"God's is the Harvest:—
Whose sickle by Mercy is wielded
Among the ripe grain and the tares;
Unto his garner
The sheaves of the gleaner are yielded,
With Harvest Home anthems and prayers."

# THE PICTURES OF THE PAST.

BY CARL LINLEY.

"Fearfully flitting to and fro,
As the gusts on the tapestry come and go."—BYRON.
"Lifeless but lifelike."—*Idem.*

In the stillness of the night-time, when the moon hath veiled her beams,
And the guiltless and the innocent are happy in their dreams—
While I watch for sleep's low footfall with overwearied eyes,
Then a thousand old remembrances within my bosom rise,
Dark and fearful as the clouds which lead their armies on the skies.

Old pictures start before mine eyes of days that long have fled,
As if the ghosts of those should rise whom we had deemed were dead;—
Old pictures and unwelcome, thronging Mem'ry's magic wall,
That fill my heart with gloomy thoughts I love not to recall—
As though I watched beside the dead or followed at their pall.

Pictures wonted and familiar, that a skilful hand hath made,
Complete in every outline, and in color, and in shade;—
Broken altars of the promises that long within have slept—
Withered roses of my hopes, and ruined vows I have not kept,
And faces sad and sorrowful with whom I oft have wept.

One face more beautiful than all I see among the rest,
That with its meek, reproving look makes sad my troubled breast;
For while I gaze upon that face abstractedly and long,
I seem to hear it speak to me of past and bitter wrong,
That oftentimes I weave with prayer, but may not in my song.

And then I turn away my head and wildly pray for sleep,
But only turn with burning tears my pillow lone to steep;
For still I see that mild, sweet face, and still I hear that tone,
The sweetest, though it wounds me, that mine ear has ever known,
In the silence of my chamber when I'm troubled and alone.

How strange that old remembrances will never cease to last!
That memory hath such a power upon the dim, dead past!
For always bringeth she to light the things that wound us most,
And drives our spirits at her will, like vessels on a coast,
And bids us gaze at hateful things we hoped for ever lost.

Oh! it would be a goodly thing if we could bid depart,
Those spectres from her burial-place that come to fright the heart;
If o'er the lattice of the past, like summer's thrifty vine,
The tendrils of our present joys would lovingly entwine:—
But mem'ry heedeth no man's words—she will not stay for mine.

Sleep comes at last, blest comforter! her fingers press mine eyes,
And when I wake the morning sun is smiling in the skies,
And all those pictures that arose at memory's stern will—
Save one—have left her magic wall, as shadows leave the hill;
*Save one!* that voice that tells of wrong! it speaketh to me still.

# A WINTER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

BY HENRY S. PATTERSON, M. D.

Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of Pennsylvania.

A WINTER night—a dreary, howling, bitter winter night, when the air is filled with weird noises, and the drifting snow covers every object as with a winding-sheet, —is just the time to hug one's self close and closer with an intense feeling of creature-comfort in one's cushioned arm-chair, and before a crackling grate of anthracite. So I sat that evening. Every time the gale whistled louder and shriller than usual, and the shutters banged, and the loose sash rattled, the red coals leaped up into a blaze of defiance, and the discomfited wind moaned away dismally into the distance. The very tread of the occasional passer-by, as it fell muffled on the snowy pavement, and he tried to cheer his path with a sorry attempt at song, seemed to add to the comfort of the time. How I laughed to myself as the half-finished stave died away in a melancholy quaver, and the poor devil gave it up in despair, to wrap himself tighter in his cloak and push on silently to his distant home. O, it was a glorious contrast, without and within, and I nestled into my capacious chair with a chuckle of self-gratulation. Just then an almost inaudible footstep shuffled by, in the pauses of the storm, and the weakly wail of an infant came under my very window, and with it a trem-

ulous lullaby that seemed broken by a sob. I felt startled—perhaps vexed. It was a disturbance. Was it anything more? What right had that woman to be out with her baby in the pitiless storm? Perhaps—but it was gone already, and I settled back again, and took up my book, and thought of a cigar. How the gentle, dreamy curling of the white smoke from a Principe would mock the wildly drifting snow-wreaths without!

I don't know how it was, but the air grew chilly, and the fire was dim. I looked at the lamp, and it seemed to shine feebly through a wavering, iridescent circle, now contracting and now expanding, till it faded to a red point in the dull mist. All present environments passed away from me, or I from them, and I had a part in the wild turmoil of the elements, in spite of me. I had but a half sense of what was about me, but it was all dreary and terrible. How I came there I knew not, but I was in the centre of desolation. The barren earth was iron beneath my feet—the cold rocks rose cragged, riven, disjointed, like a wall around me—the frozen clouds stretched like a dungeon roof between me and the heavens. No sign of life was visible. Great boulders lay heaped together, worn by the deluge into fantastic shapes that looked like the bleached skeletons of giants. Bright and many-colored crystals gleamed on me from the rocks, like the frozen eyes of dead men. But no living thing crawled over their surface, not a moss covered them with the tiniest patch of green. I was alone. I had severed myself from my kind. I had shut myself out from the warm sympathies of my nature, and therefore I was here. I would have fled, but I

could not move. I had found the solitude I sought, and desolation was my portion. The cold grew more intense, and I was stiffening into the semblance of the rocky shapes around, in which I then thought I could perceive the forms of those who, before me, had chosen the same dreary lot. I struggled in my agony and cried aloud, but my voice fell noiseless on the dead and stagnant air. Life seemed ebbing apace, when in my inmost heart there arose a deep longing for human sympathy. Would that I could see one glimpse of a pitying human face before I died! Then a still whisper, I knew not whence nor how, thrilled sternly through my brain: "The limb that will be severed from the body, must perish in its loneliness." I groaned, and still I struggled, and still my heart yearned more and more for the company of my kind, and I cried aloud: "Let me but look upon a brother's kindly face, ere I perish for ever!" At that moment—with that wish—I felt that my prayer was granted, and the bitterness of death passed from me. The icy cold seemed to abate, and a distant sound trembled along the air. Nearer and nearer it came, and I knew that I was no longer cut off from my race. The sense of desolation was lightened, and I felt glad for myself that I was delivered from it. Then the sound became an inarticulate murmur, and dim forms flitted obscurely through the gray twilight. As the tumult thickened, it seemed to decompose itself into an infinity of noises, and my heart stood still to listen. Shrieks of pain and terror rose piercingly above the din. The cry of women and the shrill wailing of infants mingled with yells of rage, and oaths, and blasphemies,

and the delirious laughter of the drunkard. Groans of pain and pitiful prayers for mercy swelled upon the air, only to be drowned by ribald songs and execrations of bitterest hate. I opened my eyes, and the floating mists took shape before me. Crime, disease, human wickedness, and human wretchedness, in all their multiform hideousness, were personified

Then a noisome, sulphurous vapor filled the air, and a lurid red shot up into the sky. I thought that at last the pit had opened, to take back its own; but as the vapor rolled away, I saw two armies, with banners, in the heat of conflict, making for themselves a hell upon the bosom of the blood-stained earth. The scene passed quicker than thought, and on the corpse-strewn field I saw villages given to the flames, men to the sword, and women to a fate worse than death, while the high and mighty of the earth united in shouts of triumph, and priests in robes of silk came forth to sing Te Deum over the glorious victory. I closed my eyes in horror, and when I opened them again there stood right before me a female form, whose rags scarce covered her shivering frame. Icicles hung from her matted hair, and the snow-flakes clung to her scanty covering, as she held toward me the pinched and bloodless face of a dead infant. Cold and hunger had done their work, and its lustreless eye could no longer respond to the tremulous, sobbing lullaby the mother still murmured. I recognised the sound that had passed under my window, and I fell upon my face in terror. I pressed my eyes upon the dust, and placed my hands upon my ears, and cried aloud: "If this be human companionship, give me

back the desolation of solitude!" But I was alone no longer. I felt the woman lay her icy hand upon me, and place the dead infant close to my side, and whisper in my ear: "Didst thou not know that I was thy sister and that this child was thine also, to keep and care for?" And my agony grew stronger, and I cried: "God have mercy upon me, Cain that I have been, and give me strength to be my brother's keeper!"

My burden seemed to grow lighter, and, as I lay by the infant body, I clasped it in my arms, and watered it with tears of penitence and grief. The noises died away from about me. The air seemed warmer, and a gentle breeze lifted my hair and fanned my brow. There seemed to be over me a rustling of leaves and the hum of insects. I raised my eyes, and there was desolation no longer; but all around me was the manifold activity of vegetable and animal life. As I arose from the ground, the birds joined in a glad chorus that made the woods echo, and filled my breast with peace. The woman was gone. I looked for the dead infant, but it was not there; only on the spot where it laid, there nodded a single moss-rose on a slender stalk. I gazed around in wonder, and saw an old man, of serene and gentle aspect, seated upon a moss-covered fragment of the rock. He was clad in a long robe of gray; his brow was bald and polished, and his white beard hung to his girdle. There were sandals on his feet; and in his hand he carried a tall staff, whose top was wrought into the likeness of an ibis seated among lotus-flowers. He smiled as he saw me stooping toward the flower, and said: "Pluck it and wear it; there is virtue in its odor

for thee, to refresh thy spirit and guide thy way. May its tender blossom be for thee the earnest of an unfading wreath, when thou hast gathered more!"

As I plucked the rose and placed it in my bosom, its sweet perfume seemed to fill the air, and to imbue my spirit and my flesh with renewed life and vigor. The sun, emerging from behind the passing clouds, beamed down into the valley in living floods of light. I knew that a change had come over me; but what it was, or whence it came, I could not tell. I felt an unutterable longing that my path should be made clear to me; for a vague sense of duty impelled me to some labor, I knew not what, nor where. Then I turned to the old man, who watched my every motion with an intent interest, and said, "Father and friend, the glowing light bathes all the outward world with radiance; but tell me, I implore thee, how shall I find a ray to illumine the dark depths of my spirit? The genial sun dissolves the icy shackles that have bound material nature; but who shall strike the chains from my bounden soul?"

"The soul," said he, smiling, "is illuminated only by the recollection of divinity; its liberty consists only in implicit obedience to the primal law. So learned I from the immemorial wisdom of Egypt, and so taught I my disciples in old Crotona; and the lesson stands unfaded, while Osiridian temple and scholastic hall have crumbled into dust."

"But alas! thou wise Pythagoras," said I,—"for I know thee now,—how shall I have recollection of that I have never known?"

"Thou hast suffered its material crust to shut out

thy spirit from the spiritual sun, in whose glow it first took being; but it beams brightly as ever. The great Unity in its essence thou canst not know; the Omnific Wisdom thou canst not comprehend; the Universal Love is beyond thy grasp. But though thou canst not see the illimitable air, thou canst draw from it the breath of thy life; though thou canst not touch the sun, thou canst bask in its beams; though thou canst not grasp the round earth, thou canst repose on its maternal bosom. Only in part and in detail canst thou know Him. Not till thy race is run and the goal won, canst thou recognise the One in All. Rise above sense, and, in the clear atmosphere of the spirit, learn to see and love only the Good, the True, and the Beautiful; and these shall be thy guides to his everlasting day."

"But alas!" said I, "I know not how nor where to begin. How shall I take the first step in my upward course?"

"Thou hast but to look upon the blossom on thy breast!" answered the sage; "How one burst of true human sympathy and love has changed the universe to thee, and blooms before thee still! Take heed lest it wither for want of the company of its kind."

"Father of mysteries," said I, "is there not, among the deep things of thy hidden lore, some clue to the secrets of the spirit-world, some guide to the tangled paths of life?"

"Alas!" said he, with a mournful smile, "the temples are thrown down, the priests are gone, and the mystic halls are the abode of unclean things. Perhaps it is better so, for the world rushes on and the fates will

not be stayed, and new forms give newer and higher manifestations of the unchanging truth. But he who seeks that truth, in humble and hopeful earnestness of spirit, can never fail to reach it by some of the manifold ways that have been opened to saints and sages in the countless centuries of time."

"Father and friend, be thou my guide," I cried eagerly; "leave me not until the path is found."

"By mystic sign and ceremony," said he, "I ever taught that the deep things of the soul could be better disclosed than by dry didactics; for so found those wisest of men who made for Wisdom her choicest seats by the oozy banks of the Nile. May it prove so to thee! Let us proceed."

Silently he passed on, and I followed him, through a deep ravine, whose towering sides almost shut out the light. At length we emerged upon a plain, covered with funereal cypress, and melancholy yew, and sadly-drooping weeping-willows. The little, grass-grown hillocks, with here and there a glistening white stone, marked it as the place of the dead. It seemed as though centuries of generations had there found their last home on earth. Suddenly my guide paused by the side of an open grave, and as we stood, there came a train of mourners bearing the body of a friend to its long repose. Without a word, they laid it in the ground, and then retired with the deep sobbings of an unutterable wo.

"Sad, indeed," said my guide, "is death to those who see naught beyond the tomb. Blest are they who can bury the lusts of the flesh in a living grave, and

walk in the spiritual world while yet in life. But our end is not here."

Passing on, I soon perceived that he directed his steps toward a muffled figure that sat upon a monument hard by. He seemed bent with the weight of years, and his frame trembled, I could not tell whether with stifled sobs or with the palsy of old age. As we approached he raised his countenance, and to my surprise, the furrowed features beamed with a peace too profound for words. "They are all here," said he, pointing to a cluster of mounds at his feet, "they are all here, and I wait my time to lay me down by their sides, that my spirit may be more than ever with them in bliss."

"Thou hast lived long upon the earth, father," said my guide, who appeared almost youthful beside the venerable form; "what hast thou to tell us as the lesson of thy life?"

"Only this," was the reply, "the same that was said by the wise man of old: 'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' "

"Hast thou no counsel," continued my guide, "for this youth, who would fain be directed in the right way?"

"Let him remember," was the answer, "that in the practice of Friendship, Love, and Truth, he will find a guide to his feet and a lamp to his path. There, down that straight and narrow road, he will find the way."

Vaguely guessing the meaning of what he said, I followed my guide down the narrow path, where, at the termination of the grove, we stood before a closed and massive gate. "Here, my son," said he, "we part.

The dispensation of which I was a portion is closed and gone. The great truth, which was the meditation of my life and the daily bread of my spirit, is grand and lovely as ever; but the modes of its manifestation are changed. Lighter proof, easier way, fuller light, are given thee. Go on thy way, trustful of heart; and may the supernal influences be over thee and about thee for ever!"

He disappeared, I knew not how, and I continued to gaze wistfully at the closed gate, when suddenly its ponderous leaves flew wide open without an audible sound. I would fain have rushed in, with the conviction that what I so earnestly sought was there; but two sentinels with crossed swords stood on the threshold, and behind the barrier of steel, in the middle of the path, stood one of noble and commanding mien, whose steady gaze riveted me to the spot. I was conscious of a throng within, though but few were visible, and I heard a clear-toned voice reading aloud from holy writ the lofty prophecies of the coming peace upon earth, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, and there shall be none to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain. I paused irresolutely, when he who stood in the gate addressed me mildly, but firmly,—"Who art thou that would enter these sacred precincts? What claim canst thou urge for entrance here?"

I hesitated, for I knew not what to answer, and a feeling of despair seemed to draw me back from the gate; when a voice—soft, clear, and melodious as the warbling of a distant flute in the silence of midnight—answered at my side, "By virtue of his humanity, by

virtue of his sonship to the Universal Father, by virtue of the celestial seal impressed upon his spirit ere it was imprisoned in the flesh, by virtue of his aspirations for light and liberty,—I, Hope, who am present to man when all else fails, claim for this my ward, admission to your temple and its privileges."

I looked around and beheld a youthful maiden, clad in a garment of spotless white, unbroken except by a golden anchor that lay upon her gently-heaving bosom. Over her shoulders fell glistening waves of golden hair, and on her forehead played a lambent flame, twinkling like a fair, white star. Her countenance was gentle, and her deep eyes beamed with an expression of earnest longing, but without sadness. Taking me by the hand, she led me through the gate, whose guardians fell back on either hand, to permit our passage. Within were many persons, some youthful and some gray with years, who appeared to be absorbed in their various occupations, or reclining listlessly upon the ground, or engaged in animated conversation. Regarding them with an aspect of gentle reproof, she said: "Prisoners of hope, behold one who lingers not among your throng, but presses on to where hope is lost in fruition. Be yours at last the same noble choice." She then led me onward, and I perceived now that I was in but an outer court of the temple, which rose high before me. Its white walls gleamed brightly in the sunshine, and its architecture, huge and sublime though it was, seemed to me grotesque and shapeless. On the walls were sculptured strange devices, and at times the figures of objects the most common and familiar. Here was an eye, from

which spread the rays of light, and beneath it an angel flying through the clouds with an open volume. There was a Hercules striving to break across his knee a bundle of rods, while every muscle seemed strained, and every blood-vessel distended, in the fruitless effort. Near by was a rainbow spanning a smoking altar, and farther on a beehive with its company of busy workers flitting to and fro. These and a host of other figures attracted my attention, as they did that of many more in the throng. Some, with confident expression of face, were expounding their meaning to knots of eagerly listening auditors. Each had his own theory of the moral to be deduced, and all disagreed, but none could read in them a higher lesson than the duty of giving, out of the superabundance of our goods, to the needy and suffering. "O mean and worldly," said my guide, mournfully, "when will ye learn that virtue lies deeper than the act? Come thou with me." I felt her soft hand pressing me forward, and I went on gladly, for I seemed inwardly chilled, and almost stupefied with an indolent vapor that hovered over the crowd. She led me directly to the wall in which I could perceive no door or other aperture. Then addressing me, she said: "Bravely hast thou come thus far. Now I commit thee to my elder sister, who will show thee greater things." Taking the golden anchor from her bosom, she placed it my hand, and leading me to where three links of a chain were sculptured in the marble, she directed me to press it against the centre of the middle link. Immediately I seemed to melt through the solid wall, and found myself within a vaulted chamber, and in the pres-

ence of a woman clothed, as with the sky, in a robe of shining azure, dotted with sparkling stars. Her countenance was calm as the cloudless heaven of a summer noontide, and her eyes were cast upward with an expression of seraphic joy. Around her head was a wreath of evergreen, and she leaned upon a slender white cross, in the centre of which was traced, in delicate outline, the figure of a lamb. In an instant she turned her luminous eye upon me, and laying her light hand softly on my head, she said: "Now thou art mine, and hast learned that the anchor of Hope is the key to the dwelling of Faith. Come with me, and when I have taught thee many things I will conduct thee to a greater than I am. Regard what thou seest, and let the lesson sink deep into thy heart."

She then clothed me in a white robe, which she told me was in token of innocence and purity of intention, and without which none could penetrate farther into the temple. Looking around the apartment, which was beautiful in style, luxurious in its appointments, surrounded with works of art, and odorous with the breath of innumerable flowers, I found myself in the midst of a goodly company who were all clad like myself. Their countenances were cheerful, and their deportment frank and graceful. Each seemed desirous to assist and oblige his neighbor. They waited upon one another with acts of kindest courtesy, and universal good feeling seemed to reign among them. There was no mark of dissatisfaction or discontent, no evidence of suspicion, or dislike, or indifference. There was undisturbed harmony, and yet I felt that there was a coldness that

oppressed me, and for which I could not account. I looked inquiringly at my guide, who said: "Thou art right. It lacks the vital warmth. Yet how much better than the spirit without. There none could rise beyond mere formal alms-giving to the wretched. Here we reach the idea of friendship. This it is that softens the manners of men, breaks down the rude violence of the barbarian, and first moulds society into shape and comeliness. It is the first step for those who would go farther, but it is not enough for thee. Our way lies here?" So saying, she raised a veil which covered one end of the hall, and led me into another apartment. Here, as before and afterward, I noticed that I ascended one step on entering the room. I paused on the threshold to admire the beauty of the scene. The ceiling was a lofty dome of clearest blue, across whose immense expanse was spanned a brilliant rainbow. In the centre of the marble floor was an altar, supported by three columns, and on it lay an open volume and a golden censer which sent up clouds of rarest incense to the roof, where the bright hues of the rainbow seemed ever to dance and waver through them. The dome was supported by twelve massive columns, wrought into the semblance of rods confined by a spiral band, and from the richly-flowered capital of each hung a bow and a quiver full of golden arrows. Between the columns were hangings of the choicest tapestry, whose highly-colored figures seemed lighted up only by the rainbow and the flame of the golden censer, and yet it was bright as day. On one I saw Noah with his rescued family kneeling around the altar upon Ararat. On an-

other, I could recognise Abraham receiving angel-visiters at the door of his tent. Another showed Æsop's familiar story of the father teaching his sons union and its strength by his simple device. On the next, I saw the story of the heroic devotion of Damon and Pythias. There, too, was the Roman daughter, and that noble Gertrude who would share the rack with her doomed husband, and the wan, unsmiling king who placed beside him on his throne the corpse of the wife whom persecution allowed to wear no crown in life; with many other instances of love stronger than death. My guide conducted me past these in rapid review, and paused before one, of more magnificent proportions than the rest, which told the touching history of the love of Jonathan and David. She pointed to where the two stood before the stone Ezel, the stalwart frame of David convulsed with grief, as he clasped the form and bowed upon the breast of the tall son of Saul, whose right arm and face were raised to heaven, as in pronouncing the solemn oath of unalterable devotion. She said no word, but, as she pointed, the meaning of the history dawned upon my mind with a fulness it never before possessed. At length she asked: "Hast thou the strength for this?" I paused a moment, ere I replied, "I trust I have—I pray that I may have." With a smile of encouragement, she put upon me a robe of pink, such as decks the clouds at sunrise, placed a bow in my hand and a quiver on my shoulder, and led me among a throng of persons similarly arrayed. Here the intercourse I at once saw to be warmer and more cordial than among those I had left. Each seemed to esteem it a privilege

to serve the others, not only in acts of outward courtesy, but with heart and soul. Affection beamed from every eye. Nothing but words of gentlest kindness, of most affectionate counsel, and of tenderest pity, were heard. There was none to judge his neighbor, but all to aid and bless him. A wonderful unanimity of feeling seemed to pervade the mass. Whatever was done was done at once, for all united in its accomplishment as with one thought and intent. The spirit of the place seemed to enter into me, and I felt that each individual present was a nearer and dearer self. I moved among them, and everywhere kind voices greeted me with hearty welcome, and warm hands grasped mine with tender pressure. I perceived, also, that in the palm of each was the figure of a heart that seemed to palpitate with the warm life-current. Suddenly, as if by preconcert, and yet at no signal that I heard or saw, all turned toward the altar, and a venerable figure, approaching the sacred volume, turned the leaves and read with solemn voice the words, "Are not we all brethren? Hath not the one God made us?" Then arose from the whole company a joyful shout of assent and of grateful thanks. Then he read the parable of the Good Samaritan; and when he had done, a strain of sweetest music seemed to trance the very air. There were those that played on the harp, and sackbut, and many ancient instruments whose names I did not know; but the harmony was perfect and the melody exquisite. Then all joined in a solemn chant, which was first a plaintive wailing for the woes of humanity, then a warbled prayer for strength to assuage and overcome them, and at last

a triumphant burst of praise. I would gladly have remained for ever with them; but my guide touched my arm and said, "These are they that have learned the divine lesson of Love. Thou shalt be of them, but first I must present thee to our eldest sister—she who is the chief in our trinity of the heart."

As we turned toward the farther end of the apartment, I beheld a gorgeous pavilion, which I wondered that I had not before perceived. Its ponderous folds of scarlet and cloth of gold fell in rich masses upon the pavement, and its summit was crowned with a sheaf of golden wheat, that glowed as with an internal light. Along the flowered cornice ran the legend, "Now there abide Hope, Faith, and Charity—these three; but the greatest of these is Charity." The curtain at the entrance was drawn, and on one side was a statue of the many-breasted Isis, the Great Mother, and on the other a colossal Cybele with a cornucopia in her hand. Between them stood a majestic female form, stately and matronly, clad in a robe of white, bordered with blue, and bound by a scarlet girdle. Her countenance was calm and thoughtful, but it breathed a deep love that touched my inmost heart, and I felt impelled to throw myself at her feet and kiss the hem of her garment. When I would have rushed forward, I was startled and held fast by a pale mist that arose between me and the pavilion. Gradually it took form, and I beheld again the pinched features of that frozen and famished mother, as she appeared to me in the wilderness. She stretched toward me her pale, thin hands, as if in supplication, and the mute appeal of her fixed eyes fell cold upon

my spirit. I bowed my head upon my hands and wept bitterly over my sin and my inability to make reparation. It seemed as though she were a barrier I could never pass; when my guide whispered in my ear, "Hast thou not a talisman to exorcise the ghost from the threshold?" With sudden recollection, I plucked from my bosom the little bud that still bloomed there. When she saw it, a warm light overspread her countenance, the icicles that hung from her matted hair changed before me into drops of pearl, and the clinging snow-flakes expanded into clusters of orange-flowers and nodding-lilies of the valley. The rosebud swelled in my hand, and soon it became an infant form with downy wings, that flew from me to nestle on the maternal bosom of her who, by a wondrous change, seemed now to be the same with Charity herself. She smiled upon me benignly, and said, "Know that every impulse of unmixed and unselfish love is a messenger from above, to recall the soul to a recollection of its Divine Fountain. But thy rest is not yet. Come, we will lead thee on to deeper insight and to higher grades."

My guide then took from me my robe of pink, with my bow and quiver, and, clothing me in a garment of blue like her own, placed a rod in my hand. She then led me through the open door of the tent, and the two sisters passed on by my side, the winged infant hovering before us, and seeming to cast from it a rosy light that illumined our way. As we entered the next apartment, I noticed that its style was entirely different from those through which I had passed. Instead of gracefulness and beauty, it presented an air of stern

grandeur and severity. Yet there was nothing rude or savage. There was everywhere the most perfect symmetry of form and correctness of proportion. The prevailing idea was that of harmony and strictest accuracy. From the high vault above, there hung, by a chain of three gigantic links, a ponderous scale-beam, poised with an accuracy that showed no hair-breadth of departure from the nicest equilibrium in the pendent basins. Over it watched one with a glittering sword, whose eye was never moved from the index that marked its constant equipoise. Near him watched two others, one of whom bore in his hand a plumb-line, which he ever contemplated, and the other a measuring-rod and square. As we approached, the first raised his gleaming blade and cried, "Wo to him at whose approach the scales of Truth waver from the even balance!" I trembled, and would have held back; but Faith urged me on, and Charity wound her tender arm around me to support my tottering steps. "It moves not!" she exclaimed joyfully, as we passed beneath and came to a company who were intently listening to a venerable man seated upon a raised pedestal. His long beard flowed to his girdle; among the white hair on his forehead was the likeness of two luminous horns; a staff, like that I held, leaned against his shoulder; and two tablets of stone were supported in his hand and rested upon his knee. He discoursed eloquently of the beauty and worth of Truth, nnd pointed his hearers to the one great source where may be found all truth in its simple unity. I listened eagerly, and my soul echoed a profound Amen to his warm prayer for direction for all in the true way;

when the hovering infant figure again moved, and my guides led me still onward, placing upon me a garment of emerald green.

The next apartment we entered was wide and cheerful, open on all sides to the light. Instead of pavement, it was spread with a carpet of the brightest greensward, upon which were strewn books, and rolls of parchment, and instruments of singular device. By the door sat one, who seemed deeply intent upon a curious volume that lay half-unrolled upon his lap. He was aroused by our entrance, and turned upon me a face marked deeply with the lines of intense and untiring thought. Inquiring who I was and whence I came, he examined me rigidly in regard to the scenes through which I had passed, and their effect upon my mind. Not the smallest circumstance was omitted, and he insisted upon hearing my interpretation of them all. Apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, he returned to his studies, and we entered. On every side I saw others similarly engaged. Most of them sat, each with forehead resting on his hand, poring on immense tomes. Some were busied with instruments of various kinds, and others bent over fires in which they strove to torture the elements to their will. Some were bowed with age and infirmities, but they pursued their objects with unwavering attention. I knew that I was in the Hall of Wisdom, and I groaned, saying, "Where, in this mass of objects, shall I begin? A life is too short even to commence the work!" Then my younger guide answered, "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh. He who seeks Knowledge must labor in the

endless detail; he who would find Wisdom, has a shorter path. My gentle sister shall teach thee that deepest, yet simplest lore." Then she pointed to where the eyes of thousands were fixed intently upon an object that seemed to hang self-suspended in the air. It was a glancing sun, surrounded by a golden triangle; and in one of the lower angles was a lustrous pearl, in the other a brilliant aqua-marine, and at the apex a glowing carbuncle, that seemed to shower out from its own substance a dazzling crimson light. But Charity said, "Not yet, sister; here the intellect is cleared, the senses purged, and the memory refreshed, by the revival of all good impressions and the abolition of all evil; but the highest lesson is not taught here."

Taking from me my robe of green, they clothed me in a tunic of dazzling white, confined with a scarlet zone, and placed a golden circlet on my brow and a sceptre in my hand. Then they led me, thus regally caparisoned, into the next apartment, the high walls of which were of brightest vermilion, and the dome seemed one immense hemisphere of crimson glass, the variously-refracted light from which played on the floor and walls like waves of liquid flame. Seated on high thrones against the wall, or gathered in knots upon the floor, were numbers of persons arrayed like myself, but under whose tunics I could perceive garments of the fashion of every age and country. They turned their eyes upon me as I entered, and cried with one voice, "Long-expected, welcome! welcome!" and then resumed their former pursuits, or relapsed into attitudes of meditation and repose. My guides led me through the throng, to what

they told me would be my last trial. Placing me before a recess crowned with a five-pointed star, and in the opening of which hung heavily a veil of scarlet velvet, richly embroidered with blue and white, they left me; but the winged infant still hovered in advance of me. I gazed intently upon the veil, through which I believed some mighty revelation was to come, until every thought, feeling, and wish, seemed centred on that spot with a painful intensity, and I was lost to all else around me. Then the folds of the veil wavered and slowly parted, to reveal only a gigantic black coffin standing on end, with a silver skull and cross-bones worked upon the sable surface. I threw myself upon my knees in a sudden agony of disappointment, and cried, "Is this, then, the dark goal of all my labors, and must all my aspirations end for ever here!" But I looked again, and the winged infant moved toward the coffin-lid, and seemed to pass through its solid substance, turning back on me a countenance of gentlest pity and love as it disappeared. Stricken and subdued as I was, I could not turn my eyes from the dismal object. Then they that were in the room clustered around me, and whispered words of counsel and encouragement, all of which it seemed to me I had heard or read before, but not rightly understood until now. One with pointed beard and wide ruffle of lace came to me and said:—

> "There is no danger to the man that knows
> What life and death are: there's not any law
> Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
> That he should stoop to any other law."

Then another, with coarse garments and bare feet, advanced to the object of my fixed regards, and traced

in white letters, upon the black expanse, the words, "*Mors janua vitæ!*" As a glimmering of hope seemed to dawn in my breast, another, in scholastic garb, with a roll of Greek manuscript in his hand, came forward and said with solemn joy: "Our birth is death: death, life and liberty!"

"But wo is me!" I cried, "who shall show me the way to see what passes behind that dark portal, if portal it be?"

Then one in garb of plainest drab came to my side, and said softly: "I found it alone, being forsaken. I had fellowship therein with them that lived in dens and desolate places of the earth, and who through a living death obtained this spiritual resurrection and eternal holy life."

I began to take courage again; and, as I still gazed, the surface of the coffin-lid became like a clear mirror, in whose depths I could see an infant standing by his mother's knee, and the infant face was my own; and, as the mother pointed upward, I could see plainly the heaven that once existed to my childish imagination. Then I bowed my head and wept, and all the memories of later years, with their sins and sorrows, seemed to fade from me, and I was once more a little child. When I raised my eyes again, the mirror was like a crystal sea, whose effulgence was beyond that of the sun at noonday; and the shape of it was a triangle, in the corners of which were again seen the pearl, the aquamarine, and the luminous carbuncle; and in its midst I saw an ivory throne, and on it sat One in white raiment, crowned, and with the globe of the earth in his hand. At the foot of the throne stood Faith, Hope,

and Charity; and around was the innumerable company of the redeemed. Then He that sat upon the throne, said, "I was hungry, and thou didst feed me; I was thirsty, and thou didst give me to drink; I was naked, and thou clothedst me; I was sick and in prison, and thou visitedst me."

"Lord, Lord!" I exclaimed, "would that I had been with thee on earth, that I might have followed in thy footsteps and ministered to thy necessities!"

The answer fell clear and distinct upon my ear, "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of these my little ones, thou hast done it unto me."

Then a still, small voice—that seemed near me or within me, I knew not where, but perhaps in the depths of my own soul—tingled through the silentness, "We command you that you visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan!"

"I will! I will!" I exclaimed with passionate energy. Then He that sat upon the throne seemed to look kindly upon me, and the infant with downy wings again hovered toward me, and the three sisters advanced with joyous looks to embrace and to claim me as their own. As they came near, the image in the mirror faded away—but, as it faded, there arose a triumphal shout, and a burst of rapturous melody that seemed to rend the crystal dome, and—

I leaped from my chair to stare wildly round me at the old familiar friends that filled my room as before. The blue blaze danced on the surface of the crackling coal, and its reflection played and leaped upon the glasses of my book-case. I listened, and

the storm without seemed dying away in distant murmurs. Was that a low wailing of pain beneath my window? No: it was the moaning of the lulled wind; and then came the hoarse cry of the watchman, calling the hour beyond midnight. I picked up the book that had fallen from my hand, to see if it had any part in this mystery. It was the Philosophical Poems of Henry More, and it stood open at the *Insomnium Philosophicum*, where I read thus:—

"These words I read or heard, I know not whether:
Or thought, or thought I thought. It was a dream.
But yet from dreams wise men sound truth may gather,
And some ripe scatterings of high knowledge gleam.
But where or heavy passions cloud the eyes,
Or prejudice, there's nothing can make wise."

## LOVE AND HATE.

BY. C. D. STUART.

Ah, why should men to Hate incline,
When Love is mightier far?—
Why words of wrath or blows of steel,
When peace can conquer war?
Should man alone, of things create,
Delight from Vengeance draw,
Whate'er the cause—so poor is Hate—
When Love is nature's law?
Love robes in bloom the varied earth,
Unites the worlds above,
And birds and beasts—whate'er has birth—
Obey the Law of Love.
Blest spirit! infinite as God,
Pervading every zone,
All else must yield to it at last,
And love shall rule alone.

# FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

BY J. M.

When Friendship, Love, and Truth abound
Among a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gayly round,
Each shares the bliss of others.
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow,
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day,
Shall bloom again to-morrow.

On halcyon wings our moments pass
Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay, good humor smiling;
With ermine beard and forelock gray—
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like winter turned to May,
Night softened into morning.

From these delightful fountains flow
Celestial rills of pleasure:
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
A more resplendent treasure?
Adorned with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a constellation,
Where every star with modest light
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Is holy Friendship, Love, and Truth.

# THE FIRST READING OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

On a green hill in the western part of the old city of Rome—overlooking the scene where the greatest of all the empires of antiquity rose, flourished, and went to decay—still stands the solemn convent of San Onofrio, occupied by the hermits of Saint Jerome, and rendered immortal by the death and tomb of Tasso.

Poor Tasso! His life had been filled with triumphs and sorrows so great, that either were enough to craze his brain. They said he was mad. At all events, he was tired of the world, and surfeited with fame; its trumpet now struck harshly on his ear; his heart, too, was broken. In his old age, he withdrew from the courts of princes, and the noise of the world, to the cypress shades of Sant' Onofrio, with feelings which he has touchingly described in a beautiful letter to his beloved friend Costantini: "Mi sono fatto condurre in questo monastero di Sant' Onofrio, non solo perchè l'aria è lodata da' medici, piu che d'alcun' altra parte di Roma, ma quasi per cominciare da questo luogo eminente è colla conversazione di questi divoti Padri, la mia conversazione in cielo." (Lett. cxcvi.)—"I have retired to this monastery of Sant' Onofrio, not only because the air is praised by physicians above any other

part of Rome, but as if to begin from this elevated place, and in the conversation of these devout Fathers, my conversation in heaven."

The gray-headed old monks are still there, and they show you Tasso's tomb in a corner of the chapel, with this brief inscription on a little slab of marble: "TORQUATI TASSI OSSA." And then they show you the room in which he died, and you look from the same window he looked from on Rome, great even in her ruins; and far away over the Campagnia. They show a very faithful bust of the poet, taken after death; and in the same glass case are some sacred relics, an ink-stand, and a *bible* he used. And then these old monks take you out into the garden, and show you the oak under which the weary Tasso used to repose, and, like some shipwrecked mariner, look off from the island on which he had taken refuge, upon the still surging ocean which had so nearly ingulfed him—sad, but comforted. The principal part of the venerable old oak was blown down two or three years ago by a thunder-storm; they bore it carefully into the convent, where it is still preserved, and travellers always carry away small pieces of it—for it is *Tasso's oak!*

When the great poet entered this monastery, he began his work of penitence and devotion, by copying with infinite care and accuracy an ancient manuscript of the Bible. He thought it would be a holy engagement; and feeling that he was fast approaching the final hour, when the future world would open upon his vision, he wished to engage his mind and his labors upon some engrossing work, which might occupy his

attention, wean his recollections from the turbulent world he had left, and fit his soul for the better life to come. He had already been engaged some months on his great labor, when one day a monk of the convent entered his cell.

"I have come," he said, as he quietly closed the door behind him, "to see what progress our great master is making in his holy work."

Tasso bade him be seated, on one of those rudely-carved oak chairs which are still preserved in the convent, and then brought him a few pages of his illuminated copy. It was executed with great beauty, and the venerable old monk gazed on it with surprise and admiration.

"Nobler far than the society of princes is the company of God; greater by far is the contemplation of truth in solitude, than the dreams of fancy in the crazy world you have left. Master Tasso, go on: in less than thirty years your work will be done."

"Less than thirty years!" exclaimed Tasso. "Why, Father Brunalto, I have not thirty months left of my weary life. I see I must give up this labor of love. God has not given me strength to finish it. And now," continued the poet, as his brow clouded with a struggling emotion, "while I think of it, my good father, an idea occurs to me: we are printing all the great books of the ancients and moderns by these mysterious German types. Why may we not print the sacred Scriptures in the same way, in the vulgar tongue, as we have already printed Cicero and Virgil in Rome, and all the classics in Venice, and as the French and Germans

are printing the Bible? If one man can now produce but one copy of the Bible in this illuminated style in a life-time, why should we not produce a thousand in a year? We could then distribute them among all the clergy; every monk and every priest would have a copy of the Holy Revelation, whereas there is now but one for a convent or church, and this is chained to the altar. Princes can read the Bible—although, dear father, I much fear they never trouble themselves about such occupations—but they could read it if they willed, for the Duke of Lorrentum paid last year for a new and beautiful manuscript bible but twenty thousand ducats of silver; and the Cardinal Babiena paid the great monk of Cernaldo only one hundred and eighty golden ducats for his copy of the Evangelists. And then, father," continued Tasso with increased enthusiasm, "we might arrive, one day, to such a point of perfection in the printing art, we could place this glorious revelation in the hands of the people."

"What, master!" exclaimed the aged monk with a troubled countenance, "would you profane these sacred revelations by casting them into the hands of the vulgar, with no living holy interpreter, no priest of God to explain them? No, my dear Tasso, breathe not such a thought in Rome. Look out from the window of your cell," he continued rapidly, as he took the poet's arm and drew him quickly forward—"you see that grand, sacred edifice? Well, in the holy halls of that Vatican lives the only being on earth to whom Heaven has delegated spiritual authority. If he but knew the deep damning dream that hast this day sprung from

thy hot brain, he would send thee to the darkest dungeon in Rome. Tasso," he said, almost choked with horror and dread, "for the sake of thy soul, let this dreadful thought be locked up in thy own bosom. Tell no man what thou hast thought."

"But, father," rejoined Tasso, earnestly and solemnly, "thou dost not tell me that the *people* may not read the Bible?"

"I do."

"What! Romans too—*they* must not know anything more of this blessed book than your man in yonder Vatican prescribes—*we*, Italians, grandchildren of Brutus and Cesar,—that *we* may not read the Revelations of Heaven?"

"The Bible was given to the holy priesthood alone"—

"It was a revelation to *man*," said the poet, interrupting the monk, "and not to priests. It is light sent down from heaven, and, like the sun, it was made for all."

"Tasso—Tasso!" exclaimed the monk in terror—"true, true; but it must come through the holy priesthood; for the vulgar hand to touch the Revelation, is a profanation."

"Profanation! God gave his Bible to *all* his children, and his children are all mankind. Go read the Fathers of the Church, monk, and see what men did in the purer days of the Christian era."

"Master Tasso will not say that any of our venerated Christian Fathers ever promulgated so damnable a sentiment, as that the common people should read the Bible?"

The eye of Tasso flashed like fire; he seized the monk by the arm and walked rapidly toward the door:

"To the library, then," he answered, "and I will show thee what the Fathers said."

They entered the library of the convent, and locked the door behind them. Tasso flew to a corner of the great room, and took down a huge manuscript folio, and opening to a page which he had read before and left his mark upon, said, "Thou shalt read for thyself, father," and the monk read:—

"Let all our hearers, young or old, rich or poor, attend diligently to the readings of the Sacred Scriptures, as they are heard in the churches on the Lord's day."

"I know," said the monk, "this is their duty, and therefore we read them; but"—

"Read on," interrupted the poet—and the monk continued—"But this is not enough—they must diligently read and study the word of God for themselves. Search the Scriptures, for in them ye have eternal life."

The monk gazed on Tasso—and the poet seized the volume, turned it over, and pointed to the name on the back. It was St. Chrysostom! He took down another volume, and opening it, handed it to the astounded monk, who read: "The word of God was intended to reveal to mankind the way of salvation. Let this blessed revelation be preached throughout the world—let it be read by every living soul." Tasso eagerly turned over the volume, and screamed out the name of "St. Augustine." The affrighted monk fled from the room.

Tasso replaced the books on their shelves, and hurried back to his cell. "This," said he, as he closed his door, and looked up toward heaven — "this is the church!" He sat down exhausted, in his oaken chair, and seemed for a few moments to suffer intensely. At length he rose and walked to the window. The sun was sinking into the blue bosom of the Mediterranean, and rolling back his gorgeous, golden waves of light over the ruins of the Eternal city. The roar of its many thousands had almost ceased, and he could hear only the gentle murmur which goes up from a great city at evening, as its vast multitudes leave their occupations to go to their homes. He stood and gazed silently over Rome — till the sun had gone down, and twilight fell on the scene like a soft and tranquil dream on the fancy of the sleeper. At length a thousand bells, at the same moment, struck the Ave Marie, and sent their anthem-chimes far away over the green fields, and far up into blue sky.

"It is the hour of prayer," said the musing Tasso, "and all Rome is worshipping. The city has gone to pray. It has been doing so for more than a thousand years! And yet how dark and dreary is the world still! What has yet been done for man by the church, the priests, and the monks! Is there nothing better left for earth's weary, unillumined millions? Will men never be able to hold their own bibles in their hands, and read those words of eternal life to their wives and children? Must the priest keep that blessed book, with all its light and glory, chained to the altar? Shall man, suffering, misguided, longing man, never be able to commune *for himself* with his Almighty Creator?"

The great poet wept! He turned away from praying Rome, and knelt by his oaken chair and prayed that the day might soon come that the Bible should be printed and given to all mankind.

So too wept and prayed a thousand generous, suffering hearts, all through the dark ages—and the day has come at last. It is now printed by steam, and it will not be long before in every family on the earth, there will be a copy of Heaven's revelation to man.

England, our beloved father-land, which now glories in the full blaze of civilization, was for a long period shrouded in thick darkness. She was one of the latest of modern nations to enter on the path of progress, but she has for two centuries run her race like a giant.

It is hardly three hundred years since the first printed copy of an English New Testament was introduced into Great Britain. This important event took place about fifty years after the invention of the art of printing. Most of the copies thus introduced were bought up and burnt by Bishop Tunstal and Sir Thomas More. The second edition, which appeared in 1530, was also suppressed, and all the copies that were found, burnt. But the protestant heart of England had begun to glow with the regenerating fires of the continental reformation. Tyndal, who had made the translation, was imprisoned and burnt for heresy, in Flanders. But his great work was taken up by Miles Coverdale, who was afterward raised to the see of Exeter. A change had come over England. Henry VIII., the bold, imperious, but great prince, had hurled back the thunders of the Vati-

can to Rome, and defied her tremendous power. Whatever may have been his motives, to him the British nation owe the first English edition of the Bible which ever found its way into the heart of that empire. To him was dedicated this new and improved edition, which was printed at Hamburg, and circulated in England by license of the celebrated, but unfortunate Archbishop Cranmer. The next edition was Tyndal's translation, revised by Cranmer himself, and hence designated as Cranmer's bible. It was published in 1540, and by royal proclamation every parish was bound to have a copy of it in the church, under a penalty of forty shillings a month. But within two years the popish bishops succeeded in obtaining its suspension.

Better days, however, were in store for England. Young Edward came to the throne, and the Bible was restored. An evil destiny cut that amiable prince off in his youth, and the "bloody Mary" nearly suppressed the reading of the Scriptures in her dominions. It was only on the accession of Queen Elizabeth, that England enjoyed even tolerable liberty of reading the word of God. Various and improved editions now followed each other in quick succession, till, in 1613, King James's bible, the one now universally used throughout the English and American world, was adopted.

The final establishment of bible societies at last undertook the herculean task of putting a bible into the hands of every family on the face of the earth. It will not be long, we hope, before this will be accomplished.

# A PLEASANT DAY IN MARCH.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

I.

Lightly and brightly bendeth heaven's broad blue arch,
To greet thy healthful presence, O sunny day of March,
No cloud obscures the azure of thy soft and tranquil sky,
O, lightly and brightly, fair day, thou passest by.
Cheerily and merrily voices of spring-time birth
Are echoing their melodies o'er the awakening earth:—
With tidings from the sunny south, the soft winds wander free,
O, cheerily and merrily, fair day, they float for thee!
Beautiful, and plentiful, the crocus flowerets spring,
And the daisy's pleasant eye peeps up from its wintry covering;
The brooklet's chime, the robin's song, are full of tuneful glee,
O beautiful, most beautiful, fair day is all for thee!

II.

More in sadness than in gladness, thou returnest to my heart,
While busy Memory unrolls her oft-coursed, varied chart,
Remembered joys and sorrows are thronging rapidly—
Oh! in sadness more than gladness, thou comest back to me!
For changed and estranged, is a heart that once was mine;
There are cherished forms and faces for which my soul doth pine;
There are voices which are *silent*, since last I welcomed thee,
Oh! changed and estranged, fair day, is much for me;
Still lightly and brightly, bendeth heaven's broad, blue arch,
To greet thy gentle presence, thou sunny day of March.
Go on thy way rejoicing—*thou* knowest not tear or sigh—
O, lightly and brightly, could *my* hours like thine pass by!

# THE MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

## A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY S. LOCKWOOD.

"Res est solliciti plena timoris amor."—OVID.
Love is a passion full of anxious fear.—*Trans.*

NOT less true now is the above than it was in the days of the amorous Roman. But not only is the tender passion a source of wo to the voluptuary, but also to the virtuous flame is the exquisite delight accompanied too oft with keenest pain. Let us give some remembrances of love in those troublous times which tried men's souls—the stirring epoch of our revolution.

On the western bank of the Raritan, which flows with a serpentine course through a portion of the "true blue" state, and on a pleasant spot, dwelt a worthy family, direct descendants of the sturdy colonists. But even tradition can not be given without the use of names; and lest we should cause offence to some scion of this ancient tree, the family must be introduced under the name of Cheeringale. Of all the husbandmen for miles around, who boasted themselves as "true Jersey blues," none was more devoted to the continental interests, more attached to the circle of his ôwn fireside, more respected in the whole district, than Farmer

Cheeringale. Moreover, "honest Farmer Cheeringale," as he was called, was an exceedingly liberal-minded man to all classes, with one exception—the Red-coats. Ah, he hated them, he was wont to say, with a perfect hatred—but not so bad as the Hessians—*them* he abominated.

The farmer had a daughter. A bright-eyed, laughter-loving maiden, of some seventeen summers, was this Sally Cheeringale. And then, there was something so endearing, so gushingly affectionate, in gentle Sally, that when she loved, it was with the whole heart. As if touched by a sympathy subtle and mysterious as the element called *life*, her warm heart's passion-flowers turned to the object thus attracting, as floral beauty turns toward the sun. A creature full of playful innocence and confiding joy, not without little sallies of girlish wit, and sometimes would her speech be gemmed with little brilliants of virgin thought, like the yellow lilies in the vernal meadow, dotting the green with gold; all this and much more had Sally been. But of late a subduing sadness seemed to hang upon her. This caused her to have less of playful merriment, and girlish buoyancy of soul; yet not less of beauty—she pleased more, though she dazzled less:—

> "E'en as the sun, behind the mists of morn,
> Looks lovelier far when veiled in limpid air."

Indeed, Sally was becoming, as the neighbors said, an old-fashioned girl.

"Well, she is, truly," would respond the maiden's mother. "And she's got queer ways of late. Last spring my good man bought three sheets of writin'paper

in Brumsick,* and its only fall now, and not a soul's touched 'em but Sally, and she's filled 'em chock full o' writin'—nor does she let anybody see what's in 'em, either."

"What an odd girl she is!" said one of the old ladies present.

"And so queer, too!" added another, by way of emphasis.

"And such an orful waste o' writin' paper. Three sheets, did you say, Mrs. Cheeringale? Why, that is dreadful? It would serve our family three years for letter writin'." This last speaker had a saying, that she liked to be saving. She had evidently mistaken a chilling parsimony for frugal economy.

The maiden was indeed becoming old-fashioned. Not that she imitated the older folks, at all. But then, for a farmer's daughter of the olden time to be keeping a diary! But Sally had weighty thoughts, and by committing a tithe of these to paper, her mind was oft relieved of their painful pressure.

Down by the water-edge of the Raritan was a little bluff, overhanging the stream. At a short distance from and parallel with this, a natural mound extended itself, making between them a deep, narrow valley, or ravine. Not a solitary blade of grass cheered this desolate spot. The only vegetation was a crowded growth of melancholy pines. On the top of this mound stood a patriarchal pine, towering far above, the seeming father of the lesser trees about him. The dark, saddening green

* This pronunciation is even yet quite common among the old residents of New Brunswick, New Jersey.

of this giant tree is now yellow with the effect of the setting sunlight. Under the branches thus illumined in transient glow of fickle joy, is an interesting group. The most beautiful figure there is that of the gentle Sally; and a noble form is that of the officer clad in the British uniform. His right arm supports her waist, as the oak supports the flowing vine. Not the least faithful in that group is the officer's trusty dog, a fine, large animal, seated before them.

"So you are afraid, Miss Cheeringale,"—

"Nay, say not *Miss*, but call me *Sally*," was the gentle interruption.

"Well, well, as you will. So you think that your father will never consider me but as an enemy, even though this cruel war should come to a close?"

"Alas, sir, I fear that father never will," was the response. "His hatred is deep unto all who are in any way concerned with the British."

"But this is certainly unreasonable. The man who, from his position, is obliged to serve his country in a painful duty, deserves not to be proscribed with him who, as a tory, deserts his country's cause. Were this land my birthplace, I should be under very different obligations."

Though the maid felt the truth of this, yet she could not return an encouraging word. She thus kept a saddened silence.

Perceiving her dejection, the soldier continued: "Cheer up, my dear girl, and let us hope that God may soon close this unnatural strife of brother against brother, and, this done, that he may turn the hearts of

thy kindred toward me, as by his power the rivers of water are turned."

A trickling tear down the maiden's cheek was the *amen* which she gave in response to the soldier's prayer.

"Sally," said the officer, in a subdued tone, "I have a secret which might soften thy father's prejudice, and perhaps buy his love; but as purchased love is not worth the having, he shall never know it from me."

"But of course you will let me know," said the maiden, confidingly.

"I would deny you nothing, Miss Cheeringale," said the soldier, forgetting the maiden's recent objection to this formal mode of address. "But," he added hesitatingly, "as it might not be to your comfort to know this matter, I must beg to be excused divulging it at present."

Further conversation was broken off. The dog sprang to his feet with ears erect, and the maiden saw, through a gap of the trees, her father and brother approaching, apparently in search of her.

"Flee! flee, Mr. Bhering!" cried the maid in alarm. "Oh, sir, flee! I see my father and brother coming. Flee—delay not a moment. Stoop low, and run down the ravine."

"Say, then, you will be here again to-morrow," said the soldier in a tone of entreaty.

"As you will, sir. But oh, leave me for our safety's sake."

A wave of the hand, and the officer and his dog glided down the declivity, and in an instant disappeared through the trees in the direction of the river.

"John," said the farmer, rubbing his eyes, "was that a Red-coat just went through the trees?"

"I saw nothing except a red bird," was the answer.

Thus satisfied, the farmer turned to his daughter—"Now, Sally, what upon airth has possessed you to come moping down here in this pine-patch? If you will give up to these old-fashioned whims, just go to the chestnut-grove; but don't come where even the grass won't grow."

"Father, I can not help it, yet must say that this place pleases me better than the chestnut-grove," said the maid, taking an affectionate hold of the farmer's hand.

"Sister Sally, if you a' n't the oddest body ever I saw;—making father and me run all over the hull blessed farm, a-looking you up, like the brindle cow afore we tied the log to her leg."

"Never mind, brother, now that you have found me safe," said the maid in a conciliating tone; and the three turned their steps to the farmhouse.

* * * * * * * *

Twenty-four hours have passed away. Again is the old pine-tree gilded with the declining sunlight, and again are the gentle maid and brave soldier together.

"Mr. Bhering," said the girl, embracing the first opportunity presented, "tell me the secret which you hinted at last evening, as we were interrupted."

"Miss Cheeringale, though I can hardly wish to keep anything from you, yet I would rather keep this concealed, albeit I could open my very heart to you in confidence."

"Mr. Bhering, I would not rudely insist on knowing. But if you would have it locked among the treasures of a faithful heart, intrust this matter to me. Yet I almost feel ashamed at my importunity. Still, I have a strange presentiment that makes me press my wish."

"Dear girl," said the officer, in some alarm at the tone which pervaded the maiden's utterance, though he attempted a smile as he spoke, "tell me what foolish thought is this that oppresses thee?"

"Nay, that is hardly fair, sir—my wish was first," insisted the girl.

"Miss, I," said the soldier in hesitancy—"I can deny you nothing. Know then—but do not think I boast—that to me does Farmer Cheeringale owe his life this day!"

The girl staggered with emotion; and again was her frail form supported by the noble soldier.

"Be not alarmed, miss; all is safe now. The story is briefly this. Your father has been engaged in a conspiracy to decoy our Cornwallis,* and thus deliver him to your Washington. It was but yesterday, just before our meeting here, that in my presence the fact was communicated to my general. At thought of the lovely daughter I saved the father."

"But how?" asked the astonished maid, almost overcome with trepidation.

* It should be kept in mind, that Cornwallis then held his magnificent encampment in full command of New Brunswick. The mounds and embankments are still visible. But, alas! this monument of the past is not allowed to wait "Time's effacing fingers;" even this incentive to patriotic remembrance must yield itself a martyr to the gardener of pleasure, and the constructor of Elizabethan cottages. The antiquity of the Revolution is bartered for that of the Virgin Queen.

"Alas! dear girl, the price of your father's safety was a LIE. Yes, for the first time has Lieutenant Bhering abused his general's confidence with a LIE!" —and the brave soldier, who had never flinched at the sight of gory death, wept over his wounded honor.

"Oh, sir, explain!" said the agitated girl.

"Miss, I threw discredit on the informer's statement, though it was all true; and, thus satisfied, the general disbelieved it all. He preferred believing me, and I deceived him. Yes, for the affection I bore thee, I abused my general's confidence; and yet I am chosen by him to be the bearer of important despatches, to-morrow, to our division at Trenton. Alas, how great my sin to God and man!"

"Oh, sir!" said the maid, kissing the soldier's hand, in forgetfulness of her real position, "if you have done wrong in this, God will surely forgive you, and I will pray for you night and day."

"May God bless you, Sally," said the officer, as with one hand around her waist, with the other he pressed her face close to his breast, in manly affection.

"But oh, sir," continued the maid, after a pause in which neither had spoken, "I have a sad presentiment that sits heavy on my heart. A dim and dark foreboding hangs upon me, like a cloud around a tree upon the mountain. I fear, I scarcely know what—but I seem to be admonished that we shall never see each other again."

"Nonsense, sweet girl! away with such sad thoughts," said the soldier, who vainly strove to be merry. Ah! that was but a counterfeit gayety. The

cloud of dark foreboding that enshrouded the frail form by his side, now enveloped the gallant soldier also;—a chilling shadow, it took away hope's sunlight from his brain. A smile was on the soldier's lips, but the deepening shadow reached his heart—the warrior was sad.

"Dear girl!" said the officer, rallying his drooping powers: "I must leave you. To-night I start with my despatches. And here is trusty Vigil; poor dog, I scarce know what to do with him."

"Leave him to protect me," said the maid; "and Vigil and I will anxiously await your return."

"So shall it be; and Vigil, be careful of thy mistress. And now, dear Sally, to God I commend thee: good-by!"

"Good-by!" said the maid, unable to say more, as she held the collar of the faithful animal, which whined piteously, as with his new mistress he saw the disappearing form of his master.

"Come, come, now, be pacified, poor dog!" said Sally. "Alas, Vigil!" she added, patting him gently, "much I fear *thou* wilt never see thy master again." And the old-fashioned girl began to indulge her mind's communings in visions of the FUTURE, when she should hold spiritual converse with her beloved in that world whither Vigil could not go.

* * * * * * * *

"Hillo! what black beast is that you've got, Sally?" said the farmer as his daughter approached, leading her captive guardian by her side.

"Father, I have been among the pines again, and

there I saw a British officer who gave me this beautiful dog. I think he'll prove a very faithful creature."

"What! a Britisher give him to you, Sally?" exclaimed the astonished farmer.

Meanwhile the maiden's brother was intent on making a recognition. "Here, Vigil!" said the young man—"Here, Vigil!" he repeated, chirruping with his lips. Thus encouraged, the dog approached. "There! I thought so. Why, father, this is Vigil, Lieutenant Bhering's dog. Don't you see how well he knows his name?"

"Lootenant Bhering!" muttered the farmer, in whose mind dark suspicion arose. "It's the lootenant's, hey? Well, if he once comes inside o' old Betty's range, an ounce pill will purge him of all bad intentions"—and the farmer gazed angrily at an old fowling-piece over the fireplace. "I wish old Betty was levelled at him now."

"Father, put away these unbecoming thoughts. This officer is too noble for any act of meanness, and as far beyond your suspicion as the sun is above the earth," said the maiden warmly, yet with affection.

"He is, hey? Well if Betty could only get a sight of him, she'd put him *below* suspicion, which amounts to about the same thing in the end," said the farmer in cool and bitter irony.

"Nay, dear father, do stop these cruel thoughts. The Jews had a deliverer sent *them* once, and they put him to death: let the past admonish the future;" and the fair orator withdrew.

"Whoever heard the like? Well, if Sally a'n't get-

ting queerer every day. Now she's talking puzzles," said the son.

"I should like to know what the girl means," said the farmer, musingly. "What the Jews killing the Savior's got to do with me, I can't see. But there must be something in it, though;" and the speaker shook his head. "Yes, there's something in it. If Sally is queer, she a'n't a fool."

* * * * * * * *

Returning with her dog, one morning, from a walk among the pines, Sally found one of the neighbors entertaining her father with news of seemingly great interest.

"Did you hear the firing?" asked the new-comer.

"No, I heard no firing!" answered the farmer.

"Well, I can't say positively that I did, either. But my old woman has such a keen hearing that she heard it, and then I thought I did, too."

"What! the Continentalers and the Britishers?" asked the farmer, his eyes brightening.

"Yes, the Whigs and the Red-coats. I've just seen a man at the tavern as heard all about it. You see, General Washington crossed the Raritan, just below here, on a sly, and went round by Trenton, and there the liberty-men gave the British battle."

"Odd rot it, man, talk faster!" cried the farmer in impatience. "Out with it! Who beat?"

"The Jersey Blues, of course," said the man.

"Hurrah! hur—" but the overjoyed farmer, in jumping from his seat, trod on the foot of poor Vigil—"Get out, you Britisher!" cried the farmer, indignant

that his outburst of patriotism should be interrupted by the dog of a British soldier. The animal limped in pain to his mistress. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Is there no mistake about it?"

"Not at all;—why, ere now, Cornwallis is breaking up his encampment, most terribly scared."

"Hip—hip—hurra! Go on, neighbor; tell us more of this glorious news," said the farmer.

"Well, they say that officer Bhering, who went to carry despatches for Cornwallis, was killed."

"What! Lootenant Bhering, the Britisher? Hurrah! hurrah! Old Betty can save her powder. Shout, John, you graceless scamp. But here, John, run for the pipes and tobacco—and you, Sally, get some cider," said the farmer; but, on turning to his children, he found his daughter in the arms of her brother.

"Speak, Sally, speak!" cried the farmer in alarm, his paternal feelings now uppermost. But his loving child was speechless and insensible.

* * * * * * * *

The shock sustained by the frail creature, at the abrupt intelligence of the officer's death, was like the violence of the storm upon the blooming lily. Much of fostering dews and warming sky is needed to restore its fragile beauty. The farmer's daughter, with a mother's tender nursing and gentle care, was partially restored—not wholly. No. Sally, lately known as the "old-fashioned" girl, was now the gentle, melancholy maid. Her only companion was her faithful dog, which she loved the more now that his noble master was dead. With him she made her daily pilgrimage to

the old pine-tree which overhung the ravine. "Ah, Vigil, did not I tell thee thou wouldst never see thy master again? Oh, sad the day when he left this lonely spot! May God haste the time when it shall not be necessary to vindicate right by the sacrifice of those we love—when the altars of liberty shall not be stained with the blood of friends!"

* * * * * * * *

Sally had become a woman. Girlhood had passed away, and womanhood had come. The one had been tinged with the darker hues of life, and the other without that pleasant lot which is its due—a companion that should protect and love, and prattling scions to drink at the separate rills from the welling fountain of affection. Sally, the sorrow-smitten maid, was now a woman; and in all the vast family of human kind, but one had she found possessing a soul whose hidden pulsations throbbed in unison with hers; and the cords of that congenial harp had been torn away by the ruthless hand of Death. Yes, Sally was now a woman; but a subdued, sorrowing womanhood was hers. She lived in resignation—yet not wholly so; but dead to the present, brooding over the past, and hopeful of the future. She was not a bride; but she said she yet should be. And oft in subdued melancholy and softened joy, just as the summer sunlight is mellowed by the cloud, would she expatiate on the bliss of two loving souls, by a future union in the spirit-land,—an innocent theory that hearts betrothed on earth should wed in heaven.

The stricken one and her guardian dog have ceased

their morning and evening pilgrimage to the old pine-tree. For the last time has the maiden beheld the gilded glory of this old patriarch in the setting sunlight. Sally complains that her heart beats strangely; and her head, though wild with pain, is yet the seat of visions clear as noonday. She talks with melancholy sweetness, but no response meets mortal ears; for who can seize the echo of a spirit's voice? None, save when, like the gilded and nature-painted insect bursting from its dark shell into the radiance of sunlight, the soul about breaking from its clay-mansion, for the first time peers through the vista that penetrates eternal things, and becomes a *seer* of the mysteries of the future. O, what a vision is that, when, about to break away from mortality, the soul takes her position on this terrestrial ball, and gazing through the portal of death into the ethereal beauties of the celestial sphere, beholds the spiritual denizens, robed in immortality, beckoning with welcome invitation!

"I come —I come, O gentle spirit!" broke from the maiden's lips, while her eyes, kindling with no Promethian, but with seraph fire, gleamed upward to her wished-for home. "I come—I come; and neither war of nations, nor strife of kindred, shall prevent us now."

The brother by the bedside wept. The loving matron hid her face in her hands. The sturdy old farmer was bewildered; he, and he only, was unconscious that death was in the room; and now Farmer Cheeringale was a white-headed man.

"A curse on that Britisher Bhering, for he has

broken my daughter's heart!" muttered the man of snowy locks.

The revery of the dying one was broken. The utterance of the name Bhering recalled her soul to earth, and her bright eyes turned to her aged father.

"Father," said she in a tone which seemed caught from the spirit-dialogue in which she had just engaged, —"father, I have something to communicate to you; but only you must hear it."

Powerless, the old man wept, for he could not speak. The rest in the room withdrew, and his daughter proceeded.

"Father, did I not hear you say Bhering just now?"

The old man nodded assent, but dared not speak, lest it should prove an imprecation on the deceased officer.

"Then, father, I have something on my mind, which you should know; for, father, thy daughter is dying— and O, treat not her words slightly! Once a maiden loved a gallant soldier, and he loved her with a pure and noble love. But fate, not inclination, arrayed him against our country. He prayed for the war to close, that he might ask the father for the hand of the daughter whose heart he had wooed and won. But this father was his mortal enemy, and yet he nobly saved that father's life. He met the fate of battle; he was slain. Peace has long since blessed the land, but it could not restore him to life whom the maid so fondly loved. Father, thou needst not wonder who they were. The least worthy of them was thy own Sally, and the other was the noble soldier Bhering."

"Lootenant Bhering!" gasped the old man in anger, despite the solemnity of a dying bed.

"Speak not bitterly, father," rejoined the maid, whose pallid face had now become flushed with the effort which she labored to command—"speak not bitterly. Did I not, when a girl, say the Jews destroyed their Savior? Let not my father act in their spirit, by traducing the noble dead. Father, you owe your long life to that gallant Bhering. General Cornwallis had information of a conspiracy against him, and the chiefest one in that plot was my father. But Lieutenant Bhering stepped forward, and saved thy life by preventing thy arrest. Yes—he saved thee, father; but thou hast spoken harshly of—yea, cursed—thy deliverer."

"Nay, nay, forgive thy old father, Sally, and I too will love the memory of this generous man. Alas! I knew not he was my friend," cried the old man, astonished and overcome by what he had heard. "So Lootenant Bhering saved my life, and I was wishing his death. Poor Bhering—poor Bhering! oh, forgive me! And God forgive me! And Sally, do thou forgive me, too!"—and the hoary-headed man wept like a child.

"Father, we all forgive thee," gasped the maid. "Oh! that pang—oh!—father—I am dying;—call mother, brother, Vigil—call—oh!"

Again were the weeping three by the bedside. And Vigil too, with his forepaws on the bed, was there. The affectionate animal licked the lily hand that hung by the bedside. Father, mother, and brother, knelt and

wept. Still stood Vigil at his affectionate task, as if he would lick away the death-pallor that was fast whitening the hand which had so often and so gently patted him. The crimson current had ceased to flow; the loving heart no longer throbbed; the busy brain had stopped its mysterious, "old-fashioned" thinking—its fairy chambers were tenantless—the mental workshop was closed, and its ideal phantoms had disappeared. The pure spirit of all this subtle complication, ravished with the glimpse through the portal, had entered the *soul-land*—a spirit-bride.

* * * * * * * *

"Yes," said the old farmer to his wife and son—"Sally's account of her love for Lootenant Bhering, and then his saving her poor father's life, have almost made me hate myself. May God pardon me for cursing that brave officer! And as for poor Vigil, I feel as if I couldn't love the old dog enough."

"Yes, father, we must take good care of old Vigil, for Sally's and officer Bhering's sake. But, father, I couldn't wait till Sally was buried, afore I looked at her diary;—you know she wouldn't let any of us see it while she was living. I find it full of tender things which the lieutenant said to her. And here is the last thing she wrote in it—I'll read it to you and mother."

"Do, John," said the farmer, dashing away a tear that would come of itself.

"Well, this is it," said John:—

"'*To my Father, Mother, and Brother:*

"'A premonition of death is before me. Bury

my body under the old pine-tree. Be good to Vigil, and when he is dead, give him a place in my grave. Adieu.

"'SALLY CHEERINGALE.'"

"Why, now, how queer!" sighed the matron.

"I don't care if it is queer—Sally shall have her wish!" exclaimed the farmer, striking his cane heavily on the clean board floor.

And in that lonely spot was Sally buried. As the warrior lover wound his arms around her, the patriarchal tree encircles her relics with his roots. And though age is giving shagginess to his branches, still the leaves of the old pine-tree keep ever green, symbolic of the perpetuity of affection of the spirit bride and bridegroom.

* * * * * * * *

The funeral was over, and seven days had gone, and sad was the hearthstone made by the departed.

"Where *can* Vigil be?" asked the old farmer anxiously. "What *has* become of the poor old dog?"

"It's very strange, father; but I have searched every place for him in vain."

"Have you been down to Sally's grave?" asked the old man, almost choking at the mention.

"No, I have not been there. I thought to go; but it made me feel sad, and I couldn't go alone."

"Give me my cane, and we'll go together," said the farmer solemnly; and on they went.

"I'm getting old very fast," said the aged man, soon weary with his walk.

"Eighty years is a good old age, father," said the

son. "But see! there is Sally's grave;—and look! there is poor old Vigil creeping up to us. What makes him come so slowly?"

Old Vigil it was. The affectionate creature had watched his mistress's grave through seven long days and seven dreary nights, and had fasted through it all. Too faithfully had he watched—too immoderately had he grieved;—the poor old dog.

"Take him up, John," said the old man, as the tears rolled down the furrows of his cheeks. "Poor Vigil! thou hast loved thy mistress as deeply as ever did thy good master."

The affectionate animal looked feebly toward the grave, and moaned piteously as he was carried away. It was too late; that same day he died, and the next occupied a place by his mistress's side. Side by side they long have lain. The Raritan's rippling is their lullaby—the rustling of the trees is their perpetual requiem; while in remembrance of their ancient pilgrimage, now the zephyr, and anon the hoarser winds, sing for them a morn and evening hymn through the branches of the old pine-tree, that keeps guardian watch over their grave.

# AN EPICEDIUM.

Alas! how soon our joy
  Is tinged with sorrow's gloom—
Friend after friend 's removed,
Of those we 've dearly loved—
  To the dark tomb!

Though vain our fond regrets,
  Deep grief we yet must feel,
While in our stricken heart,
We mourn they thus depart,
  What may our sorrows heal?

But thou so late in health—
  Scarce hadst thou warning given,
Ere the cold hand of death,
Bid thee resign thy breath,
  For bliss in heaven!

Joy, yet, midst grief, we share,
  Thy pilgrimage is o'er;
And sorrow, sin, and pain,
Shall ne'er, ah, ne'er again
  Afflict thee more!

Over the Christian's tomb,
  Tears may not then be shed;
But we should chant o'er him,
The joyous requiem—
  Blest are the dead!—F. S.

# KONX-OM-PAX;

OR,

## THE RELIGIOUS SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES AND NUMERALS.

BY REV. A. B. CHAPIN.

ALL who believe that "GOD, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, and hath in these last days spoken unto us by the Son,"* must believe that the brief announcements by the early prophets, spoken when the light of heaven shone more brightly through a darkening humanity than in later days, contain, in germ and essence, all that was declared in the more full and copious declarations of subsequent times. In the earliest ages of the world, before the memory of primitive truth had departed from man, that which afterward seemed uncertain and obscure might have beamed forth with brightness and brilliancy; and what at length, to the ever-dimning eye of reason, came to seem idle and unmeaning, might have conveyed lessons of high and holy import. Hence the necessity, in after-ages, of an increasing fullness in the letter of prophetic revelation, because of a decreasing aptitude of spirit in man whereby to comprehend its meaning; until, at length, the incarnation of the Son became necessary, not only to reveal the Truth more

* Heb. i. 1, 2.

fully, but also to communicate to humanity itself the power to apprehend and embrace it. The Truth communicated at these different periods must have been one and the same—the messages of the several periods differing only in the fullness of their details. Hence, all the religious rites and ceremonies, derived from any early revelation, will contain many things common to revelations of later ages—common even to Christianity itself. And the nearer we remount to the first age, the points of coincidence and contact with the latest declarations by the Son, will be found more numerous and striking. At least, looking back upon those primitive rites through the light of Christianity, we can see how clearly they foreshadowed the coming of Him to whom they originally pointed. It is no departure from sound philosophy, therefore, nor from the soundest principles of historical criticism, to compare those rites and truths, which the ancient mysteries have in common with the patriarchal religion, with the primitive revelations from which both were derived; nor to interpret the brief announcements of the primitive times by the fuller declarations of later ages.

That the ancient mysteries were relics of a previous age—rites which had come down from times anterior to all reliable history, the origin of which was unknown, and the meaning of some things not understood—the most ancient historians bear witness. Whatever may be thought of the general accuracy of Sanchoniatho's *Phœnician History*, thus much must be allowed, that a thousand years before the Christian era, certain religious rites were practised similar to those subsequently found

in the mysteries, the origin of which was even then unknown.* The mysteries celebrated at Eleusis, a town of Attica, are more fully known than any other. From these, as compared with some others known to be similar, we derive the following brief description of the general character of all.

All the ancient mysteries began in sorrow and gloom, and ended in light and joy. All were calculated to remind men of their weakness, their ignorance, their helplessness, and sinfulness of character; of the shortness and uncertainty of life; of the ills which flesh is heir to; of the punishment of guilt and the reward of virtue;—and some of them, at least, plainly alluded to the raising of the just to life eternal and immortal. In all, the mode of initiation was calculated to make a deep and lasting impression upon the mind of the candidate, vivid exhibitions of the consequences of sin and the rewards of virtue being presented in sudden and striking contrast; and everything was designed to impress the candidate with a lively sense of what was thus represented.† In the mystical assemblies, lustrations were performed by baptismal washings; sacrifices were offered—processions made, in which symbolical devices were carried in triumph. The business being through, the members were dismissed with the formula, *Konx-om-pax.*‡

* Sanchoniatho, in Cory. Anc. Frag., 10–18., 8vo. Lond., 1832; Bedford's Chron., 240–245, fol. Lond. 1730.

† This account is from the Author's Discourse at the 3d Anniversary of the I. O. O. F. of Connecticut, Sept. 2, 1842, pp. 6–8, where copious references are given to original authorities.

‡ Voyage du Jeune Anarch., vol. i., 526–550, 7 vols. Paris, 1822. Robinson's Arch. Grace., 290–294. 8vo. Boston, 1827.

What is the meaning of this formula, has long been a matter of debate. Hesychius, evidently ignorant of the meaning of the words, defines them, *the noise made by the vote of the judges;* also, *that of the clepsydra.* Le Clerc, however, supposed them to be Punic or Phœnician, and interprets them, *watch and abstain from sin.* Larcher supposed them to be Egyptian, and their meaning uncertain.* But Wilford informs us that the same words are employed by the Bramins at the present day, at the conclusion of their religious rites.† As thus employed, they are written *Kansch ōm pasch;* or more fully, *Kandscha Om Paksha.* These words, which are pure Sanscrit, are defined by Wilford thus: "KANDSCHA, *the object of our most ardent wishes;* OM, *a monosyllable used both at the beginning and end of a prayer or religious rite, like 'Amen;'* PAKSHA, *change, course, stead, place, turn of work, duty, fortune.*" This explanation is satisfactory in respect to *Kansch* and *Paksch*, but not so in regard to *Om.* This word is composed of the Sanscrit ă-ŭ-m, which, by a law that the Sanscrit grammarians call guna, becomes *ōm.* Of these letters, *a* is the symbol of the god *Vishnu*, or *Chrishna;*‡ *u* is the symbol of *Siva;* and *m*, of Brahma;‖—the three, together, forming the Hindoo Trinity. The significance of this formula becomes, then, "*The Holy Trinity grant your utmost wishes, in*

* Voy. Anar. i. 561-3, note.

† Asiat. Res, v. 297, in Q. C. S., ix. 573.

‡ In the ancient Hindu poem Bhagavad-Gita, x. 33, Chrishnu says, "Akshar-A-nama-kare-sme, *I am he who bears the name of* A." Brown's Hebrew Hieroglyphs, 35, 37, Comp. Rev. i. 8: "I am Alpha and Omega."

‖ Brown's Sanscrit Gramm., 85: 8vo. Southwick, 1841.

*all your work and duty;*" forming a prayer of benediction highly appropriate to the close of religious rites and duties. At the beginning of books and prayers, OM is a sort of ejaculatory petition, not unlike the Arabic ascription at the beginning of every chapter of the Koran: "In the name of GOD most merciful." The same word occurs in the ejaculatory prayer so often repeated by the Chinese Buddhists, generally written, "O-me-to-Fuh;"* by foreigners ignorantly turned into Amida Budh; properly written, "Om-y-to-Fuh."† That *om* is Sanscrit, is rendered highly probable by the fact that Buddhism was introduced into China from India,‡ and seems to have been retained from its similarity to the Chinese *Ouang*, the representative of which, from the composition of the character, must denote *trin-unity*, and signifies *Lord*. *Fuh* and *Buddh* are confessedly the same Deity; and *Fuh*, from the composition of the character, must signify *Man-sacrifice*—that is, *for sin*. The sentence, therefore, signifies "*Om* [*i. e.*, the Triune] *is the Man-sacrifice for sin.*" The doctrine recognised in this formula is more clearly described by Sanchoniatho, who gives it a mere human application. He tells us that it was customary among the ancients, in times of great calamity, for kings to offer their most beloved child as a mystical sacrifice for the redemption of all.‖

The prevalent ancient use of the word *om* for religious purposes, and always with the same significance,

* See a Buddhistic work quoted in Medhurst's China, 172: 12mo. Boston, 1838.

† Brown's Heb. Hier., 130: 8vo. Southwick, 1830.

‡ Medhurst, 170. ‖ Cory., 16, 17.

and the known connexion of the Greek mysteries with the Egyptian, and through them with the Indian, raises a presumption of the strongest possible kind, that it had the same significance in the first as in the last, and that the interpretation we have given of *konx-om-pax* is the true one. This conclusion is also strengthened by the probability that the Orphic hymns formed part of the service of the Grecian mysteries.*

Another presumptive argument in favor of the religious character of the ancient mysteries, may be drawn from a curious passage from the writings of the Chinese reformer, Laou-Tse, as compared with other ancient facts and traditions. This author, who wrote more than five hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era, says: "That for which you look, and which you see not, is *I;* that toward which you listen, yet hear not, is called *Hi*; what your hand seeks, and yet feels not, is called *Wei*. These three are inscrutable, and being united, form only one. Of them, the superior is not more bright, nor the inferior more obscure . . . . . This is what is called form without form, image without image — an indefinable Being."† This formula (IHW), which distinctly teaches the existence of a *triune-essence*, having no significance in Chinese, is regarded as Phonetic; and Remusat, Windischmann, Klaproth, and Wiseman, refer it to the original of the Hebrew *Jehovah*, or *Yehowa*, as the oriental Jews pronounce it. That the radical letters of this word in Hebrew (JHW, or JEV) are

* Taylor's Pausanius, iii. 221, note: 8vo. 1824.

† Abel-Remusat Mem. Op. Laou-Tse, in Wiseman's Lect., 363: 8vo. And. 1837.

identical with those of the Etruscan *Juve*, or *Jove*,* does not seem to admit of doubt. The same name also occurs in Sanchoniatho, in *Jevo*,† and probably in the Celtic *Jou*,‡—all of which are names of principal deities. The same elements form the Samaritan *Iabe*.‖ Diodorus Siculus tells us that the name of the Hebrew God was *Jao*;§ while Varro says it was *Jove*.¶ From the same root the Greeks seem to have derived the ejaculation, so frequently employed in the mysteries as well as elsewhere, *Io*—as, *Io*, *Io Triumphe*; *Io Baccha*.

There can scarcely be a doubt, that OM and Jo, as employed in the Grecian Mysteries, were foreign words, brought from the countries whence came the mysteries themselves, being employed for religious purposes, and both being names by which the Deity was invoked or addressed. The same may be said of another term, employed in a similar manner—the Greek *Evoi*. If we compare this with the Hebrew *havah*, or dropping the Masoretic points *eve*, regarded by many as the root of JEHOVAH, we have the same word in the same sense.**

That many, perhaps all, of the later Greeks had lost the original significance of these words, is no argument against the view here taken. How many of our own people, with all the advantages of learning which they possess, ever think, when saying "*good-by*" to a friend, that they are uttering a prayer of benediction. Yet their

* Anc. Univ. Hist., xvi. 59: 8vo. Lond. 1748.
† Anc. Univ. Hist., xviii. 275, note. ‡ Anc. Univ. Hist., vi. 49.
‖ Gesenius' Heb. Lex. *in voce*. § Hist. i. 94.
¶ Parkhurst's Heb. Lex. *in voce*.
** Brown's Heb. Hier. 53. Parkhurst *in voce*.

ignorance of, or inattention to, the fact, renders it none the less real and true. Even the word *orgia*, which, through the perversion of the bacchanalians, came to be used only in a bad sense, seems to have been originally a name for *secret mysteries;* or perhaps for those which celebrated the salvation of Noah and his family in *the ark*,* traces of which are found in the traditions of almost every nation. But what is more to the present purpose, this event was celebrated in many of the mysteries, by carrying *the ark* in procession, with evident reference to the idea expressed by St. Peter: "In the days of Noah, while the ark was a-preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved by water;—the like figure whereunto—baptism, doth now save us."† This allusion is confirmed by the fact, that in the same, and other mysteries, baptisms were frequently performed, as significant of inward purification. Other symbols are found in some of the mysteries, which are absurd and unmeaning when viewed in their relation to the heathen religions, but which, when traced back to their primitive revelations, recognise important and solemn truths. The true import of the hieroglyphic inscription surrounding *the cross*, found in the temple of the Egyptian god Serapis, signifying *life to come*,‡ and the incarnations of *Chrishna*, to say nothing of many of the mythological fables of antiquity, can be understood only when viewed in the light of revelation. We do not suppose that these were borrowed from any written revelation; yet we can not but regard them as copies, oftentimes cor-

* Bochart, Canaan, L. xviii., 445 (in Bedford, chro. 242), derives it from the Chaldean word *auruziau*, from the root *ruz*, "secret."

† 1 Pet. vi., 20, 21. ‡ Soc. Eccl. Hist., v., 17.

rupted and debased, but yet copies of a primitive revelation,* which the *mysteries* perpetuated and kept in being, long after the memory of them had departed from the public mind. Indeed, there are numberless traces of religious truths embodied, not merely in the symbols of the ancient mysteries, but entering into the very constitution of language itself. This is not the place, and we could not afford the space requisite, to follow out this department; but there is one point so curious, not to say useful, that we can not refrain from giving it, as an illustration. We allude to the origin and significance of the *names of the numerals from one to ten*, which we shall explain from the "plain or primitive hand," of the Chinese—employed by them in their sacred books—as compared with other ancient languages.

ONE.† The Chinese character representing *unity*—called *ya*—is a horizontal line with a slight turn at the end, and so closely resembles the Egyptian hieroglyph of *A*—*the outstretched arms*—as to leave little doubt of their original identity. Its significance as a noun (for the Chinese employ their numerals as verbs and nouns as well as numbers), is *unity, priority, beginning, perfection*, characteristics which, in their highest sense, belong to Deity alone. In correspondence with this, the Egyptians employed a modified form of this character to represent GOD as *all-powerful;* and the

* Such was the opinion of the learned Justin Martyr, who was intimately acquainted with both. Apol. i., 70.

† Brown's Hebrew Hieroglyphs has incidentally many things bearing on this subject; but while we have sometimes availed ourselves of his suggestions, we have often found ourselves compelled to differ from him.

Hebrew retains the idea of the "outstretched arm" as a symbol of Almighty power.* The syllable *ya* or *ye* also enters into the name of the Deity in numerous languages, as *Jehovah*, *Jove*, *Juve*, *Jao*, *Iao*, *Io*, *Ievo*, *Evoi*, which have been before considered.

TWO. The idea of *duality* is denoted in Chinese by two *yas*. It is difficult to represent the name of the double character in English, the sound being intermediate between *l* and *r*; and is sometimes written u r h, and sometimes e u l. As a verb it signifies (1), *to assist* [*make strong*]; (2), *to distinguish between* [see]; (3), *to part*. In the first sense, e u l, or e l, is cognate with the Hebrew e l, Sanscrit a l, *to be strong*, *mighty*. In its second sense it is kindred to the Chaldee a l u, *to see*, *to behold*. The Sanscrit l u i has both senses, and this root, with the sense of *strength* and *sight*, is widely disseminated. The Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldee *Allah*, *Eluh*, or *El*, the Phœnician *Il*, are evidently from this root. The two generic ideas in this word, *strength* and *sight*, become specifically God and *light*. Why these ideas are so intimately associated, it is not at first easy to tell, though there can be no doubt of the fact. If we adopt the orthography u r h, the word is instantly allied to the Ethiopian r y j, *to see*, *oversee*, *rule*; where the connexion of the two ideas is obvious. The Coptic, or Egyptian, has r o, *a king*; Sanscrit, r a j, *to shine*, *to rule*; r a j a, *a king*; Latin, r e g-o, *to rule*; r e x, *a king*. The English has both ideas in the words *rule* and *ray*.

The association of these ideas with that of *duality*, is found in other languages. The Celtic has D i a, D i e, D e,

† Deut. xxvi., 8.; Jer. xxi., 5, xxvii., 5.

GOD; dia, die, de, *light, day;* du, do, *two;* Greek and Latin, Ζε-υς, Θε-ος, Δι-ς, De-us, GOD; di-es, *day;* δυω, duo, *two.* The Hebrew shnaine, *second;* is from a verb which signifies *to repeat;* as the Chinese denotes this number by repeating *ya.* It also signifies *to shine.* These coincidences can not fail to remind us of the language of St. John: "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men;"* and also of that of St. James when he calls GOD "the Father of light."†

THREE. The idea of *trinality* is expressed in Chinese by three *yas*, written one above another, and is pronounced *san.* When the *yas* are connected by a perpendicular line passing through the middle, the character is called yo, and ouang, and denotes *a Lord, a King;* and as a verb, signifies *to rule, govern.* When a point is added above the connecting line, the character takes the name of tchu, or chu, and signifies *Lord, Lord of heaven.* Taking away the upper *ya*, and the character is called shang, which also signifies *Lord, King.* By a slight modification of the name *san*, the Chinese has shin, which is the generic name for GOD in that language. By a slight modification of consonants, we have—Persian, shah, *a king;* sah, *three;* Sanscrit, shălă, shĕlă, shŭlă, *a threefold sceptre, a trident;* shola, *to worship, adore;*—with which compare the Hebrew shelshah, *three;* Hebrew shaddai, GOD, *Almighty, Omnipotent.* The Indo-European languages call this number *three, tri, thri, dri, tir;* and the Germanic nations had a god called *Thor* and *Tir,*

* John i., 4. † James i., 17.

while the Egyptians had *Tre* and *Thoor*, which the Alexandrians turned into *Thoth*.

FOUR. The series of combinations by which the Chinese represents the first three numerals, ceases with this number. *Four* is indicated by a character representing a man standing on the earth, or lying on a bed, or perhaps both. It is called see, or sse,—as a noun, signifying *earthly passions;* as a verb, *to cherish or indulge those passions:* also, *to produce, beget.* The literal sense of the Chinese sse (*four*) is, *a man of earth.* In striking coincidence with this, the Manchou Tartar foulahoun signifies, *fourth, a naked person, to be naked.* The Sanscrit chătŭr, Russian chetyre, Celtic ceathair, Persian chehaur, Latin quatuor, are of doubtful etymology. The Celtic looks like a compound—ce: athair, *earthly father*—but the Sanscrit appears more like a derivative from chŭdd, *to be lascivious.* The Welsh pedair, pedwar—*four*—may refer to the existence of man, rather than his origin, as in the Sanscrit vĭd, *to be, exist.* The Gothic languages, departing still another step from the Chinese, have, Anglo-Saxon, feower; Dutch, vier; Icelandic, fiorir; Danish, fire; old German, fiuwar; Meso-Gothic, fidwor (like Welsh pedwar), *four.* With these compare Sanscrit vĭrăh, Latin vir, Icelandic ver, Anglo-Saxon wer, Meso-Gothic wair, Celtic fear, Spanish varon—*a man.* The identity of the elements in the two classes does not admit of doubt, however the connection is to be accounted for. The Hebrew arbah, *four,* is from the verb rabah; which signifies (1) *to lie with,* in a bestial sense; (2) *to be four sided or footed.*

Here we have the same elements as in the Gothic languages, but inverted, with which corresponds the Maltese herbha, *four.*

Why the first three numerals should be described by names appropriated to the Deity in the ancient languages generally, and why the practice is limited to these *three*, and why the *fourth* should introduce us to a being of entirely different character, and be described by terms and figures so unlike the preceding, are questions it will be difficult to answer, unless we assume the divine original of language communicated to man, in its first elements, by a Triune Creator.

FIVE. The Chinese figure representing *five*, is pao, *to roll*, between two *yas*. The literal interpretation of the character is, therefore, either *involving two into one, or evolving one from two.* It is called woo, or vu. The character for five, in the second series of Chinese numerals, adds the character jin, *a man*, to the first, and pronounces it vo, now signifying *man*, or rather *the production of man.* The Hebrew and its sister dialects have the same syllable in eve, abe, aeb, *to breathe, live, desire, love, be, exist;* Sanscrit, vi, vevi, *to desire, beget;* Greek, βιω, βιοω; Latin, vivo; Celtic, bi, beo, *to live.* With a slight change, this word becomes the substantive verb—or, as the Chinese would call it, *the living noun*—and hence, the verb of existence. We give a brief comparative table of words from several languages, signifying *five;* the second denoting the *substantive* verb; the third signifying *to live;* the fourth being the name of *man*:—

| | *Five.* | *sub.* V. | *to live.* | *man.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chinese, | *Wu.* | wei, sey, she. | chui. | vo, jin. |
| Sanscrit, | *pa*nchan. | bhu, av, as. | jiv. chav. | virah, *fem.* ishi. |
| Latin, | qu*i*nque. | fu, vi, es. | vivo. | vir, homo. |
| Anglo-Saxon, | *fif.* | be, wa, ar. | lif. | wer, æsc. |
| Celtic, | *cuig.* | be, bu, ba. | bi, beo. | bar, fear, *fem.* frag. |
| German, | *funf.* | be, va. | leb-en. | bauer, *fem.* frau. |
| Greek, | πεντε. | εἰ πελω. | βιοω. | ανηρ |
| Hebrew, | hom*e*sh. | ish. eva. | eva. | aisi, *fem.* eve. |
| Persian, | *pe*nge . | bud, shud. | zes. | |

Simple inspection of this table is sufficient to show that the element of the Chinese *wu* is found in all the other names for *five*, in the cognates W, U, F, and P; that the same element forms the verb of existence in all these languages; that it is one element in the verb signifying *to live*, and in the name of *man*. The number of these coincidences is too great to be ascribed to chance, and at the same time too remote to be attributed to any mere instinct. There are other curious coincidences connected with these roots, which we can not now pursue, and we only add, that the leading idea of the word *four* seems to be *man*; of *five*, man-of-*man*, or *son-of-man*.

SIX. The Chinese character respecting six, is compounded of a character signifying *top*, or *summit*, over one signifying *things doubled*. Its literal import is *doubled summit*; as a noun, signifying *a head*, *a finish*, *rest*; as a verb, *to finish*. The name is *lo*, and may be the root of the Hebrew elul, *the sixth month*, the etymology of which is unknown. The name of this numeral in other languages is, Hebrew and Persian, shesh; Sanscrit, shash; Russian, shesht; Maltese, sitta; Welsh, chwech; Celtic, seisim, se; Greek, ἑξ; Latin and Gothic languages, and their derivatives,

sex, *six*. The Sanscrit *shash* seems to be intimately connected with the root, shish, *to complete, finish*. The Celtic seisim, *six*, and seisim, *to rest, sit*, are precisely the same word: and the kindred word sos, signifies *cessation*. Whether there is any allusion in these words to the *completion* of the work of creation in *six* days, and the *rest* that followed, it is impossible to say. The fact, however, is interesting.

SEVEN. This numeral is denoted in Chinese by what is sometimes called the line of perfection passing through another which forms the root or radix of the curve. It is called tse, and signifies *completion of the curve*, or *a complete revolution*. With this idea of revolution we find the kindred ideas of *binding, limiting*, and *measuring;* and also that of *resting*. Thus the Sanscrit has saptam, *seven*, evidently related to sap, shamb, samb, *to bind;* shup, *to measure;* sham, *to be quiet, cease, rest, sleep, dwell;* sam, *to quiet, please;* shubk, *to measure, create*; sev, *to minister, worship, venerate;* shap, *to swear*. So the Hebrew shebah, *seven*, is intimately connected with shobah, *to bind, conquer;* shub, *to turn, return;* shabat, *to rest, cease;* shabah, *to swear*. The Indo-European languages have—Latin, septem; Gothic languages, seofen, seven; Russian, sem; Celtic, secht; Welsh, saith; Icelandic, seo; Persian, heft; Greek, επτα; and the Maltese, seba. As far, therefore, as any inferences can be drawn from known facts, the ideas involved in the first seven numerals, are all drawn from circumstances connected with the creation; *one, two*, and *three*, refering to a *Trinity in Unity*, in the Creator; *four* to

man as created by GOD; *five* to man as proceeding from his earthly parents; *six* to the completion of creation; *seven* to the rest that followed it.

EIGHT. The Chinese character representing *eight*, is the character jin, or jo, slightly modified, called pa; and signifies *going*, *increasing*, perhaps *going on* from a complete revolution of the curve. The Sanscrit ashta, *eight*, seems to be a derivative from, ash, *to go, move one's self*; from which comes aksh, *to increase, become large*. The Celtic is ocht; cognate with which appear to be acha, *a mound, a bank*; aga, *addition*, whence ag, *with*, aighe, *a hill*. The Hebrew shamonah, *eight*, is nearly related to, if not derived from, shaman, *to become fat, large*. The Maltese, like the Chaldee, change *sh* into *t*, and has tmiena, *eight*. Greek and Latin, octo; Anglo-Saxon, eahta; Icelandic, atta; Meso-Gothic, ahtan; Russian, asm, vosem, *eight*.

NINE. The Chinese character representing *nine*, is a modification of pao, *to roll, wind*, and is called kecee. Its literal import is *turning* and *winding*, without limit; involving the two ideas of *spaciousness* and *strength*. As a verb it signifies *to collect, increase*. It is considered by the Chinese as the most perfect, honorable, and mysterious of the numbers. In accordance with the signification of the Chinese word, we find the Sanscrit navaa, *nine*, related to niv, *to be large, strong, new*; and the Celtic noi, naoi, *nine*, with nua, *strong, new*. If the Hebrew teshah, *nine*, is from any root in that language, it must be from ashah, *to be broad, ample, spacious, strong*. Chaldee, tisha; Maltese, disha; Welsh,

naw; Icelandic, niu; Anglo-Saxon, nigon; Latin, novem, *nine.*

TEN. The Chinese character representing *ten*, is the line of unity on the line of increment. Its literal import is, *ascent of unity*, and is called she. The Sanscrit dashan, *ten*, seems also to be related to diksh, *to increase, grow;* dhiksh, dhush, *to ascend, go up.* The Hebrew hsarah, *ten*, seems also to be from hashar, *to be straight, erect; to build, rear, increase, grow rich;* from which we might infer that the Greek δεκα, *ten*, is connected with δικη, which seems to have *uprightness* as its primary meaning. Welsh, deg; Celtic, deich; Persian, deh; Icelandic, tiu; Meso-Gothic, taihun; Dutch, tien; Anglo-Saxon, tyn, *ten.*

The inferences drawn from the correspondent significance of the *names of the numerals* in various ancient languages, are strengthened by a comparison of the characters employed to represent them. In the plain hand, the Chinese employs _, =, ≡, and in the running hand, 𝍠, 𝍡, 𝍢, to represent the numerals *one, two, three.* The last of these is evidently the Roman notation for the same numbers. The union of these in a running hand (Z, Ƹ), or as now written in the Telingo ( , ), would form the 2 and 3 of the Arabic numerals, as they are called; though they are, in reality, Indian.* The Chinese character for *four* is (*IL*) surrounded by a square or circular border. Omitting the border and elevating the right limb of the second part of the character, and we have (*IV*) the

* The Persian employs the *yas* for the first three numerals, connecting the two together, thus μ, and adding another point for 3.

Roman representation of *four*. Transposing and uniting the parts, and we have (4) the Arabic character for *four* (4). The Sanscrit preserves the circular border of the Chinese character, but writes the hieroglyph for the man on the outside, instead of the inside, of the same, thus (ꝏ).* The Chinese character for *five*, omitting the lines above and below—that is, the two *yas*—becomes *H*, which the Sanscrit writes *H*. This character undergoes a great variety of modifications. The Roman V is the simplest form, the Telingo employing it with an appendage, thus ≻I. The Kunkuna, which is allied to the Sanscrit, has ⋎; while the Arabic is ⋚, or 5. The Roman symbol for *ten* (×) is the Chinese +, with a simple change of position.

The Sanscrit figure for *six* is that for three inverted (ꝏ), with an additional turn at the top as a sign of doubling, of which the Arabic 6 is a good outline, omitting the points. It is a curious coincidence, that the Persian shesh, *six*, has the appearance of being a reduplication of its seh, *three*. The Sanscrit figure for *seven* (⊂) shows to *the eye*, what the Chinese was intended to represent to the mind (⊥), completion of the curve. The Telingo preserves the original form of the Chinese curve (∝) as the representative of *seven*. This figure was subsequently changed, in Chinese, into L,† which being inverted, forms the Arabic ⅂. The Arabic figure for *eight* (8) is nearly the same as the Sanscrit figure for *four*; as the Sanscrit figure for *six* is

* The Persian four is half of the Sanscrit figure = ꝏ.

† The Persian elevates the right limb of this figure, thus V; and inverts it for eight, thus Λ.

nearly the same as its figure for *three*. The Arabic numeral for *nine* (9) expresses to the eye what the Chinese character speaks to the mind. Involving and evolving of the curve, and hence, *spaciousness, strength, mystery, perfection.* The numerals for *ten* (10) in Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, etc., also speak to the eye, what the Chinese speaks to the mind—*ascent, or advance of unity.*

The Egyptian mode of representing numbers was different from any we have considered. The sign of unity (⊢, or I) was repeated to denote numbers up to *nine*. *Ten* was represented by a character (∩) signifying *curve*, or *turn;* and this was repeated to denote the tens up to a hundred. The *hundred* was denoted by the character signifying involution of the curve, or *the curve into itself* (9, direct or inverted), also repeated to a thousand.

These examples show that this subject is fraught with deep interest; and we can not resist the conviction that a thorough investigation of it will throw great light upon the religious history of the early nations; that what we may appropriately term the *Theology of Linguistics*, is to become one of the most important branches of *Natural Theology*. And we regard it as among the benefits of *Odd-Fellowship*, that it tends to keep alive an interest in everything pertaining to the ancient mysteries, and, through them, with all the kindred branches of ancient learning. With this persuasion, we have ventured to give our readers the foregoing, on a subject which might otherwise seem dry and uninteresting.

# HOPE.

BY JOHN MILTON STEARNS.

"Hope springs immortal in the human breast.
Man never *is*, but always *to be*, blessed."

Among the legends of the East, is recorded the story of Amilcar, the Bedouin,—wild in incidents, yet sober in the truthfulness of its moral teachings.

"I have come at last to die," said the venerable patriarch; "and the angel of hope, that has cheered me in life's rugged paths, is still my soother and comforter." It was all the sick man could say. He lived in a cottage a few miles from Mecca, the sacred city of the renowned prophet. A youth, who claimed the relation of a grandson, was standing over him, administering to his relief. Expiring strength revived for a moment, and he seemed restored, as it were, in his faculties; and, in a gentle voice, he thus addressed his attendant:—

"Young man, how shall I repay your kindness and affection? You are, indeed, making a blessed beginning of life, when it is my lot to leave it. But, when I am gone, will you continue thus constant in virtue, or will you forget your own better example, and pursue the temptations of a deceiving world? A knowledge of my experience shall repay your kindness, and fore-

warn you of dangers. God be praised, who shall give me strength to tell it you.

"I am a child of the desert. My earliest memories are its ocean of sand, its burning days, and crimson evening skies. The names of father, mother, friend, were but traditions of my earliest years. I only knew that they were not, and that their bones whitened the desert in some lost way. Such was my youth—a lonely, friendless orphan, toiling for bread with those who loved him not, nor had kind words or smiles to cheer him at his tasks.

"For years I thus lived on; so poor, indeed, I often asked myself the object of my existence? The past was but a blank, and in the future hung no bow of hope. But how should I escape? I knew not;—but the desert sure imposed no prison-walls. And when the night came, I put a sack of bread upon my shoulder, and by my side a goatskin filled with water, and rambled away, till the rising sun found me a sorry boy, alone in the pathless desert. I found a well with camels' tracks around, and looked and saw the last of a caravan, about to pass from view, beyond a ridge of rocks that stretched to a considerable distance to the right and left. I gave a howl, such as the desert traveller regards, as from a stranger's voice. A youth, who was seated on a camel, turned and rode back, inquiring who I was and what I wished. I told him I was a poor boy, who wished for freedom and to see the world; and if the caravan were not too many for its means, I begged for its protection. The company consisted of about a hundred; they were merchants trading from Egypt to

India, and Bagdad was proposed to be taken in the route. Seeing that I had a good supply of provisions, my request was readily granted; and a few days after, I parted their company, before the walls of the famous and renowned Bagdad.

"This was a new world to me. I looked about to see what adventure might subserve the purpose I had fixed, of getting rich and rising in the world. An eastern merchant, in the India trade, made me his servant, then his scribe, and then the factor of his trade, and treasurer and banker of his funds. A few years were sufficient to pass me through these grades, and then I was a merchant for myself, and went to distant cities, and returned laden with wealth, and goods of rich and costly workmanship. India and China claimed to be my friends, and all the world could give I claimed to have acquired, as making up the richest fortune then possessed in Bagdad. But the sunlight of my hopes seemed far away as ever—my toil was vain—I'd spent my strength for naught.

"I became rich, but riches did not make me happy. I married, but my domestic relations failed of meeting my hopes, though a wife of uncommon beauty and purest virtue sought, by all the talents and arts she possessed, to make me happy. Three sweet boys and a lovely daughter gathered around me with their laughing eyes and prattling tongues, and called me '*father*.'

"Years rolled on, and still my wealth increased; among the merchants of Bagdad, none stood higher, and none commanded such confidence and weight of influence. But I was still unhappy. My mind was dream-

ing still, in vague conceits, of mines of peace and joy in some strange land.

"The things of worth, of which I doubted not I had the best, were but a mockery of hope deferred. I had some notions of another world and another life; and when a teacher of Mohammed's faith showed me the Koran, and asked obedience to the prophet's laws, I listened to the call and gave my mind to all the prophet's teachings. A pilgrimage to the prophet's tomb became the proper penance for my sins. To live and cherish pride and discontent, amid my own vast wealth, had been my lot. My wife besought me not to leave my home and all my friends so kind. But when she found her efforts vain, with all the devotion of angelic love, she employed herself in preparations to make my future journey pleasant and delightful. With a single camel and a pilgrim's robe, I left my home and all the palaces and stores of goods that ranked me with the first of Bagdad's merchant princes; nor cast one thought behind, till the morning dawn saw me a lonely traveller by the desert way, trusting to the holiness of my mission for protection. In a day or two I fell in with a caravan bound to the holy city of Mecca. But little did my new-found friends care for the prophet or his faith. They said their prayers, 'tis true, at early morning, bowing toward the east.

"But an old slave, from the mountains of Ethiopia, belonged to the company, and with him I continued to talk and while away the tedium of the road. At the mention of a pilgrimage, one evening, the eye of the old African kindled with delight. "Yes," said he, "I

have been at the holy sepulchre at the holy city of the renowned David! The place where Christ once slept is the most sacred of all holy altars this earth has ever seen." A Christian dog, as the slave was called by his masters, could not distract my mind from the absolution I hoped to obtain by the sight of the prophet's dust. A few days passed, and I came and bowed in the sacred mosque, expecting some new and strange sentiments would enkindle in my mind by the sacredness of the associations around me.

"But deception was on every hand; frauds, robberies, thefts, and knavery, ministered at the very altar of the sacred temple. I began to suspect I had mistaken the true faith; and as I gave way to reflections on the statements of my slave companion, who looked to the holy city of Jerusalem as marking his pathway to heaven, I sought him again, and talked of all the incidents of a pilgrimage there. But on the morrow he was to leave, with his master, for the desert. Had I been travelling as a merchant with money or means of credit, I certainly should have redeemed him and set him free. But I was a pilgrim now, among strangers, and nearly as poor as himself. I gave him a piece of silver; and in his gratitude for it, he presently brought me an old book, with the remark that it was one a good man gave as a guide-book in his former pilgrimage to Jerusalem. But he could not read it, and he would give it to me as a memento of our association under the sorrows of this world of tears. He supposed me in all things as poor as himself; and, for all facilities for moral happiness, I seemed to myself to be much poorer. I

took the book, and on opening it, I discovered it to be the Christian's Bible; and having learned to read by efforts to instruct my children in that art, at my home in Bagdad, I rejoiced that I had, through God's goodness, obtained the possession of such a confidential and sympathizing companion as an interesting book.

"The impression hung around me that Jerusalem was the true holy city, and that Mohammed's religion was an imposition and a cheat. I fixed my resolution for a further pilgrimage. But, as I went on, I began to give a more careful attention to my guide-book, the bible I had received. At first I sought to make out the proper road by tracing the track of Moses and the children of Israel in their journey to the holy land; and in a few weeks I was looking over the Red sea, standing on the identical shore where Moses and his followers stood, as they turned to see the calamity of the Egyptian host. I traced this prophet's path in the desert, and pressed on, over the same journey and upon the same mountain ridges; having no thought, however, that God would care for me, a wretched sinner. And then I rambled down into the plains of Jordan, where its waters stood upright, and left the bottom dry for Israel's passage over. I knelt with awe at Machpelah's cave, and read before the patriarch's dust the history of their renowned deeds; and then the hills of Salem, in the distance, charmed my delighted view. I bent my footsteps to the sacred mountain where the Savior died, and where a world was purchased by his blood. I sought his holy tomb, and knelt on the marble steps before the sacred sarcophagus, where 'twas said Christ's body lay, as

*'twere in state*, until he rose unto his glorious home, and dissipated all the shades of death.

"But all this long, laborious pilgrimage was vain! I found my own heart still miserable. I knew not where to fly. But I rambled on, till at Jacob's well I stopped to read what Christ had said to the woman of Samaria: that 'neither in that mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, should men worship the Father, but that they that worship him, should worship him in spirit and in truth.'

"My awful burden of sin I had been attempting to bear alone, and my proud heart had never asked the peace which God gives to his humbled children. I had rambled far, over many countries, to find what I should have sought at home, by communing with God and my own heart. My eyes were opened; and I found that all God's servants, and the Savior too, made up life's burdens and its duties in usefulness to a suffering world. Ere this, myself alone had been the subject of my care. I had left my wife and children, and rambled far away, led on by vain delusions of self-righteousness. I had a fortune, which charity might dispense to bring the sunlight down to the poor man's heart—to comfort the bed of sickness, and make the orphan feel that yet a father was left for him on earth. But what thieves and knaves might, ere this, have robbed me of my store, I knew not. Nor had the anguish that my absence had occasioned the wife I ought to love, or the dear children God had given us, been for once considered, in the mad course I had pursued as superstition's slave.

"But strength will fail to tell of all the just rebukes

my conscience felt, or all the hard sufferings of my pilgrimage, as I pressed my course back by the shortest way to my home and family.

"I found that God had kindly kept my house till my return. My wife and children came unto my palace-gate with tears of joy and smiles, and welcomed me again a merchant prince of Bagdad.

"I told the story of my heart's sad pilgrimage of sorrow, and of the light which Heaven had cast around me. We read the Bible through—the same the slave had given me in the desert. My wife and children all believed its solemn truths, and charity benign became to us a part of home. We gave not as to beggars, but as to fellow-men with whom we had a common brotherhood. The secret now was brought to light, that *hope would live and smile only where doing good is made the burden and the care of life.* To find true peace, our hearts must love and sympathize with man. Selfishness is sin, and brings companionship with all sin's teasing torments.

"I also learned the use of faith and hope, in days when fortune's clouds and storms may come to make the grave of wealth and dignity.

"As 'twere but yester-morn, so fresh in memory now, I woke to hear the din of war and tumult within the walls of Bagdad. The Tartar horde, those wild men of the north, had come, a locust cloud, with fire and sword and vengeance, and forced the city's gate. We had barely time to fly without the walls, when, looking back, we saw the town in flames; and, ere the sun went down, my whole estate became a heap of

ashes. I looked and saw, and then I bowed in prayer; but, ere my words began, God's numerous mercies crowded my memory—my lips would only speak in giving thanks and praise. My wife was still preserved, my children too, and my own life was safe; and were not these enough?

"A former merchant-friend, from Mecca, found us fugitives rambling over the plain, and made us welcome to the protection of his caravan across the desert. I came again a pilgrim here, but not to see the prophet's dust—but to seek a refuge for the living souls endeared to my affections. This was a true pilgrimage, I felt and knew. Its objects were beneficence and duty. And God has blessed us. He made us friends in this little hamlet, and here we found a home, and here a peaceful grave is ready to receive from thee, my grandson, the last who claims relationship of blood—the last of thy ancestors known on earth. I know you've learned to live and trust in God.

"It was my richest joy, with all the griefs attending, to comfort the last hours of my wife when sickness came to summon her to heaven. As I do now, she calmly looked on death. 'God is my friend,' said she; 'and, husband dear, I know you'll come to join our glorious songs.' But few years passed, ere God his own required, and took my children all away; and you, an infant grandchild left me, have been the care and comfort of my old age. My history is told—farewell. Improve on what I've said; learn to live for usefulness and God; and hope will light your spirit through the world, and dissipate the darkness of the grave."

# THE MISER.

"What is here?
Gold? gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold.
Saint-seducing gold?"

CUPIDITY, or the inordinate desire of acquiring wealth, has been a characteristic of mankind in every age of the world; for, strange as it may appear, there is scarcely any vice more incorrigible, or passion irrepressible, than avarice. Anomalous as may be considered the character of the miser, how universal seems the tendency of the human heart to covet money. To what dire expedients will not men submit—to what voluntary inflictions, sufferings, and toil, will they not consent, for the gratification of this insatiate, darling desire! What to the degraded victim of this sordid passion, is the excision from all the gentle charities and endearments of domestic or social life? In his selfish isolation, he knows no pleasure but in piling up his glittering gold. The wretched votary of Mammon is no worshipper at the shrine of the goddess of Peace—he is an alien to the halcyon joys of her benign and blessed influence—ever corroded with carking care lest his ill-gotten treasure should be wrested from his grasp. The miser's portion is at best an unenviable one—

"Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment, that it can not ease his pain."

And since the indulgence of this debasing lust is at direct variance with all that is noble, generous, and humane, who does not exult in the fact that the beneficent Giver of all, has fixed upon this crime the evident tokens of his righteous reprehension, as involving a species of moral treason against the decisions of his wise and equitable government. Considered simply as means to the attainment of the necessary comforts and immunities of life, riches are, of course, not to be deprecated—it would be exceedingly difficult to induce any to subscribe to a contrary opinion, especially in these days of gold-digging: but when they are made the all-engrossing object of pursuit, the love of accumulating riches becomes the curse of their possessor. Classic story affords some illustrious examples of a noble contempt of riches; and instances in modern times exhibit a preference of virtuous poverty over venality and craving for wealth. The terms of its acquisition are often far beyond its value: health being frequently bartered in its pursuit, and happiness in its possession. The true idea of living

"Lies in three words—health, peace, and competence."

In many, if not most of the wars of ancient and modern times, cupidity seems to have been the governing motive. No sooner had Columbus laid bare a new world, than the cursed love of gold began to absorb the attention of his followers. Every species of inhumanity, perfidy, and injustice, they displayed toward the inoffensive occupants of the soil, for the sake of extorting from them the treasures they possessed. According to

the estimates of historians, such was the barbarity with which the sanguinary Spaniards treated the natives of Hispaniola, that in less than half a century from the discovery of the island, their number was reduced from two thousand to scarcely one hundred and fifty. The conquest of Mexico, by Cortes and his followers, impelled by similar motives, was accompanied with horrors, atrocities, and slaughter, more dreadful and revolting than almost any other scenes recorded in the annals of our race. Similar atrocities were committed, and the same execrable propensities displayed, in the expedition of Pizarro and his crew, for the conquest of Peru. In order to glut their avarice for plundering the golden treasures of the country, the basest treachery and the most cold-blooded cruelties were practised. Take, for example, the strategy they employed in the capture of the *Inca*, or emperor, and the carnage of four thousand of his attendants. The curse of Heaven, however, manifestly has rested upon the wealth they thus obtained; proving, that whether perpetrated by individuals, or communities of men, this fearful crime is not indulged with impunity. Were it not restrained by some counteracting power, the world would ere long be transformed into a field of plunder, an immense charnel-house, and a habitation of demons. The sin of avarice appears in its most abject and degrading form in the practice of hoarding up money, exclusively for the love of its accumulation. A man under the control of this vice is injurious to society, an enemy to God, and suicidal of his own happiness. He may assume a specious and plausible exterior, but his heart is corrupt. To acquire

money by any means that will not render him amenable to the criminal laws, and to place it in security, are his soul-absorbing pursuits. He is usually hard and griping in his bargains; instead of relieving the necessities of the needy, he grinds the faces of the poor: he defrauds without remorse if he can but do so without detection. He envies him who possesses more than himself; his accumulated wealth always lags behind his avaricious desires; and he is ever tortured with restless fears lest he should be despoiled of his much-cherished treasure—judging others to be actuated by the base motives which govern his own depraved heart. He denies himself those sensitive comforts with which a liberal Providence has replenished the earth, and placed within the reach of all: in fine, he starves himself, amid his superabundance and affluence. As he descends to the grave, whither his riches can not follow, his desires acquire an increased intensity, and he clings to his bags of gold with a fearfully-tenacious grasp—vainly deluding himself with the cheat, that he can thereby solace his soul in the dread hour of dissolving nature, till the "king of terrors" divorces him from their embrace for ever.

Such is a faint outline of him whom we designate the *miser*. It may not be inadmissible, here, to cite a few instances from history, illustrative of the character we have attempted to portray.

The well-known Nathaniel Bentley, alias "Dirty Dick," of Leadenhall street, London, may be familiar to some of our readers, and we commence our category with him.

This eccentric specimen of humanity, from being an affluent leader of fashion, passed over twenty years of his life in dirt, destitution, and dingy obscurity—in a house as loathsome as a sepulchre—and died a melancholy victim to his delusion, friendless and despised. His *penchant* was not exclusively for gold, but old iron, and an indescribable, heterogeneous mass of things, heaped together in mysterious, chaotic confusion. After a wretched existence, destitute of every necessary comfort, his fancied wealth, which was sold in the lot, brought only one thousand pounds, of the principal portion of which amount he was soon after fraudulently dispossessed by the intrigue and knavery of a dissolute woman.

Thomas Pitt was another deplorable example. This *poor* man was a native of Warwickshire, and brought up without the advantages, happily so common in our day, of education. When he reached London, with one shilling in his pocket, and without a solitary friend, he had to beg for his support, and even contented himself with bits of stale bread, the bones and offal of the streets. Subsequently he hired himself to a butcher. Pitt's maxim was, that honesty, though the best policy, was not yet the shortest road to fortune, if it were even the safest. He once made a vow to himself, that as soon as he had accumulated one thousand pounds, he would treat himself with a pint of beer every Saturday night; but when his extreme parsimony had made his stock up so much, a trifling advance on the price of that beverage made him stop short at half the promised quota. His wardrobe was a *living* illus-

tration of the verity of Solomon's assertion, "There is nothing new under the sun:" and as to his domestic and dietary accessions, the less said about them the better, for they were of the most odious and disgusting kind. His only solace, as well as source of anxious solicitude, was his money; his pulse rose and fell with the funds. He lived for over thirty years ensconced in a gloomy garret, which, during that time, was never enlivened with the light of the lamp, the fire, or the face of friendship—and only to a very limited extent by that of the great luminary whose cheering rays beam gladly upon all, "without *money* and without price." A few weeks previous to his decease, he went to several undertakers in quest of a cheap coffin; and, to finish the disgusting portrait, he died without the regrets, as he had lived without the regards, of those who knew him—a miserable illustration of the corrupting influence of cupidity. He left behind him two thousand four hundred and seventy-five pounds in the public funds.

Betty Bolaine may also be quoted as belonging to this class. She lived to a great age—over fourscore—a most wretchedly degraded life,—a torment to herself and a nuisance to society,—one of the greatest of robbers, for she robbed herself of every necessary, the public of the use of her money, and her God of the devotion of her depraved and debased heart. Almost the last words she uttered contained a falsehood; for on being asked if she had anything to eat or drink, she replied in the negative, when at the same time she had some six dozen of Madeira, long kept locked away from

F. Walker, 64 Fulton St.

Engd by John Mc Rae

*The Miser*

a parsimonious fear of using it; and yet her property was estimated, at her death, to exceed twenty thousand pounds.

Many curious things are told of one Thomas Cooke, touching his penury and extreme thrift. During his last sickness, his physician was urged to give his opinion of his probable recovery; and on his intimating that he might possibly linger five or six days, Cooke, collecting as much of his exhausted strength as he could, raised himself in bed, and darting a look of keenest indignation at the surgeon, exclaimed, "Why, you are no better than a robber, to be thus sending me your two bottles a-day, when you know my time to be so short; get out of the house, and never show yourself here again!" He lived and died unpitied, unlamented, in the eighty-sixth year of his long and shamefully-wasted life, possessed of a property of £127,205.

Another victim of the disease of avarice was Ostervald, the banker of Paris, who literally died of want. Within a few days of his death, no importunities could induce him to buy meat for the purpose of making a little soup for him. "True," said he, "I should not dislike the soup; but what is to become of the meat? what a waste there will be!" This miserable mendicant and mammon-worshipper subsisted mainly upon a pint of beer a-day; and at the house from which he procured the beverage, he abstracted all the old corks he could lay his hands on; his eight years' pilferings in this line realized the sum of twelve louis-d'ors—this formed the basis of his fortune, which ultimately reached £125,000 sterling.

Edward Nokes, a tinker of Essex, lived in the most abject poverty; yet, at his demise, he was found to have been possessed of five or six thousand pounds. The most disgusting expedients were resorted to by this poor wretch, for the purpose of avoiding the necessary cost of keeping body and soul together. His habits were offensively dirty, and his raiment unique, being a mass of indescribable "shreds and patches." He kept his "funds" in a tin box, which he deposited under the bricks of his room. Whenever—and it was not unfrequent—he wished to regale his eyes with the bright vision of his gold, the bricks were removed with the greatest secrecy and care, and again replaced with the like solicitude.

Daniel Dancer was remarkable for a miserly disposition. Among other incidents of his inglorious life, may be mentioned the fact of his having carried a snuff-box—not for the entertainment of his nasal organ, but for the purpose of containing the collected pinches from his snuff-taking friends; these were finally bartered for a penny candle, as often as they were thus accumulated. After wearing a detestably dirty hat for thirteen years, he was prevailed upon to give a shilling for a new one; but the passion for profit actually made him sell it for eighteen pence. His property was said to be exceedingly large.

M. Vaudille was one of the most remarkable instances we have met with, on account of both his immense wealth and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would allow, to avoid unwelcome visiters: his diet was diluted with milk and cheap

bread; although such was the extent of his riches, that he influenced, more than almost any man of his day, the public funds, and filled the office of magistrate at Boulogne. His meanness was exhibited in various ways: once he was seen stealing a few sticks of firewood from a neighboring poor farmer; and when the estimate for opening a vein was given in by his attendant for three several blood-lettings, to save money, he concluded to have the three operations at one and the same time; which being insisted on, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, and died soon after. Thus he contracted for his own death by parsimony, as he had his useless riches during his life.

There have been few persons in whom avarice has predominated more than in John Elwes. At a time when he was worth £800,000, he would eat game in a state of putrefaction; and the condition of his miserable dwelling, as well as his person, presents perhaps the most notorious example of the depths of degradation to which the miser will voluntarily descend for the gratification of his vile passion. It is said that he was frequently heard at midnight as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money—nobody shall rob me of my property."

Doubtless such examples are pointed out by Divine Providence, as beacons to guard us against the ensnaring influence of this debasing crime; for, in the words of Dr. Dick: "It is impossible for a soul thus absorbed in the accumulation of money, to love its Creator or its fellow-creatures; or to submit to the requisitions of the gospel; and consequently it must be altogether unfit for

engaging in the sublime exercises of the heavenly world, and for relishing that 'inheritance which is incorruptible and that fadeth not away.' The service of God and mammon is absolutely irreconcilable. Than such a man, there can scarcely be presented a more pitiable picture of human depravity and degradation. An immortal mind grovelling in the dust, and having for its highest aim the heaping up treasures never to be enjoyed, and despising those incorruptible riches which endure for ever!" What folly, indeed, can be comparable to the conduct of such an infatuated mortal?

"Oh, cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,—
First starved in this, then damned in that to come!"

## HAPPY REALIZINGS.

No jealousy their dawn of life o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife.
Each season looked delightful, as it passed,
To the fond husband and the faithful wife.

# DEDICATION OF ODD-FELLOWS' HALL, NEW YORK.

ONE of the finest edifices erected in this country for the use of the Order, was dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, in the city of New York, on the 4th of June last. A view of the building, then in course of erection, was given in the Offering for 1849; and we believe we shall greatly oblige the readers of our work, by closing the present book with the address of the orator on the occasion of the dedication. It is original and hopeful, and we bespeak for it a careful perusal.

## ORATION

OF

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

*At Castle Garden, on the evening of June 4, 1849.*

LADIES, CITIZENS, AND BROTHERS: So vast and brilliant an assembly as this, may well close our triumphant festival.

From the cold rivers of Maine—from the orange groves of Florida—from the deer-haunted shores of the great lakes of the north—from the upper waters of the mountain-fed Missouri—from the fervid plains over which Cortez led the cavaliers of Spain,—we have gathered to dedicate a Temple of Charity—to celebrate the inauguration of the Republic of Humanity.

On the night of the 25th of December, 1806, while a winter storm was drifting over this island city, in an upper chamber of a house yet standing in Fulton street, five men assembled to organize the first Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, ever founded on this continent.

To the Genius of humanity, who presided over that humble scene and foresaw its consequences, it must have seemed, as to its first discoverer did the parent rill which gushes from the Rocky mountains, and flows on in its far pilgrimage till it swells into the solemn Mississippi.

They called the institution they founded, SHAKSPEARE LODGE,

and, like the name they gave it, it has pervaded the world. Its charter now lies side by side with the play of Hamlet, in the library of Sunny Side on the Hudson, and in the frail tent of the gold-digger on the golden banks of the Rio Sacramento.

The names given to the first four Lodges in New York, indicate the spirit of their founders. Shakspeare's name represented Literature and Humanity; Franklin was the second, and it represented Philosophy and Labor; Washington was the third, and it represented Heroism and Love of Country; Columbia was the fourth, and it represented the broad continent where Odd-Fellowship was to achieve its greatest triumphs.

I shall pronounce no encomium on this Order. It has already existed too long, and entered too deeply into the regards of mankind, to need any defence—to require any apology.

*I shall speak of some of the causes which brought it into existence and contributed to its progress; what it has attempted to do for mankind hitherto; and what it must achieve if it would live in the future. It will be necessary, also, to glance at the aspects of the present period, and the electric progress of the world.*

I am conscious that it has been a day of excitement and fatigue, and that on the fancies of the fair women and brave men who will hear me with scarce-concealed impatience, are gleaming visions of fairy forms floating in the dance. It is not a very enviable office to try to elicit the interest or stir the sympathies of this great company, who have just returned from the fatigues of a march, and are just going to the enchantments of a ball-room and the luxuries of a banquet. Suffer, then, I pray you—with what patience you can—a few words in the name of the Trinity of humanity, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH.

It should not seem strange that we have assembled for this exulting festival;—all nations and orders of men have had their anniversaries of congratulation. For nearly forty centuries the sons of Abraham have held their yearly Pentecost to celebrate the emancipation of their fathers. The Greeks held their national games to immortalize the triumphs of heroism; and the birth of this nation will be celebrated through all time to perpetuate the memory of the Fathers of the Republic.

Every creed has had its temples, and every divinity its worshippers: why may we not rear a temple to Humanity, and burn incense upon its altars? The world has long had its Republic of Letters, and its Republic of Liberty—it is time it had its REPUBLIC OF HUMANITY. We have blended the beauties of the arts of the Orient in building our temple, and with grateful and joyous hearts we have dedicated it to-day.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AROSE IN THE NECESSITIES OF MAN—Not to add one more star to the waning constellation of nobility; not to deal with fictitious interests, or practise fanciful experiments. It was formed to deal with substantial life, to minister to real wants. A more practical benevolence was wanted in the world, to seek out distress, bind up wounds, assuage griefs, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the prisoner, educate the orphan, protect the widow, comfort the dying, and bury the dead. *Man needed a closer acquaintance with man, the world over.* For these hallowed purposes our Order sprang into life, and its course has been cheered by the sunny smiles of gratitude, by the consciousness of duty, and by the blessing of God. Let me, in passing, corrrect a false impression, not uncommon:

Odd-Fellowship never was, and never can be, hostile to Christianity, for it is founded on its great law of love. It never assailed the Church, for clergymen, and good men of all denominations, swell our numbers. But it has been assailed, either because it was misunderstood, or from a still worse motive. We lay claim to none of the rights or privileges of a divine institution; we assume none of the prerogatives of the priesthood; we invade none of the ordinances of religion—we celebrate none of its mysteries; we impose no religious creed on the conscience; we do not even claim to be an institution of charity: *we only attempt to do our duty to one another.* True, we admit no one to our Order who does not believe in an Almighty and Beneficent Father of the universe; who does not recognise the law of the Savior, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," to be the only true or safe guide of life. True, when we come together, we sing anthems of congratulation, and we invoke the benediction of Heaven, that all we

do may be conformed to the Law of Love. But who will say that the glad heart may not pour forth its fullness in music? or that, in a world on which the tears of the Son of man have fallen, the erring, misguided, suffering, child of earth, may not turn his eye up to the blue heavens, and supplicate the blessing of his Father? We only aim to do to each other what the good Samaritan did to the wounded and robbed wayfarer, whom the Levite and the priest passed by on the other side.

Our duties are plainly prescribed: "To meet together as brothers, and, in cases of affliction or distress, to relieve the wants of each other, and administer all the consolation we can to the afflicted. * * * We keep nothing hidden, except what is necessary to give efficacy and permanence to our Order, by preserving its unity and guarding it against imposition. The breaking of bread to the hungry, the cup of cold water to the thirsty, watching by the sick bed, comforting the afflicted, cherishing the stranger, visiting the imprisoned, succoring the enfeebled; how sadly are these tender duties neglected by a large portion of the human race!"

How far are these duties performed by Odd-Fellowship? How far are these objects effected? So perfectly, I answer in a word, that it is nearly impossible for an Odd-Fellow to be overwhelmed with calamity without finding succor. If Slander's merciless breath strikes him, there is an honest man near by to defend his reputation; for in this association, men are taught not only to reverence truth, but to *scorn the liar*, and despise the robber of the good name of a fellow-man! *He* is the foulest of burglars, the meanest of highwaymen!

The Odd-Fellow can not suffer honest poverty without alleviation. If his hand of labor is paralyzed at his toil, he is maintained till his muscles grow strong; and this comes not in grudging *charity*—it is his *right*. His wife and children are not driven into the streets to ask *charity* while he is sick—the dignity of his manhood is spared this humiliation. In his old age he is not driven to the almshouse for a home. He is a *man* to the last—he never becomes a *pauper!* that squalid, loathsome, intolerable wreck of a man. The Odd-Fellow can not *die alone;* brothers

stand by him in the final hour, and half the bitterness of death is forgotten in the thought that brothers will follow him to the grave—that his widow will be cared for and his orphans protected. These gentle beings are not left without a covert on the heath of time!

This argument is not limited to the poor man; for *no* man has so much gold he may not sometime lack bread; none of us has so many friends he may not one day be deserted, and our children are sure one day to be orphans. It is no mean praise of Odd-Fellowship to say that it multiplies a man's friends—and, in a world like this, who ever had too many?

THE WHOLE FABRIC OF SOCIETY IS STRENGTHENED BY THE SUSTAINING INFLUENCE OF THIS ORDER. It is benefited by it in a higher and better sense than by hospitals and almshouses; for it administers relief to men in *their homes;*—they are not dragged from the sacred enclosure of the family, paraded in fever wards, watched over by hirelings, or farmed out in the poorhouse!

Let us cross the ocean (for Odd-Fellowship follows man everywhere), and look into the workhouses of England, those loathsome and crowded dépôts where men and women are stowed away till death's freight-train comes for them! Husbands and wives, in want and age, separated from their children and from each other. The workhouse is the terror of the poor man in England; when it stares him in the face, he perpetrates a crime, and, by going to a dungeon, escapes the humiliation of a workhouse.

The British government, which discourages all secret societies, has been compelled to remove her restrictions from Odd-Fellowship—for poverty and want have filled her green islands with dying and dead men. She has even made the Order her almoner to expend her relief-fund, since her money would thus go further, and secure greater and quicker relief. In Great Britain, Odd-Fellowship stands between a million of men and death. Heaven send peace and plenty to those emerald islands—powerful in their empire—feeble in their famine.

We are honored to-night by the presence of the mayor of our city—ask him what it costs New York to feed her hungry, and bury her dead! and he will tell you what Odd-Fellowship saves

us every year. Let the Order suddenly withdraw its sustaining hand, and every city in this country would feel the shock—the entire body of society would stagger under the burden!

It should be no cause of complaint if we limited our beneficence to the circle of our own Order: for we can not, *alone*, bear the Atlean world of human suffering, and if *we* do not care for Odd-Fellows, who will? *As an organization*, our most imperious duties are toward one another; but we regard man everywhere as sacred—wherever we meet him he is God's child, and our brother, and if we can help him we will. So far as our means allow, we open wide our hands.

Pittsburg is laid waste by a desolating fire. The lodges send on their offerings, till more is received than has been lost, and a portion of the offering is sent back to the Odd-Fellow of New York—it is soon required for another afflicted city!

Panama is crowded with thousands waiting to embark for the glittering coast, and pestilence is filling every house with the dead. That mass of dying adventurers are strangers in a strange land; but there are sure to be Odd-Fellows there. A magical signal brings them together. A Lodge is organized; the work of helping one another begins on system. The needy are aided, the sick healed, the dying comforted, and the dead buried. No distinctions are made; *man is suffering, and man is sacred!* A secure and beautiful burial-ground, overlooking the ocean, is purchased, and, before the great caravan goes on its way, an appeal is sent back to the Lodges, which is at once responded to; and while I am speaking, the iron fence is on its way for the enclosure of the Strangers' Cemetery, founded by the Odd-Fellows at Panama. Heaven send that our treasure may one day be as large as the hearts of the founders of our Order!

A thousand facts in my possession would justify me in words of exalted eulogy; but it is far better the eulogy be breathed as it has been, silently, into the ear of Heaven, with the last prayer of the dying; by the widow over the bier of her husband; by the young orphan over the grave of his father.

And throughout these thirty herculean Republics, *by concentrated effort*, this good work is going ceaselessly on. It follows

the sun in his circuit, and every twenty-four hours, it has made the good-Samaritan journey of the globe.

ASSOCIATION IS THE CHIEF INSTRUMENT OF POWER IN MODERN TIMES. Men have ceased acting alone; they now move to the achievement of everything in masses—whether it be to bridge the Atlantic with steamers, uproot the dynasty of the Bourbons, make a railway to the Pacific, or rebuild the republic of Rome.

In Odd-Fellowship we blend the energies of a vast multitude of men. We converge the rays of hazy twilight and flame them forth in focal light. We bind the starry spangles into a central sun.

Why should the advantages of concentration be monopolized by government and commerce? When this government strikes, the strength of twenty-three millions is in the blow. When she confirms a treaty, it is sealed with the faith of twenty-three million men. The power, the wisdom, the wealth, of these millions, are in every negotiation the government conducts; in every effort she puts forth. They ride with her navies; they march in her bannered ranks; they attend on her legislation; they enforce her decrees.

The East India Company is an association of merchants. Her navy has five thousand vessels; her clerks are sons of nobles, she draws tribute from one hundred and fifty millions in the East Indies alone; her body-guard is a hundred thousand men.

For different purposes we have seized on this great secret of success. To accomplish good objects, we combine the strength, wisdom, affluence, arms, and hearts, of a million of men!

We lift these numerous shields over the widow's unprotected head; we place these myriad arms under the unsupported orphan; we have so many night-watchers; so many day-visits for the sick; so many to swell the funeral trains of departed brothers to their places of rest! We act together; and when Odd-Fellowship utters its voice, like the morning drum of England it beats round the world!

Another circumstance, fits us peculiarly for the great work of benefiting our fellow-men—I mean THE ABSOLUTE SIMPLICITY OF OUR OBJECT—unfettered and unembarrassed by any connexion with the ecclesiastical, political, or philosophical distinctions which obtain among men.

In looking over the earth, we find the world divided into hostile encampments in philosophy, politics, and religion. We assail none of these encampments. Let them keep their banners flying over their respective hosts — all of us belong to one or more of these party divisions — for Odd-Fellowship interferes with none of our other engagements or obligations — it impairs in no degree our personal independence. One conviction fills our hearts; one purpose nerves our arms. Man is suffering, and man is sacred. We can better his condition; we can elevate his character; we can inspire him with nobler aspirations; and we will!

TO ACCOMPLISH THESE OBJECTS, OUR ORDER WAS FOUNDED. Man, poor, feeble, benighted, lost, needed something more done for him: priesthoods had invented a thousand religions, with mystic emblems, and solemn rituals; philosophy had thought, and learning had studied for ages. The arts of taste had grown to perfection; heroes had won crowns of victory — empires, republics, arts, and religion, had risen and gone to decay — but man was the same suffering, misguided, unhelped being still. Could nothing effectual be done to illumine and elevate so noble a creature, susceptible of such exalted sentiments — struggling, longing, thirsting, panting, dying for bread, light, hope, progress, immortality! Must he grope on, ever on, along the shore of that vast ocean which rolls round the world, famishing for the bread of life, sighing for some new bark to bear him to climes he never trod, and an elysium he had not yet found?

Odd-Fellowship heard the signal, and sent back its response: "No! Generous, hoping, sighing, suffering, sacred brother, help and light are coming! The day of thy redemption is breaking: I see the herald beams flaming on the eastern sky!"

Such were the wants, such the exigencies, that brought up our Order. It has grown with incredible progress. It is because the world needed it — because it has answered the demands of the age.

IT MUST CONTINUE TO DO SO IF IT WOULD LIVE, AND THE AGE IS CHANGING EVERY HOUR. The life of a single generation is a longer period now than was once the life of an empire. Time is no longer measured by the successive vibrations of the pendulum, but by succession of ideas: not by hours but by events: not by

moments even, but by revolutions. Time is no more marked by the sun-dial, or the hour-glass, but by strokes of the engine, and flashes of the telegraph!

Less than a century ago, France required fifteen years to dethrone a monarch; now she does it in a day! The morning dream of Louis Philippe, in the gilded chamber of Louis *Quatorze*, is broken by the march of a revolution. He rises and orders out his body-guard. You know the rest. The shadows of the same evening closed around his aged head, rocking in a fisherman's boat on the bleak bosom of the Atlantic, and the mounting sunbeams of the next morning shone on Lamartine's republic.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP NOW FINDS ITSELF IN AN ELECTRIC AGE—AND IT MUST BECOME AN ELECTRIC INSTITUTION. An institution to be perpetual, must meet the varying exigencies, and answer the varying demands of the successive ages, through which it travels. In its incipient stages our Order was chiefly occupied in ministering to the physical wants of man—tending the couch of languishment—visiting the prisoner in his cell, the widow in her tears, and the fatherless in their orphanage; and these noble objects must continue to engage its attention; not one of these duties must ever be forgotten.

But Odd-Fellowship is lifting its eye over a wider field. It begins to ask, what is its business with the MINDS OF MEN? While it cares for the body, it begins to feel that it must minister to the wants, the woes, the aspirations, and the progress of the soul. That the spirit is not for a day, nor, like the verse of Shakspeare, for all time. It spreads its wing over the battlements of the invisible world. It leaps the life to come! It begins to feel that the *body of man is sacred*, and instead of leaving the form that will one day put on immortality, to rot in a foul vault or in a crowded city churchyard, where the dead touch one another, in a few days to be torn up by some vandal hand—Rural Cemeteries are being everywhere founded in the still country, where the loved and the lost are laid to rest amidst the flowers which shed their perfume, and the birds who pour out their requiem anthem over the sleeper's pillow. Thank Heaven, that foul charnel-houses are giving place to green gardens for the dead. Odd-Fel-

lowship begins to feel *it is a more sacred, a more imperious duty to cheapen science than to cheapen bread*; for there is a sadder spectacle than a man dying from hunger; it is a soul famishing for the bread of life. Hence, in every part of the land, athenæums, libraries, and reading-rooms, are being founded, where six hours' work gives the laboring man intellectual food, aliment for the soul for three hundred days.

It has always been one of our prescribed duties to educate the orphan, and the duty has been done. BUT IT MUST BE DONE MORE EFFECTUALLY. ORPHAN SCHOOLS OUGHT TO BE FOUNDED BY EVERY LODGE; and till it is done, even Odd-Fellows themselves can not measure the agency their Order can wield in the destiny of men. The schoolmaster has left the university, and gone abroad through the world. He is in Labrador, in Oregon, in Patagonia, and in the distant islands of the South sea. He has sailed up the Golden Horn—he has passed the Pyramids.

Brothers! we must widen the sphere of our beneficence. We are in an intellectual, a thinking age, and we must hereafter do for the minds of men, what, in our feebleness, we once did only for their bodies. Every sign in the political and moral firmament, betokens progress and inspires hope. The whole world is in motion, and the whole world is bidding us God speed. A new and a better day for mankind is everywhere breaking.

Religion, which in *all* its forms seems destined to prove the blessing or the blight of man, has begun to interest itself in the *life* of the world—with our hearts, our homes, our every-day occupations. The monk is leaving the cloister, and the nun her convent, to mingle with the warm life and earnest struggles of man; and as they turn their backs on the tall cypresses, which for centuries held their steady moan over those gray sepulchres of the buried alive, they feel the undulations of the new age.

The age of scholastic theology, of mystic rights, of monkish rituals, of besotting and enslaving priestcraft, has gone by—and it will return no more!

And who would roll our car of progress back again into the misty shadows of those gloomy ages? Would you rebuild the pyramids? The *Schoolmaster* has been in Egypt, and the sover-

eign, who now rules over the Nile, puts a hundred thousand men to building railways and canals across the Isthmus, and the shrill whistle of the engine is echoing round the tops of the sky-reaching pyramids.

Would you again launch five million Crusaders on the plains of Asia? Men have done looking for hope to the *East*,

"Westward the star of Empire takes its way!"

Would you send a powerful German emperor, once more, barefooted to the gates of the Vatican to be pardoned by a pope? There is no longer a pope in the Vatican to pardon him, nor a German emperor to send there!

Would you redig the dungeons of the Inquisition, or chain again God's glorious revelation to the altar, or light once more the martyr fires of Smithfield. Ah! "Go be a dog, and bay the moon," but bring us no more things like these. It can not be done!

Four centuries ago, the monk's pen produced one illuminated Bible during a lifetime. Then the priest thought for the people. When that blessed book is thrown off by the Titan arm of steam, men will do their own thinking and make their own creeds. One hospital is now worth more than a hundred convents—one Bible more than all the creeds—one deed of humanity, more than a thousand sectarian dogmas.

When men can *think* free, they begin to *act* free. Europe has woke up to achieve her freedom, and for twelve months every steamer has brought with its signal guns of distress from expiring despotism. Old Hungary has lifted her valiant arm, and the invincible legions of the already immortal Kossuth, are on their march to Vienna!

The tide of battle in Europe, between Liberty and Despotism—between the Old and the New age—between the Past and the Future may ebb and flow—but it is a struggle for *principle*, and a struggle for principle is a stronger and steadier one than a struggle for *bread*. There is no danger like that of trying to scourge the newly-emancipated spirit back to its prison-house. It is the phrensy of madness for governments, with the wrong all on their side, to attempt by cannon and troops of the line, to ar-

rest the avalanche rush of millions toward their rights. Over such frail barriers the tread of the multitude is like the march of the storm.

It is not always that nine tenths of mankind are to die of starvation, that the remaining fraction may die of surfeit. Equality among all classes is the goal for which the world is marching, and it will reach it. What tumults and chaos, and blood, lie between them and it, no man can tell. But if needs be *through* these it must be reached, through them it will pass — and armed with the Almighty's decree, press enslaved mankind to freedom. How fast or how slow is to be its march, none but the God of nations can tell. We only hear the mighty tread of the advancing multitude. We only know that it is a part of the Almighty's plan to bring the world back to competence and happiness, and every government and institution that does not wheel into the movement must be overthrown.

Vainer than a dream is the expectation of arresting this onward movement of the race. The world shall not be dragged back to its former darkness and slavery. The power to do it has passed for ever from the hands of the despots. War, anarchy, and madness, may drench the earth in blood, but civilized man is no longer to sit tamely down under oppression. Its silent, deadly tooth is no longer to sink unresisted into his bruised and bleeding flesh. The world has heard the shout of freedom and is straining on its fetter. It is saying to its oppressors, the cup of trembling ye have so long pressed to our lips we will drain no more for ever. WE ARE MEN!

Such is the ELECTRIC AGE in which Odd-Fellowship finds itself encamped, and it must move on with Humanity.

THE END.